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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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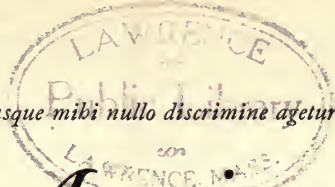
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NUMBER I



Apéritif

Regimenting Leisure

LAST year, at the instigation of the NRA, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick and others calculated that shorter working hours would give New York's approximately five million workers some two hundred million leisure hours a week. In good modern fashion Mr. Fosdick's committee straightway set about thinking of means to fill this appalling vacuum, efficiently, decorously and with an eye on human progress. Its report reached this office a few days ago and as an indication of the new spirit abroad in our land is worth attention.

Two considerations apparently were at the back of the committee's thinking: a simple desire to make everybody wholesomely happy, and the feeling that large numbers of people when unhappy, wholesomely or otherwise, make trouble, if not revolutions. Young men take to criminal pursuits if there is no baseball to be played, and crime waves are more expensive than baseball fields.

The committee felt that there were four major factors involved in "effective community planning for the enjoyable use of free time": "facilities to meet the varied interests of a hetero-

geneous population"; "knowledge of the existence of these facilities"; "training for the wise use of leisure"; and "effort to discover the potential interests and skills of the public." In each of these categories it made specific suggestions, such as, respectively, using school gymnasiums for those above school age who wish to play basketball, setting up central information places for those in search of avocations, expanding public art and music schools, and continuing the so-called "frills" in our education system which tend to bring out special aptitudes for leisure activity among children.

There were, of course, a great many other suggestions. But it is apparent from these that the business of providing leisure activities for all the people will not tend to reduce tax burdens. Already taxpayers have raised a hue and cry over the expense of "frills" in our school system and demanded a return to the three R's. But the committee pointed out that the national effort today is in the direction of distributing real income more fairly among the whole populace, that the likeliest method of accomplishing this is through higher income taxes on large incomes

and consequently possible expansion of governmental services to all, and, finally, that it is much cheaper to provide such facilities by collective than by individual effort.

Now, no one would object to spreading happiness among the people, if it does not break the nation. But it is possible that a few malcontents will criticize the tendency to place so much of the ordinary man's free time under governmental supervision. Throughout the committee's report were hints of an ulterior purpose to educate working men and women in their leisure time, to force higher tastes upon them. "Early development of high standards would influence commercial entertainment," said the report—which might be alarming to radio, movie and magazine executives. Elsewhere it is stated that the ways in which most of us entertain ourselves in our spare time—with the radio, movies and idle visiting—are not necessarily the ways which we should choose if we could have a choice. Often we should prefer an intelligent theatre performance, playing a musical instrument, boating or camping. So we say, at any rate. But there is still a question whether the great majority of us really want our tastes improved, our idleness disrupted with purposeful activity, our ignorance dispelled. If we are not satisfied with tabloid journalism there are plenty of more intelligent newspapers on the stands, at the same price.

Aside from the question of its practicability, an attempt to force-feed the masses with culture seems more like an indication of the break-down of our touted individualism than anything that has happened in the economic sphere. The tradition of Abe Lincoln struggling against terrific odds for an education is hardly compatible with an ex-

pensive community effort to wean the public from lower to higher forms of entertainment. Maybe the authorities can persuade us to forego jazz bands, but if they succeed in changing us to regimented Bach-lovers there will be a great deal of justifiable bitterness among the self-made intelligentsia, for these will have to learn new and even higher tastes.

II

The truth is probably that the man in the street could do with more ample recreational opportunities, particularly for physical exercise, but that the man of wealth—who, the committee said, can afford to buy his own entertainment—is the one who really needs supervision. How does he spend his free hours now? Writing indignant letters to the press, making indignant speeches at banquets, journeying indignantly to Washington, worrying indignantly over the state of his business. If he plays golf, it is with more than the usual venom that the game brings forth in dubs. If he goes to the theatre, he carries with him a host of vexations to spoil his enjoyment. Nowhere does he find that relaxation which is necessary to counteract the effects of modern business on the nerves. Plainly, with Dr. Pitkin and others writing best-sellers on how to relax, the need is felt.

Perhaps it would help to write another code. Business men should be allowed no more than one speech a month, one letter to the editor, one trip to Washington, and so on. They should, on the other hand, be required to attend the evening schools where history and American principles and what the Constitution was really intended to accomplish are taught. None of these matters is very accurately interpreted by the

average business man of wealth and a better understanding should have the effect of calming him.

Further, he should be kept from spending more time on his business than the codes allow his underlings. Presumably we are entering an age when the philosophy of work for work's sake is to be discarded or radically altered. It will not do to have our business leaders setting a bad example of long hours and overconcentration for younger men. If they found it impossible to manage their affairs in the restricted time, other men would doubtless be willing to take on the status of business leaders to help.

Finally, in a section devoted to "Needs Requiring Further Study" the committee said: "We need to know more, in addition to the little we know already, about the intellectual capacities of adults and how they can be measured." This should be proof to the committee of our contention that the authorities ought to reserve most of their supervision for the man of wealth. Under such a dispensation they might even be able to detect the capacity of an Insull for "honest errors of judgment" before a very great deal of harm is done.

W. A. D.



Let's Have a Really New Deal

BY FREMONT RIDER

Who, having no confidence in present Administration methods, though he believes in its aims, suggests some drastic modifications

COMMENTING on what he called the "Roosevelt Experiment" one of our keenest publicists recently wrote: "No unbiased spectator of the adventure can withhold his admiration for the courage such an effort has implied. Success or failure, it bears upon its face the hallmarks of great leadership." With this appraisal I agree, for the social desirabilities of many of the objectives of the Roosevelt programme seem to me unquestionable, and I admire intensely the verve, forcefulness and good nature with which the President has driven ahead to translate his programme into actuality.

But, although the ultimate aims of this vast new "noble experiment," if we define those aims to be the curbing of human waste and selfish rapacity, and the rebuilding of our present social order on surer and finer foundations—although these aims meet with general accord, millions of Americans of unquestioned sincerity are beginning to doubt the wisdom of the methods which are being used to attain them. It is not because they do not wish to see the "experiment" successful, but that they have come increasingly to fear that the methods in question are likely to fail to have

that result. Furthermore, they have come to have the uneasy feeling not only that most of its proponents have had no previous practical experience whatsoever with the subject matter of their experiment, but that some of them at least are prophesying one result while working strenuously to attain quite another.

If this be true, if there is danger that history will record that the finest constructive effort of modern times was killed, not by its enemies but by its avowed friends, it would seem worth while to examine with some care some of its possibly mistaken methods.

II

By way of prologue to all other criticism of the New Deal it is unfortunately necessary to point out how unwisely intolerant the New Dealers have been of this very thing, criticism, even of criticism sincerely intended to be helpful. Altogether too many of them have tacitly assumed that *any* criticism of their "experiment" was, either openly or hypocritically, destructive. Ascribing good faith to no one but themselves, they deem any one who ventures to suggest amendment not merely mis-

taken, but disingenuous. At first it was "unpatriotic" to venture comment of any sort. Congress itself was for months little more than a legislative blank-check mill. And when there finally came an Administration about-face, when we were told that criticism was "invited"—veritable "field-days" of it—it was nevertheless made abundantly clear that even then nothing in the nature of genuine criticism, criticism, that is, of fundamentals, was to be permitted, but only suggestions for the amendment of minor details. The basic pillars of the New Deal: the NRA law, the crop surplus destruction policy, the repudiation by the Government of its financial obligations—all these things were to continue to be held sacrosanct and inviolable.

To their first assumption, that any real criticism of the New Deal was unthinkable, its proponents conjoined another, a self-defensive one, that government was wiser and more competent to deal with all matters relating to business and finance than were the business men and financiers of the nation. By indirection and carefully staged publicity the impression was created, or sought to be created, that most business men had risen to power through legal trickery and financial piracy. And this second assumption of course involved the corollary—which we heard repeated *ad nauseam*—that the New Deal was initiated last summer to meet a grave emergency, a crisis in which our time-worn system of individual initiative had so completely "broken down" that all business was rapidly nearing a state of complete collapse.

Now the validity of every one of these assumptions should be challenged, beginning with the last. What are the facts? First, that, when the NRA was

promulgated last June the country, thanks to a change in national psychology for which the energetic initiative of the new Administration was mainly responsible, was definitely out of the doldrums of the depression and had gone a strong three months forward on the road toward recovery. Second, that the initiation of the NRA definitely and immediately interrupted this recovery impetus, and kept business at a standstill for almost six months. Third, that recovery began again only when the strangle-hold which had been placed on industry by the labor clauses of the NRA was relaxed a trifle by the decision which ended the automobile strike deadlock. And for "Fourth" I will go further: if tomorrow the President—as he has full legal power to do, as he has indeed promised to do—should announce that the "emergency" for which it was promulgated is over, and should drop the whole present NRA scheme into the political waste basket—if tomorrow he did this, I venture that, with the terrible incubus of it removed, the nation's business would almost overnight spring forward into the beginning of one of the greatest boom periods this country has ever known.

For get this clearly, very clearly and very emphatically, in mind: the depression with which we have been struggling for the past four years represents, not the break-down of a free-working system of individual initiative, but the break-down of a system of individual initiative in which individual initiative had been increasingly forbidden to function. It was the break-down of what had already become only a quasi-competitive system, of a competitive system which was being ever more and more baited, badgered, hampered, crippled, cribbed, cabined and confined by

a myriad of interferences—of governmental interferences—in the form of wars, licenses, income taxes, public utility commissions, protective tariffs, legislative committees, workmen's compensation laws, excise taxes, doles, legislative investigations, reparations, questionnaires, inspection bureaus, labor laws, cartels, reports, managed currencies, stabilization plans, and literally endless other attempts to "regulate" artificially, by government mandate, the normal free-working interrelations of business and finance and the normal free-working interactions of supply and demand.

Under such a pulling and hauling of conflicting interests no economic system of any sort could long survive. What we term the competitive system certainly proved its amazing toughness and pliability when it stood this sort of manhandling as long as it did without cracking. And it is no answer at all for the advocates of government "regulation" to retort that many of the most disastrous of the above-mentioned interferences were efforts made by government to help certain favored, or economically necessitous, groups—in fact were often exerted at the direct solicitation of such groups. For that is what government interference in business—when it is interference based on economic instead of moral grounds—always is, a tug-of-war between various more or less powerful and more or less selfish political-economic interests, a tug-of-war growing increasingly more complicated and more frenetic as society itself becomes more complicated and as the bureaucratic spirit, growing with what it feeds on, tries frantically to bring order out of the chaos which it has itself created in its efforts to please this or that special interest or to cure this or that business ill. For government interfer-

ence with economic law will not and can not work any sound or lasting cure for any business ill. In the newspapers just today was a most significant announcement: that, because the NRA had failed to realize the hopes of its promoters, it was understood that they were about to propose that its powers be greatly increased and extended. This is what always happens once we start the downward path.

It will help to keep one's feet on the ground if this is ever held firmly in mind: that, *left to itself*, business can solve *any* of its problems, can recuperate itself from *any* depression, can adjust itself to *any* foreknown situation—and can do all these things with the minimum of loss, delay and friction. That is, in fact, the amazing and unique characteristic of all business, its efficient and prompt *adaptability to meet trouble*. But only if it is left unhampered. Once let government interfere in any way—except, as we always except, to see that it, and its competitors, do not do things that run counter to moral law—and waste and delay accumulate.

III

This, of course, by no means suggests that our business system is perfect. It is organized and run by human beings: they have their frailties and it has its abuses. It is beyond argument that some businesses have done things, and are doing things, that transgress both criminal and moral law. And most business men would welcome, and would support enthusiastically, any sincere and well-intentioned effort on the part of government to eliminate from all business such immoral practices and such criminal businesses. For, because all real business abuses will be found, on analysis, to represent infractions of morals

if not violations of present law, it is a proper function of government, it is *the* function of government, to prevent, detect and punish them. It is not for lack of laws that government has failed in this. We have laws, a plethora of them, forbidding bribery, barratry, conspiracy and adulteration, not to speak of plain forgery, theft and larceny. And, if these and our other criminal laws were actually enforced, most of the problems which hamper and hamstring legitimate business today would be automatically solved.

The average American citizen knows perfectly well that the recent hue and cry about the dishonesty of business men is something that has been very much exaggerated for purely political affect. He knows that, however dishonest some business men may be, such men can not be in the majority. For modern business exists on *credit*, and could not continue to exist for a single day were it not for the fact that the average business man's trust in the honesty of his fellow business man is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, justified. Professor Slichter of Harvard, in his monumental *Modern Economic Society*, makes this significant commentary on this particular assumption of the New Dealers. "It is plain," he says, that if, generally speaking, corporate officials were not honest, "corporate enterprises would be seriously handicapped in competing with the individual proprietorship and the partnership. . . . In other words we are able to obtain the advantages of large-scale production only because the officers of corporations . . . allow their actions to be largely determined by traditional standards of commercial integrity rather than by the deliberate pursuit of self-interest. The truth of the matter is that the successful operation of large cor-

porations requires a high level of commercial honesty." And he adds this suggestive *Anhang*: "Among many peoples of the earth, it is probable that large-scale production could not be completely developed because their standards of business integrity would make it difficult to operate large corporations."

Just as business is something quite out of the normal province of government, so the prevention of crime is something quite out of the normal province of business. It is hardly too much to say that this Republic was founded upon the principle that the primary, if not the sole, function of government was the protection of person and property from assault and spoliation. And, when government has fallen down in its primary function as lamentably as it has in these United States it can hardly be wondered at that thinking men and women look askance at any proposal to give it increased powers and new responsibilities, especially when the new powers and responsibilities which it seeks involve matters concerning which it has had no experience.

And this reluctance is intensified in the mind of the average citizen when he sees government, not only entirely oblivious to the necessity or desirability of setting its own house in order, but actually trying to alibi itself out of its incompetencies in doing its own job by trying to throw the blame for them upon business. Is it, after all, the fault of honest business men, or of business itself as an institution, that some bankers thief, some retailers cheat, some politicians graft, some manufacturers bribe, some labor unionists work in collusion with racketeers, and that almost all courts so interminably befuddle their functions as to make common justice a luxury for the rich?

And does government, leaving quite aside its failure adequately to protect society against outright crime, maintain in its own dealings even so high standards of common morality as are taken for granted in the world of business? What, for example, would the ordinary business man think of a banker who, when he was perfectly able to pay his deliberately plighted obligations, sought and obtained special legislation permitting him to cut them in half? What can we say of that special brand of hypocrisy which accuses the wealthy man who invests—quite legally and properly—in tax-exempt bonds of “tax avoidance” (with the insinuation, of course, that tax avoidance is something reprehensible or even criminal), and yet persists, against the protests of almost all business men and economists, in continuing to authorize tax-exempt bonds so that the wealthy man may be afforded his opportunity for tax avoidance? Whose here is the primary moral responsibility, if there is any moral responsibility? If tax-exempt bonds are socially unwise is it in this case the pot or the kettle which is blacker?

IV

Certain of the New Dealers accuse their critics of lack of good faith. Reluctantly one is obliged to utter the *tu quoque*: the average business man tends to distrust their new experiment because he feels that some of its proponents are either disingenuous, or else that they are amazingly blind to the inevitable *sequelæ* of their adventure. He is assured, for example, that they are really offering the individualist his last chance to survive in a world that has outmoded him; that either he must subscribe to the “ordered society” of the New Deal or find himself cast into the outer darkness

of socialism; that the propagandists of this new venture are really—if he would only recognize them—his best friends.

But, unfortunately, he has found it in practice difficult, if not impossible to distinguish any real difference between the “regimentation” of the New Deal, and that openly avowed state socialism against which they assure him that they are on guard. When the average man gets through reading a few of the codes he fails to see how there is left to him anything but an invisible modicum of either individual initiative or personal liberty. If you think that this statement is an exaggeration, read for yourself some of their details. True, they are tedious reading. Already they run up into thousands of pages of small print. But, if we are to have clearly in mind the real facts regarding the New Deal, we must go to its codes, for in them alone is first-hand information.

Very briefly then, to clinch this point quickly, let us run over a few of them, quite at random. Pick up, for example, the “Code for Fair Competition for the Macaroni Industry,” and, turning its pages, you may read: “Macaroni products in the form of noodles shall comprise not less than 5.5% of egg or egg yolk solids by weight on a dry basis.” Now possibly it may strike you that this quotation has some sort of a humorous connotation. I assure you it has not. Read it again. It says, you will notice, not that manufacturers who may wish to make, or customers who may wish to purchase, noodles less rich in egg content shall be obliged respectively to tell, and to be told, the exact facts regarding the ingredients in their product. *That* sort of legislation—the prevention of misbranding or adulteration—would be like the prevention of any other sort of

fraud, a perfectly legitimate and proper function of government.

No, the purpose of this section of this code is something quite different. It is not seeking to prevent misbranding or adulteration. Its purpose is simply to dictate a standard recipe for a certain food product, regardless of the personal preferences of either the makers or the consumers of it. I submit that these two objectives are as fundamentally different as day and night, that no free government of a free people has any right whatever, or any business, to tell one of its citizens that if he prefers noodles with five per cent of egg in them instead of five and a half he shall be by law forbidden to have them made.

Or read Rule 15, of Code 271, that for "Fair Competition in the Nonferrous and Steel Convector Manufacturing Industry." In that rule we, the general public, are granted what appears to be a very unusual concession. "The right," it says, "of any manufacturer of concealed radiators to build special sizes or types on special order is recognized." Read that rule over again also, and ponder its full significance. Consider not merely its content, *but that the code authorities thought it necessary to insert it*. For in this brief rule, hidden away among thousands of other similar rules, as in the noodle section quoted above, lies, it seems to me, the fundamental issue of this present New Deal that is being foisted on us, the fundamental issue being whether the American Republic, as it was founded by our fathers, and as we have known it for seven generations, is going to continue to endure, or whether it is going to be transformed, surreptitiously, without our assent, into what is to all intents and purposes a socialist commonwealth, that "ordered regimentation under the

supreme control of the State" which Stalin recently announced to be the communist ideal.

If you, a free-born American citizen, are to be forbidden by law to eat noodles with five per cent egg in them; if you, having the means to pay therefor, are only by express permission of the state to be allowed to have made for your house a special size of radiator not laid down in some code for the Soviet of "Nonferrous and Steel Convector Manufacturers"; *then* you may claim, and I think you may claim with right, that, however much its forms and semblances may have been retained, the American Republic has ceased to exist!

If you still think this danger is exaggerated I can only suggest that you read some more of the codes. Shuffle through the pile of them again. The "Code for Fair Competition for the Carbon Black Manufacturing Industry" (Art. 4, Sec. 2) informs us that: "The present capacity of the carbon black factories of the United States being as a whole in excess of present or any prospective needs"—Stop there. Who is this prophet who so clearly reveals to us the future? Who is he so wise that he can say what the world's "prospective" needs for carbon black may be next month or next year? Who, in government or out of it, has the vision to foresee possible new domestic uses, or to gauge the demands of new foreign markets now unthought of? And is so sure of his prevision that he feels able to dictate: "any material increase in the plant capacity of any manufacturer" shall be made "only after the approval of such increase by the code authority."

So. That means that hereafter no manufacturer of carbon black can enlarge his business without the consent

of the state—and of his competitors! And that means of course, since both these things would require plant change or enlargement, that no manufacturer hereafter is going to be able to reduce the cost of his product through mass production of it, or to introduce new methods of manufacture, to reduce cost—*without the consent of his competitors!* Against their obvious and united opposition, and the natural barriers of government red tape, just what would be the chances of any further development or progress in the carbon black industry?

According to the daily press—I have not had the official text—the new “Code for Boat Yards” provides that no owner of a boat shall hereafter be permitted to make repairs *on his own boat*. This is indeed a far-reaching and instructive precedent! Shortly, to create a similar monopoly of work for the building trade unions and the building contractors, for the machinist’s unions and the repair garages, we may expect to see new codes providing that no householder shall thereafter be allowed to make repairs upon his own house, that automobile owners shall be forbidden to give first aid to their own cars, that farmers shall be forbidden to be handy men in maintaining their own farm equipment, etc., etc. This is surely inevitably logical. And how clearly it points the way to a revival of national prosperity, and to the survival of personal liberty!

But even yet we have barely touched the full implications of the codes, for in this astonishing new “ordered society,” now being forced upon us by government, almost everything is to be dictated by some sort of a centralized authority. Methods of shipment and delivery, for example, are specified in

the codes down to the last possible detail. The “Code for Envelope Manufacturers,” for example, permits them to ship orders for a million envelopes in two lots, but provides that orders for less than one million must be shipped all at one time. As to discounts: manufacturers in the “Men’s Garter, Suspender and Belt Manufacturing Industry” are permitted, we are informed, to give customers cash discounts of only two per cent, except that (chivalrous gesture!) “Garter belts sold to corset departments may be sold at cash discounts not greater than eight per cent, ten days E. O. M.”

Can “regimentation” go further than that?

V

It is perfectly evident, for one thing, from the above quotations that the reiterated title of all these codes is itself a misnomer, just as it is perfectly evident that when they were made the interests of the consumer were left almost entirely out of consideration. These are not “Codes for Fair Competition,” they are “Codes for the Elimination of all Competition.” For there is, properly speaking, as I have already pointed out, only one sort of “unfair” competition, and that is competition which involves acts which are repugnant to the moral sense. To give short weight, to adulterate, to pay sweat shop wages, to secure illicit rebates, to cheat, to bribe purchasing agents—these are the sort of acts that constitute “unfair competition,” because they are all morally wrong.

But to endeavor to give better service to a customer by hurrying to him an advance delivery of a part of his order, to manufacture for a customer a special type of equipment to meet his exact

requirements, to encourage the turnover of working capital by offering a discount for the prompt payment of a bill, to increase production, or to introduce new methods, which will result in lowering the price of a product to its consumers—none of these acts constitute “unfair competition,” or are the proper subject matter of government “regulation,” because there is nothing about them that offends the moral sense. They are the very essence of genuine competition, the fairest kind of *fair* competition, the kind of competition which, if the consumer is to have any protection, or if we are to progress, socially and economically, we ought to do everything in our power to encourage, not to hamper or forbid.

“Planned economy” *versus* individual initiative. We do not have to wait to see what the former inevitably leads to. For a decade we have had a splendid example of it, in all its fine flower, very much on our hands. We have called it the “railroad problem.”

If you want to make any old-time railroad man see red, all you have to do is to express your surprise and regret at the way the railroads “broke down” during the War, for every railroad man knows perfectly well that the splendidly efficient operating organisms of which he was so proud never “broke down.” He knows that what happened to them was that they were broken down for him by a chaotic maze of ill-advised, mutually contradictory, semi-hysterical orders from a score of well-intentioned but uncoördinated and utterly inexperienced governmental bodies. He knows perfectly well that the railroads, left to themselves, would have carried their war load without the slightest difficulty, but that, hampered and bedeviled with governmental interferences of a hun-

dred sorts, they were rapidly brought to a state of complete entanglement.

There was exactly the same sort of misrepresentation as this behind the recent easy assertion of one of the glib paragraphers for one of our more radical weekly reviews that the “trouble” with our railroads today was that they “were dead from the neck up.” The only “trouble” with our railroads today—God help them!—is that their managements no longer have any power to manage. When any business is told by government where it shall buy its materials, and what, and how much it shall pay for them; when it is told how much it shall pay its employes, how long they shall work, what each one shall do, and how many it shall hire; when it is told what rates it shall charge for each sort of traffic, what discounts it shall give, and how its traffic shall be handled, diverted and divided; when it is told exactly how its book-keeping shall be conducted, where and whether it shall borrow money, and at what rates and from whom, where and whether it shall issue securities, through whom and under what conditions; when it is told what form and styles of equipment it shall have and what it shall do with them; when it is told these things, and a thousand others, I ask you: what has management left to do?

As a matter of fact about the only function that any railroad executive has today is to make reports to, and to pass on orders from, Washington and from each of the fourteen or more State capitals with which his railroad is involved. Of course, one inevitable result of this state of affairs has been that, for the past twenty years, railroading as a business has ceased to attract the keener types of executive ability. And so, until the para-

lyzing hand of government is removed, we shall continue to have a "railroad problem." The alternative? I can only say this: if any one of our leading railroads were placed tomorrow in the hands of a real railroad executive, and he were left unhampered by governmental interference of any sort (except, as we have said, the prevention of the infraction of moral law) there is not the slightest doubt that, within a year or two, there would cease to be any "problem" so far as that road was concerned, that the railroad's employees would be receiving higher wages, that its owners would be getting better returns on their investments, that its patrons would be getting better service at lower rates—all these things simultaneously—simply by giving railroad management a chance to manage. For that is almost always what happens, in the long run, when government honestly and efficiently does its own proper job, but otherwise leaves business alone.

That, in short, is why the whole plexus of cross-purpose, mutual distrust and plain hypocrisy that the NRA now is, particularly in its labor aspects, is so utterly deplorable. On both sides of its bitter controversies—for, make no mistake, no matter what you may read in the daily press or may hear over the radio, down underneath bitter controversies are now going on—on both sides of them are men of the highest ideals, of the most profound good intent, of the most intense sincerity. That is the tragedy of the situation. As I have said, I yield to no man in my faith in Mr. Roosevelt's idealism, or in my admiration for his courage and vision. Certain aspects of General Johnson's job absolutely require those qualities of character, training and temperament that he has displayed. Professors Fisher

and Warren have given expression to a fundamental injustice of our present currency system that can, and should, be righted—even though one may completely disagree with them as to the method which has been followed to accomplish that result. Although some of the methods which he has been directed to work out seem also to me fundamentally wrong, I have gained the impression that Secretary Wallace has administered what is at present an extremely difficult post with unusual ability.

But, on the other hand, I am not prepared to admit that Senator Carter Glass, because he opposed repudiation, is "in the pay of the interests," or that there is no one in "the Street" who knows the meaning of integrity and who might not suggest possibly wise amendment to such acts as the Securities Law. Mr. Newton D. Baker, Mr. John W. Davis, Mr. Alfred Smith—to name only members of the majority party—would seem to be men whose advice might well be heeded. I believe that Mr. Henry Ford is more sincerely interested in the improvement of the daily life of the "forgotten man," and has himself done a hundred times more to better his condition, than has been done by all the critics who ever sneered at him. In short, to attempt to work out a New Deal, without the help and co-operation of men of the type of the men just named, not only misses their constructive stimulus but also tends to alienate a great body of vitally necessary public support.

VI

But, insist the New Dealers, in any "new deal" we must blot out the curse of child labor; we must abolish the sweat shop; we must afford opportunity

for work to every able-bodied man and woman. If we do not do these things we have no new deal.

I agree—

And, to do these things, they say, we must have laws, rules, a code.

I agree. But *one* code, one something more or less like the temporary but generally admirable "Blanket Code" with which the President initiated the NRA, one code not hundreds, one extremely simple fundamental charter, not a governmental regulation of every detail of economic life. The difference between these two things may at first seem a mere form of words, a matter of detail: it is not; it is basic. One aim attempts to preserve competition and individual initiative, but simply *tries to place both on a higher plane*, on such a humane plane as will protect the employer with decent instincts against the ruthless competition of a rapacious competitor. The other aim, exemplified in the New Deal with which we are at present experimenting, aims to kill individual initiative by a standardized regulation of everything under governmental direction—which means, finally and inevitably, to kill personal liberty itself.

Surely the difference is clear. It is one thing to say: "No man or woman in the United States"—no hedging, no exceptions, no favoritism—"*no man or woman in the United States* shall work for any one for wages of less than thirty cents"—or what you will—"an hour." This sort of a statement is a labor charter, a fundamental law of competition, a basic code founded on moral right. But it is quite another sort of thing to say: "Toppers, bleachers and stillmen shall be paid not less than fifty-eight cents an hour, except in the States of Alabama and Wisconsin, where they

shall be paid not less than fifty-six cents an hour, and except in the States of Florida and North Carolina where they shall be paid not less than fifty-four cents, and except that in factories where stillmen do any of the work of bleachers"—etc., etc.

So, again, is it not one thing to say: "No man or woman in the United States shall work for wages for more than forty hours"—or what you will—"a week"? To such a fundamental law—universal, basic, unequivocal—business could and would adjust itself. But is it not quite another thing to say: "Oh yes, we'll have a maximum hour law but, unfortunately, we're obliged to start off by refusing to admit to its protection about two-thirds of our working population, such as farm laborers, domestic servants, teachers, nurses,"—many of them exactly the classes which most need the protection of such a law? Furthermore, we will provide that some workers in some industries shall be permitted to work seventy-two hours a week; that other workers in other industries shall be permitted to work only thirty hours; that in some industries in some States they may work forty hours, in the same industries in other States only thirty-six hours; that overtime shall be permitted here but not there; paid for at one rate here, when permitted, and at another rate there; that exceptions shall be permitted, in reply to this solicitation but not to that; that, in short, every possible conceivable sort, kind or combination of labor hours shall be specifically and exactly regulated, changed and re-regulated by government down to the last possible detail, at the special behest of this, that or the other particular business interest, particular labor group, particular geographical region, or particular industrial

situation, each one clamoring for more, jockeying for position, crowding here, wire-pulling there—the “protective” tariff struggle all over again in a new form, but one of infinitely greater complexity and of enormously greater possibilities to work mischief. Our present seething mass of undigested, mutually inconsistent and unenforceable NRA “codes” is not a sign of governmental “dictatorship”—except in its original dictatorship, the insistence that there be codes: the details of the codes are rather an obvious manifestation of governmental weakness, of inability to protect the general mass of our population against self-interest.

Isn't there all the difference in the world between these two kinds of legislation? One act might well be what it has here been called, a basic Charter of Rights. The other act, or series of acts, is regimentation, the uttermost extreme of interference by government in the common details of everyday life, for which, unless we do indeed mean to have a socialistic economy, there is no justification whatever. And an act which in practice has already proved itself unworkable, as every socialistic economy has in practice proved itself unworkable. Nor is it any answer to say that any such universally comprehensive minimum wage and maximum hour laws as have been here suggested would be “impracticable.” “Impracticability” is too easy an evasion of moral responsibility. Remember that all we would attempt to do would be to set limits, limits of labor decency as it were, not to try to fix a million details in the competitive field which lies above those low limits. The fixing of these should, as now, be left to the interaction of normal economic forces. If any end is a just one, then it is our responsibility to devise a

means to make it practicable, for “impracticability” is in this, as in most cases, really only another word for “political expediency.”

What we ask then is not something which is politically expedient, but instead something which is morally just, a certain decent modicum for every worker, without exception, and beginning always with the man lowest down in the economic scale, a delimitation defined in such simple, unequivocal phrases that every one could understand it at one reading. Such a law would be enforceable: the present codes are not, and will never be—except at the cost of a veritable army of spies and informers.

VII

Finally—but very, very briefly—let me add a few other matters that it would seem that *our* “new deal” should include, matters which are not in the NRA or any of its sister acts at all.

First: *our* new deal would immediately expand existing opportunities for employment for those of the normal working ages by entirely abolishing all old-age labor for hire, and would abolish it by instituting at once for the old (and also for the blind and permanently crippled) a completely comprehensive and completely adequate system of old-age pensions, not a sop but adequate living pensions. A “dole”? Yes. But a dole for the socially deserving, not for the able-bodied. These three things—abolition of child labor, abolition of old-age labor, *progressive* shortening of the hours of labor of all working men and women—seem to me the socially desirable ways to take up our “technological slack,” both present and prospective. (Just as also, by the way, these three seem also to me the economically sound

ways to solve our farm "overproduction" problem, most of which is, of course, not an overproduction problem at all, but a world-wide underconsumption problem, a problem due almost entirely to maldistribution of purchasing power on the domestic side and to governmental, "nationalistic" interference with normal trade interchanges on the international side. But the farm problem is a topic in itself.)

Second: it would assure that financial support were given to organized society in more direct ratio to the benefits received by the individual from it. And this would mean—and here, I fear, is where my conservative readers will begin to hold up their hands in protest—*greatly* increased income and inheritance taxes, taxes so greatly increased that in the "upper brackets" there would be practically nothing left. I believe, in other words, that, although it is socially and economically unwise to restrict in any way the details of the exercise of personal initiative, although every individual should be given opportunity to exert to the full his abilities for business organization and management, so that society may have the bene-

fit of his exercise of those abilities, yet if the individual, by that free exercise, has profited personally to a socially undesirable extent, it is both wise and proper that society should step in to curb his undue personal acquisitiveness. But this curbing, you will note, is all done at one time, at the end, not at a thousand points in between. This policy would, of course, inevitably cause a spreading realization among the entrepreneur class that business activity which was carried on *merely* for the sake of increasing personal acquisitiveness was not only anti-social, but that it was not worth the candle; that the full and free exercise of personal abilities for their own sake, for the common good, offered adequate or even greater satisfactions.

You see, it all boils down to this: in *any* society *some* one, as Mr. Davis recently put it, "must sit in the driver's seat and hold the reins." Our only real question is: who is better able to conduct business efficiently, and for the best good of society, the man *selected automatically* for his position by the long and bitter struggle for place in the present competitive system, or—a *political appointee*?



Wanted: a Plan for Our Bank Credit

BY N. A. TOLLES

Suggesting some measures for more adequate control of the ninety per cent of our money supply now practically unregulated

THE Gold Reserve Act of 1934 has removed many uncertainties concerning the future of the dollar. Our fiat money period is past. The gold bullion standard, in the style of post-War Britain, has been wedded to Fisher's compensated dollar. The expected child is to be a dollar "which a generation hence will have the same purchasing power and debt-paying power as the dollar we hope to obtain in the near future." But the child will not be allowed to upset our international household too much. The dollar is to be kept within fifty to sixty per cent of its former gold value.

The problem of bank credit has not been so neatly settled. About nine-tenths of all our spending is done with cheques drawn upon bank accounts. This is the really chaotic part of our money supply. Since 1921, the volume of bank deposits has shot up from thirty billion dollars to over fifty billions, only to shrink to about the original figure. Dizzy "prosperity" was followed by miserable depression. We can not have a reliable dollar until this spending power is controlled. Without a plan for bank credit, we shall gain little by a stable gold standard—or by a manipulated one.

A century ago, England was faced

with our present problem of salvaging a monetary system from the wreckage of war. The so-called "banking school" of thought advocated the control of the *quality* of credit, while the "bullion school" stressed the control of *quantity*. The conflict continues to this day. Senator Carter Glass is one representative of a large group who trace our recent disasters to the unwise use of credit before 1929. Witness the losses on securities bought for a rise, on real estate developments and on overbuilt productive facilities. Control the quality of credit advances, this group tells us, and the quantity will adapt itself to our needs. Professor J. H. Rogers of Yale, a Presidential adviser, represents those who stress the control of quantity, the modern variation of the "bullion school." Inflated spending, whether by paper money or by excessive bank credit, is cited as the reason for the boom with its unusually profitable production and its temptation to speculation. Depression and unemployment are considered the inevitable results of the losses which a violent contraction of spending brings about. Regulate the quantity of money, especially the volume of bank credit, and the tidal waves of business would be prevented.

The recent discussion of banking has been dominated by criticism of the qualitative aspects of credit. This was natural in view of the overwhelming number of bank failures, the RFC attempts to thaw out frozen assets, and the notorious state of foreign bonds and real estate mortgages. Moreover, the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency has cast doubt upon the judgment, and occasionally the integrity, of some of our "great" bankers. But when we have finished meting out the blame, how do we intend to protect the future against mistakes in the use of credit? Our hopes appear to be based on three types of reform: in the judgment of credit needs, in banking and business structure, and in direct banking regulation.

II

The gross mistakes of the "new era" are generally admitted today. Have we not learned our lesson? Many "practical" men seem to think so. They wish to depend on the mere accumulation of experience to teach bankers and business men a wiser lending and borrowing policy. Our history suggests, however, that such caution, bred of experience, lasts for about four years. We vowed that the 1921 crisis would never be repeated. Did not the growth of forecasting, business statistics and scientific business training insure against the misplacement of credit? It did fairly well, perhaps, until about 1924. After that, the temptation of immediate profit was so great and the belief in a new era so plausible that the restraints vanished. A dozen similar examples could be cited from other periods. We can not depend upon memory.

Can we depend upon structural changes in banking and business to guide credit correctly? High quality

credit is the indirect, if not the immediate, goal of many of the proposed reforms. Ex-Comptroller of the Currency Pole never ceased to advocate the spread of branch banking. Such reformers hope to eliminate the small bank which invested so recklessly and to replace it by a unit large enough to afford expert advice and diversified risks. Mr. John T. Flynn leads the movement for a still more certain divorce of banks from security affiliates, thus hoping to purge banking of its promotional psychology. Messrs. Berle and Means advocate restraints on holding companies, so as to discourage the deceit and warped judgments which arise when one person may represent both seller and buyer, borrower and lender. Mr. Owen D. Young expects that trade associations, released from the anti-trust laws, will enable business to adjust production capacity to demand and so improve the use of borrowed funds.

As methods for controlling credit, these measures have the defect of raising so many other problems. Branch banking and the repeal of anti-trust laws obviously tend to concentrate economic power. They will be opposed by those who favor restraints upon integration in banking and industry. A more fatal defect is that all of them together would not eliminate the motive for speculative financing which exists whenever excessive spending provides glittering prospects for profit. Credit will surely be shunted into speculative fields by secret understandings and the ingenuity of corporation lawyers, whatever the law decrees as to the form of private enterprise.

Governmental supervision of bank portfolios provides the most direct attack on the quality of credit. American banks, probably the most regulated in

the world, are apparently due for still more complicated supervision. The Banking Act of 1933 has already added restrictions on loans to bank officers and affiliates, restrictions on loans to any one party, restrictions on the concentration of bank investments, and a threat to deny rediscounting facilities if security loans become excessive. But until our commercial banks are confined to self-liquidating, short-term, commercial loans, reformers like Senator Glass will not be satisfied. Here we find the purest form of the thesis that our credit money may be left perfectly elastic, provided only that bank funds are restricted to the serving of the temporary needs of "legitimate" business.

III

But can this ideal be translated into effective law? There are grave difficulties, both with the supervising authorities and with the definition of the standards themselves. Our old banking standards would have resulted in the early closing of many banks, had they been enforced. We have sworn testimony to show that the examiners did not enforce them. The reason is not difficult to find, and it does not necessarily involve corruption. The closing of a large bank has serious repercussions throughout the banking and business community. Knowing this, the examiners live in the perpetual hope that questionable assets will be eliminated as a result of advice only. The Bank of Kentucky received such advice continually from 1926 to 1930 without making any real correction in its credit lines.

Even if we grant that regulations of this kind can be enforced rigidly, we are still faced with the problem of what forms of credit to prohibit. The form of the advance does not indicate any-

thing conclusive as to the liquidity of the bank's assets or as to the ultimate use of the funds obtained by the customer. The security loan, now in disrepute, is probably the safest and most liquid of all for the bank, simply because the collateral may always be sold in case of danger. The commercial loan seems to be liquid because it has a short maturity, but the bank will actually collect only if the business fortunes of the borrower permit this. Otherwise, the American bank generally grants a renewal, rather than to ruin a valuable customer or to drive him to a competing lender. Even the direct bank investment may be more liquid than the commercial loan, so long as security markets permit a sale without loss. True bank liquidity can not be judged without an intimate investigation of the financial and market position of every borrower and a forecast of the security markets. This is quite outside the range of routine examination.

These difficulties were nicely illustrated by our experience in the years 1928 and 1929. Here was a clear-cut failure to control the use of credit by attacking the form of the bank advance. The Federal Reserve Board refused to check the volume of credit for fear of hurting "legitimate business," but it wished to stop the flow of credit into the security markets. Resort was had to differentiated interest rates, according to the form of member bank borrowing, and to appeals to the banks to stop the increase in their very profitable security loans. The result was that "legitimate business" borrowed excess funds in the approved ways and lent the proceeds to the stock market. Stopping a credit inflation by qualitative measures is like trying to dam a torrent with a picket fence.

IV

Control over the quantity of bank credit is the logical extension of our well-established practice of regulating coinage and the issue of paper money. Unlimited issues, whether by private individuals or by governments, have always been uncertain in value and have often become worthless. Today, when bank deposits do most of the work of purchasing, it should be obvious that the volume of bank credit must be watched even more than the volume of coins or notes.

Since 1863 national bank deposits have been limited by the requirement of minimum reserves of gold or legal tender money. Bank loans might expand during prosperity until the resulting deposits had reached the reserve limit. This profitable expansion left little extra power to lend during a financial crisis. The Federal Reserve Act of 1913 attempted to make bank credit more elastic. The twelve Reserve banks came to hold the important stocks of gold, while the member banks kept their reserves in the form of deposits with these twelve. By borrowing or rediscounting certain of their assets, member banks might obtain additional deposits when necessary and hence be able to expand their own credit. If the Reserve banks and the Federal Reserve Board could control the volume of these reserve deposits they might deliberately manage the maximum credit which member banks could extend.

The mechanism for this management consisted of power over rediscount rates and power to buy and sell commercial paper and government obligations in the open market. An increase in the rediscount rate would raise the cost of acquiring additional reserves. When the

cost became more than the prospective return from the use of the funds, the expansion of bank credit would be checked. Moreover, if member bank reserves were adequate to support an undesirable credit expansion, the Reserve banks might dump their holdings on the open market. Whoever purchased this paper would have to draw on his bank and thus deplete the reserve deposits necessary for credit expansion. The creation of purchasing power might thus be checked by higher rediscount rates and open market sales, while the opposite measures would encourage its expansion.

There is now a wide-spread skepticism concerning the efficiency of such measures. Our high hopes for the Federal Reserve system crashed with the stock market in 1929, and they were not revived by the results of easy credit in 1932. Yet these methods dealt successfully with two threats of unhealthy booms, in 1923 and 1925, and with two periods of declining business, in 1924 and 1926. By 1927, Mr. R. G. Hawtrey, financial adviser to the British Treasury, could say that the American technique of credit control had been "magnificently demonstrated." The subsequent debacle is to be blamed on the mistaken objective of stabilized commodity prices rather than on the method of quantity control itself.

For eight years before the stock market crash, the United States succeeded in maintaining a reasonably stable average of commodity prices in spite of large receipts of gold. Falsely, this appeared to be a sufficient aim of credit policy. Quantity theorists as different as Professor Irving Fisher and Professor J. M. Keynes agreed on this goal during these years. Rising price-levels had marked the dangerous periods of infla-

tion of the past. Moreover, price-level stability coincided fairly well with business stability, until 1926. During the next three years, commodity prices showed no alarming rise. Indeed the Bureau of Labor wholesale price index was falling slightly, at the very time when speculation was most exaggerated. By the price-level test, further credit expansion seemed desirable, and this course was followed.

Actually, a more rapid fall of commodity prices was called for. A revolution in industrial technique was rapidly reducing the unit-costs of production and promising to reduce them even more in the future. Thus a wide-spread prospect of speculative profit from capital investment appeared, even though prices did not rise. In the past industrial booms had been produced by the rise of selling prices faster than the costs of production. But similar effects may result from the fall of production costs faster than selling prices. In this case, there was an overstimulation of factory and office building and a speculation in securities and real estate, quite in the style of an ordinary boom. We had an inflation of profits even though there was no general inflation of prices. This called for a restriction of credit volume, the precise opposite of Major Douglas's "Social Credit" scheme for preventing depressions which aims to add continually to purchasing power.

Having failed to prevent the boom, the Federal Reserve administration failed to stimulate a quick revival after the crash. Even rediscount rates below two per cent and a billion dollars of open market purchasing during 1932 were met with a continued decline in bank credit and in spending. Yet this should not surprise us. Central bank control can do no more than to provide

reserves, on the basis of which member banks *may* expand their loans and investments. But until production costs and capacity have been adjusted to the new conditions of demand, business will not find it profitable to use this available credit no matter how cheaply it is offered. "Such a condition of stagnation," Mr. Hawtrey has observed, "is not possible except in the course of a reaction from a riot of inflation. If the inflation is prevented, the stagnation will never arise." Easy credit may prepare the ground for revival, but the definite control of credit volume must be exercised during prosperity. It is not too soon to lay our plans for credit control for the beginning of the next boom. These plans must include a strengthening of our control over the quantity of bank credit, no matter what we do to regulate its quality.

IV

Shall we proceed by trying to improve the Federal Reserve technique or by using some more automatic substitute for it? The case for each must be examined. The influence of the central banks might be increased by extending Federal Reserve membership, broadening their operations, or changing their methods. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, a Morgan partner, represents a group who would compel all commercial banks to join the system. It has usually been assumed that such compulsion on State banks would be unconstitutional, but the Attorney-General's office now tells us that this difficulty could be surmounted. So far we have done nothing but to provide a guarantee-of-deposits system. This may increase the inducements to membership, if it remains a permanent part of our banking system.

Mr. L. B. Currie has written a Har-

vard University thesis to prove that the Reserve banks should deal directly in the security markets, certainly in the call loan market and perhaps even by the free purchase and sale of long-term securities. This would be a drastic attempt to provide central control over all kinds of credit, deliberately abandoning that concentration on short-term commercial credit which is so dear to the hearts of the followers of Senator Glass. Mr. Currie also supports Professor Keynes's suggestion that central banks be given power to alter the minimum reserve requirements of their members at will, a plan which was considered and abandoned in 1917. It is clear that credit expansion could be absolutely stopped by sufficient increases in required legal reserves in combination with high rediscount rates.

The more power of this kind we give to the credit managers, the more essential it becomes that the authorities understand when credit should be curtailed or expanded. They can not afford to wait until gold reserves run low. Had they done this, the credit expansion would have proceeded even after 1929. No longer can they be content with a stable price index, especially if technical improvements in production are destined to continue. They must aim to control the volume of credit-purchasing-power which is spent so as to prevent undue business profits or losses. This is a problem of reading the indexes correctly.

Professor Keynes's *Treatise on Money* has laid out some theoretically perfect tests of credit inflation and deflation, which are completely free from the "stable price-level" fallacy. Unfortunately, however, none of his factors are satisfactorily measurable at present. More practical is the test proposed by

Professor Harold L. Reed of Cornell. He contends that the volume of bank credit should be constantly compared with the index of the volume of physical production. As soon as bank credit increases much more rapidly than the goods whose production is presumably being financed, it can be known that a credit inflation is in progress. This test was announced by the Federal Reserve Board itself in 1923, but later abandoned. Had it been followed, a much earlier restriction of credit would have been called for before 1929. But the test still leaves a good deal to be desired. How can we be sure that there is no unhealthy speculation in the production of goods itself, especially in the production of capital goods? This will have to be tested by a number of other indexes.

The recognition of a credit inflation is probably not beyond the power of qualified experts, using the statistical data now available. But the condition is sure to be a complex one when it arises. This complicates the problem of management, for a democratic state will demand justification for any authority which curtails the individual's chance for profit. A boom is always popular while it lasts, and there is bound to be pressure on the central authority to delay credit restriction until it is too late. Some American farmers have never forgiven the Federal Reserve Board for "deflating" them in 1920, in spite of the obvious fact that a dangerous inflation was then in crying need of credit restriction. And there is considerable evidence to show that the Reserve banks were restrained in 1928 by politicians who feared to injure business just before a Presidential election. This was bad enough when the Secretary of the Treasury was only one member of the controlling Board. The danger is

greater now that the Gold Reserve Act has given the Treasury power to nullify anything the Board may do.

V

Control of the quantity of bank credit would be much more practical if some automatic device could be substituted for discretionary management. A mere gold standard has been clearly shown to be insufficient, and the present plan of altering the gold content of the dollar is no substitute. It involves all the problems of management without affecting domestic bank credit as directly as Federal Reserve control may do. The same objection may be made against the current agitation for increasing and "nationalizing" the use of silver. But there are two proposals worthy of serious consideration.

The first is to be found in the 1931 report of the Committee on Bank Reserves of the Federal Reserve System. The report laid out a fixed plan for regulating legal reserves which would have the effect of increasing the requirements automatically as the turnover of bank deposits increased. This would be a valuable improvement. The largely fictitious distinction between time and demand deposits could be discarded. More important, member banks would find themselves short of reserves much earlier in the boom period, even if the central authorities took no restrictive steps. More rapid spending, as well as a greater volume of purchasing power, is involved in every inflation. Under the proposed plan, some pressure would be applied during the period when restrictive measures were being debated. Yet Dr. B. H. Beckhart has truly observed that these changes in reserves must be considered "in the light of significant handmaidens" rather than as "a substi-

tute for central banking policies." Deliberate management would still be required to cope with seasonal changes in the demand for funds and with large inflows or outflows of gold. Moreover, member banks might still recoup their reserves by rediscounting. The rediscount rate would still be at the discretion of the central authority.

The second suggestion has received far too little attention. It is the work of a group of economists at the University of Chicago. It involves nothing less than a permanent separation of the business of lending from the business of handling deposits. Two sorts of institutions would replace the modern commercial bank. One would keep its customer's funds and transfer them, but would be prohibited from lending or investing the balances held. The other would lend or invest the proceeds received from subscriptions to its stock or bonds, but would be forbidden to accept deposits. It would resemble the investment trust except that it might make short-term loans as well as investments. All expansion of our purchasing power by the banks would thus be prevented. No one could lend except as funds had previously been received. Investments in plant or inventories could increase only to the extent that equal sums had been truly saved, that is withdrawn from current consumption uses. Banking would become in fact what it now only pretends to be, a business of placing savings to the greatest advantage. The safe-keeping and transfer of funds would be paid for as a service, without any chance of loss from mistaken credit management.

By these means, it would be possible to fix the total volume of our purchasing media for all time. Since discretion would be eliminated, the pitfalls of con-

fused analysis and political pressure would be avoided. In particular, the knotty problem of inflation through increased productive efficiency would be solved automatically. The price level would fall as more goods came onto the market to be purchased with an unaltered quantity of money. This price decline would not be of the drastic kind we have recently witnessed and need not result in any general depression. It would be roughly parallel to the fall in production costs, and not the result of a destruction of purchasing power through the decrease in loans or the failure of banks.

It would be possible to increase the quantity of money by outright printing of government notes, if this were necessary. This might be advisable if additional goods came on the market as a result of an increased population or the discovery of natural resources. Ideally, the volume of money ought to be altered to compensate for changing rates of turnover, in addition. But the Chicago group believe that these are minor factors. There is not likely to be a great increase in the future population or area of the United States. And the fluc-

tuating turnover of money is probably due, for the most part, to speculation on rising prices and hoarding during depression. These changes would be avoided if we could prevent the creation and extinction of purchasing power by our banking system.

The problem of the dollar is far from solved. If we are to achieve any real reform, we must begin by abandoning our childish faith in gold, whether as an automatic or as a managed regulator. Much remains to be done to improve the quality of our bank credit, but the utmost regulation we can expect can hardly solve our banking problem. Some effective control of the quantity of bank credit must be undertaken. If we can not develop a clear and effective method of central management, then we must turn to a complete reorganization of the functions of our commercial banks. Control of the volume of purchasing power should require less governmental "tinkering" with private business than any effective alternative. If there be friends of free enterprise left, they should press vigorously for such control. After the next wave of speculation, it may be too late.



Government by Trial Balloon

BY J. M. NOLTE

There is an increasing desire for the President to state his aims more plainly, so that in the fall elections we can know whether we are voting for "patriotism or pork"

OVER and over in the past few months we have read in press comments upon affairs at Washington something to this effect: "It is generally thought that the Administration regards the measure now pending as a trial balloon, sent up to find out which way the political wind is blowing." Echoes of such opinions have reached us in the supplementary comments of journalists on the President's "fan mail," which is evidently examined minutely by "the pale augurs, muttering low," much as the Roman priesthood in ancient times examined the flight of the birds of prophecy or the entrails of the sacrificial oxen. There seems to be more than a slightly and occasionally expressed opinion that this deliberate laying of the administrative ear to the ground (to vary the figure unconscionably!) is done not so much with the diagnostic intelligence of a physician seeking to learn through his stethoscope how his patient is reacting to treatment, as with the evasive intelligence of the fox seeking to learn where the hounds are to avoid them.

There is a nice distinction between

these possible purposes of Presidential listening which is simple, but hard to make definite. It is patently the duty of any administration to use to the utmost all reasonable means of keeping in touch with its constituency. No one may justly cavil at it. Yet the way in which information about the state of public opinion is employed by an administration may be dictated by motives so diverse as to give cause either for satisfaction or alarm—depending upon one's interpretation of what America's government should be. If a President, working to realize a definite programme, seeks to gauge the chances for success or failure of a next step by learning popular reaction to steps already taken, that is one thing. If a President, on the other hand, really has no programme except to be popular, and seeks from the reactions of voters to determine for himself and his party what they must do to remain popular, that is another thing. The difference between these attitudes asks the question whether the American idea is trial balloons for the advising of government, or merely government by trial balloons.

This, in turn, is only another way of putting a question familiar enough to all partisans of our political mode, for it re-awakens the age-old conflict between the delegated powers of a federated republic and the mandatory suggestions of a numerical democracy. In a republic, the people elect leaders who rule. In a democracy, the people themselves rule by direct vote. (The terms "republican" and "democratic" are, of course, used in this sense, and in what follows in this article, without reference to political parties.) Where is the repository of political wisdom? Is it in the "experts" in government, in those of superior judgment and capacity, to whom—following Hamilton's advice—we have entrusted the power to rule us in our interest? Or is it in the people themselves, in us as individual voters, who are competent—as Jackson insisted—to make decisions and to express judgments which are binding upon our officers, themselves our pawns in the political play?

One is likely to conclude that the attempt to answer these questions indicates an appalling confusion in the United States today. One is tempted to say that our citizens honestly do not know the answers, or at least do not know how to act upon the answers, and that our leaders oscillate between one answer and another.

II

Some critics of the Administration castigate it for subverting democracy; they look upon its works and find officious bureaucracy, unwholesome regimentation, an obstinate and haughty attempt to tell the country what is good for it. Other critics castigate the Administration for betraying republicanism, charging that our leaders are not leaders

at all except in the purely adventitious sense of being at the head of the scurrying mob; such critics insist that the leaders are mere sycophants who fawn upon the electorate. Still other critics find the Administration hopelessly entangled because its confessed politicians are vote-hungry "practical" democrats, while its self-admitted statesmen are vote-careless "academic" republicans.

The urban dweller finds in NRA and AAA thoroughgoing republican control and regimentation by an expert class. The farmer finds AAA either officious interference by meddlers, or an unblushing attempt to buy his vote, to pay him enough shekels to alleviate his distress—until after election. The meddling is bureaucratic republicanism; the bribery is degenerate democracy. One large-scale industrial leader finds NRA an unwarranted extension of republican powers; another finds it a necessary democratic expedient to establish limits for the play of rugged individualism. Most small-scale operators consider NRA oligarchical control of naturally republican functions. Many business men assert that our fiscal necessities demand dictatorial extension of republican executive power over the monetary system, the tariff and foreign debts. Other business men insist that in such a direction lie actual dictatorship and further depression and the madness of war. It is unnecessary to cite book and page for the foregoing opinions: they cry out at one from the pages of every newspaper and every journal of opinion. One is reminded of the fable of the three blind men and the elephant, except that here it is a donkey that the blind men are inquisitively fondling.

When one turns to the politicians themselves, the confusion is worse confounded. The brain trusters shout that

they have no national plan subversive of individual rights, and thus, presumably, no plan subversive of democracy. But their works often seem to lead directly to wide-spread socialized control and regimentation, which is a straining of republicanism towards a denial of individual competence, and thus in effect a denial of democracy. President Roosevelt says there is no academic plan at all, that he knows only that we are going out of the depression with all the feathers still on the eagle, even if the eagle is temporarily "blue." Secretary Wallace, however, speaking as one of the Administration's Chautauqua staff, says that there must be a plan, a well understood plan, or we'll never get out of the depression. Congress is for the New Deal as long as it can define "deal" after the fashion of the late David Harum: Congress is jealous of the liberties of the people, but in an ambiguous sense. It cherishes the liberties when they can be fastened to the prerogatives of Congress; it resents the liberties when they tend to diminish Congressional authority and importance. Congress is republican at Washington and democratic at home.

Nor are the people themselves, as a whole, any clearer than their economic and political leaders. The blind lead the blind. In Minnesota recently, for instance, the Farmer-Labor party (which in 1930 and 1932 polled an absolute majority of the votes cast for governor, and which today runs the commonwealth) set forth in its platform for the November elections that capitalism has failed and must be abolished forthwith, and that State ownership or coöperative ownership of all economic facilities and industries must be accomplished by "immediate steps." The sanction for this attitude is taken from the national New

Deal itself, which is thus interpreted as the very utmost in democracy—a democracy so complete as to be socialistic. One swallow does not make a summer, of course, but similar expressions of socialistic sentiment are being made unofficially throughout the Middle West. On the other hand, everywhere in local elections this spring there was a noticeable trend towards conservatism, towards old-fashioned, delegated-authority republicanism. The depression-broken dreamers about the millennium are fashioning out of rainbows their ultra-democratic platforms; but the tax-ridden bourgeoisie are at last getting out the vote, and the vote is for our original republican formula, "elect a good man and stand behind him."

III

This all-infecting confusion indicates in the United States a "house divided" attitude which has decided implications for mischief. The mischief is likely to result if the Federal Administration, having set in operation grandiose long-time melioristic schemes, then "sells out" to democratic opportunism. A brief rehearsal of recent history will clarify this statement.

During the 1932 campaign, Mr. Roosevelt wisely made as few definite commitments as possible. He and his platform, however, pledged his party—among other things—to beer and repeal, to balancing the budget, to maintaining a sound currency, to the ending of oligarchical control in banking, industry and government, and to the removal of agricultural disabilities. The people voted for a clean slate, and for Mr. Roosevelt. After election, they found that the New Deal apparently meant more than they supposed. Beer and repeal arrived ahead of schedule.

The budget balancing was indefinitely postponed, and the national deficit increased. "Sound money" either was abandoned or proved to be an equivocation. Reform in government seemed at first to make great headway, but with the influx into office of thousands of Democrats to spend billions of public money, real reform became impracticable. The housecleaning activities in banking and industry, and the aid to agriculture, proceeded apace under the ægis of unusual powers granted to the executive for the emergency.

As months passed, however, and the emergency seemed to grow less acute, it was plain that the melioristic schemes for industry and agriculture required time and patience for their success. The New Deal came to mean, practically, PWA, CWA, CCC, AAA, the Federal power projects, and the Federal money-lending agencies. Excepting the first three, all of these have come to look to the future. The New Dealers, by emphasizing the long-term character of part of their programme, created for themselves a convenient "alibi" for failure of specific meliorative attempts. When short-term results were not impressive, behold! the scheme in question became part of the long-term programme. And vice versa. AAA, combined with the quantity theory monetary experiments, was to restore agricultural prices to parity with the general commodity list. After a year and a half, the goal is still out of sight. AAA is now part of a philosophical system and is on the long-term programme. In its sociological aspects, NRA, in so far as it is more than an attempt to lift ourselves by our bootstraps financially, also started in as an emergency measure and soon became an item of professed long-time policy.

Now, while we may not be concerned with the philosophical background of government in the United States simply as such, while we may not care from a philosophical standpoint whether an administration uses trial balloons to determine how much leeway it is making from a plotted course or whether it sends up trial balloons and then plots its course to follow the balloons, we are concerned with the financial and social effects of long-time meliorative schemes, and we do care whether or not our Government is actuated by a political philosophy that insures a decent chance to have the schemes carried out successfully. Such projects as TVA, AAA, RFC and HOLC, for example, require the disbursement of billions of public money; they require centralized control, long-time planning, and a high degree of technical competence in management. They may fail in spite of the best talent and the most comprehensive planning. But are they not sure to fail if they become subject to government by trial balloon, if we abandon them to any administration that lives by sublimated mob rule?

One thus returns, as one always must return, to the absorbing debate which has run through the history of our popular government from the beginning: are we the people competent to govern ourselves, are we able to decide correctly the questions concerning technical minutiae which obtrude themselves in the discussion of every phase of modern governmental activity? Or is the best that we may expect of ourselves a more or less sensitive compliance, which gives us at least the illusion of choosing devoted public servants? If the present Administration is sending up balloons and inspecting oracular entrails merely to perform hocus-pocus designed to

keep the opposition from the halls of Congress, is it likely—in view of the long-time programme now under way—that we have chosen devoted public servants? Mark you, the question is merely asked, not answered!

IV

President Roosevelt's tradition is disparate. It is country-gentleman-individualist and Mr. Ickes and Miss Perkins and Harvard, which is all to the good. But it is also metropolitan-and-Albany-politician and Mr. Farley and Charlie Michelson and bureaucratic-Washington, which is possibly not quite so good. One may without reservation applaud the evident beatitude of his aims. But one may also make a plausible case for the theory that his nobility of purpose sometimes enfranchises ignoble means. About the White House there are little ghosts that will not be laid—some of the Presidential appointments, loud lip-service to measures that the President nevertheless did not consider important enough to drive through Congress, public utterance a trifle too suave and politic. Perhaps if one could know and feel the force of all the perplexing currents and counter currents that engulf a President there would be no ghosts. Perhaps.

The tradition of the Democratic party is similarly disparate. Because of historical accident, no doubt, it has for three-quarters of a century been the victim of a defeatist or at least a "disaffected" psychology. To it have flocked irreconcilable groups, united temporarily by adversity, but in themselves fundamentally too hostile to remain long in the same tether. Differences of interest, of religion, of economic and political creeds, of philosophy—these have always managed to split the party

asunder. The Republicans have had the task of uniting similarly irreconcilable elements, to be sure, but they have had a background of success and of triumphant moral idealism to start with. One is reminded of the editorial in the *New York Times* on that morning in 1916 when it conceded to Mr. Hughes the election that three days later went to President Wilson. The *Times* had supported Wilson, but, convinced that Mr. Hughes had defeated him, it said, in effect, "Well, anyway, the country does more and feels better under a Republican administration." That sentiment is in the air today, just as it was in 1918 when Wilson urged the people frantically to hold up his hands by reëlecting a Democratic Congress. The sentiment is by no means as strong as it was in 1918; but it has been growing for several months, and the fact that it exists at all is proof that the dissentient heterogeneity that catapulted Franklin Roosevelt to office has not yet been solidified into a real political entity. Perhaps its elements can not be fused. Perhaps the distribution of patronage and of funds was not the way to fuse them.

Before the autumn elections, the leaders of the Administration are likely to be forced to decide whether they are trial-balloon democrats or old-fashioned republicans. It is almost unthinkable that they should choose to be the former, yet stranger things have happened in American history. Their strongest appeal, it would seem, is not to the unblushing self-interest that has been "greased" heretofore by the distribution of patronage and of public funds, nor even to the hopelessness bred of penury and woe. The most powerful appeal of President Roosevelt to date was his bank holiday radio address. Since that occasion his popularity—although it is

still tremendous—has dwindled. America is confused; it doesn't know itself whether it is for republican delegated authority or democratic you-go-to-Washington-and-do-as-we-tell-you attorneyship. But the imminence of a general election and the mounting pressure of public debt will compel it to a decision shortly, and from most indications one may assume that it will favor the traditional and constitutional philosophy. President Roosevelt has a present opportunity, by modifying some "radical" tendencies of the New Deal and by asserting again the necessity of carrying out his long-time programme under competent auspices, to turn this bourgeois republicanism into a dynamic help to his party. But this conservatively liberal element is not likely to follow trial balloons. It demands an outspoken definition of the limits of socialistic

bureaucracy under the New Deal, and a reaffirmation of the President's promise that he will conduct our affairs in the permanent interest of the majority of our citizens—including the taxpayers.

One may hope, therefore, that the emphasis on trial balloons in the Washington dispatches is misplaced, and that the Administration is going to stand for the fall elections, in so far as it has a part in them, on the high ground of courageous and adaptable measures of political reform under such direction and control as derive from the principles of the Constitution. Win, lose or draw, it will be better for the country to have the issue clean-cut and plainly drawn between patriotism and pork, between self-assertion and drift, between bona fide representative government and opportunist compliance with popular whims.



Soviet Russia Between Two Fires

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

*Japan in the East and Germany in the West are disturbing
Kremlin composure, and there is a question whether
they may not join forces*

THE year 1933 saw a very significant change in Soviet Russia's attitude toward other countries. For years Russia had regarded herself as the spearhead of the proletarian revolution, which all the capitalist nations were conspiring to overthrow. This doctrine was a natural heritage of the days of the Allied intervention in 1918-20, when the powers had extended military and financial support to the anti-Bolshevik forces. In the years that followed there was a mutual repulsion between Russia and the outside world. The Soviet Union saw in every move of the "bourgeois" governments a move against Russia; the bourgeoisie of the world regarded the Soviet Union as a vast malarial swamp from which there continuously exuded a noxious miasma that bade fair to pollute the whole of their civilization.

But a train of events set in which, after rapidly gathering momentum in 1932, came to a culmination in 1933 and in a surprisingly short time effected a radical transformation in the Russian attitude to foreign countries. Instead of the vague suspicions directed indiscriminately against all capitalist powers, Russia's fears have been definitely fo-

cused upon two nations from which the danger of attack has become very real. The Japanese conquest of Manchuria in 1931-33 and Hitler's conquest of Germany in 1933 are two concrete facts which are full of ill omen for Russia's future, menacing her at the eastern and western extremities of her six-thousand-mile expanse of territory.

Russia is, in a territorial sense, one of the satisfied nations of the world. Including Siberia, she comprises the largest continuous tract of the earth's surface under one sovereignty; she has within her own borders all the territory she needs to meet the requirements of her large population. But it is her misfortune to be situated between two of the most land-hungry nations of the world—nations which are also most formidable in their capacity for military effort. What is more natural than that Japan and Germany, searching for an outlet for their rapidly increasing populations, should fix their eyes upon the vast, thinly peopled expanses of the Russian plains, which cover one-sixth of the land surface of the globe? Both countries have had their appetites whetted by decisive victories in the recent past. Japan demolished the myth

of white invincibility by defeating Russia in 1904-05; Germany, with one hand tied behind her back, battered Russia into a pulp in 1914-18 and extorted from the reluctant Bolsheviks the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, although she was barred from enjoying the fruits of this achievement by her subsequent defeat upon the Western Front.

For a long time following the Great War, Japan and Germany were quiescent; but the economic depression which settled upon the world in 1929 awakened in both countries the dormant spirit of militarism, which looks for a solution by conquering alien lands in which their cramped populations can find new homes and new markets.

The Japanese menace became acute in the early part of 1933, when the subjugation of the Russian sphere of influence in Manchuria was completed. Almost simultaneously, by a strange and fateful coincidence, Adolf Hitler, who had long dangled before the German masses visions of vast conquests at Russia's expense, gained control of Germany.

Under these circumstances, Russia's ideological picture of the outside world has undergone drastic revision. She no longer sees it as a complex of states that are equally evil because they are all alike capitalist; she now sees it as composed of separate units, some of which are real menaces to her security, and some of which are potential friends. Her leaders have discarded, or at any rate profoundly modified, a theoretical world-outlook based upon the dogmatic thesis of an inexorable conflict between capitalism and communism. In so far as this thesis is still maintained, the coming conflict has been relegated to a future so remote that it has no bearing upon present policy. The Soviet rulers

have adopted the realistic attitude of making friends with whoever is willing to reciprocate their advances. As a counterweight to the Japanese menace, Russia has sought and secured recognition by the United States; as a counterweight to the German menace, Russia has spared no pains to place her relations with France and Poland upon a firmer basis.

II

The tendency toward a readjustment of Soviet foreign policy in this direction might have been detected as early as 1924, the eventful year which saw the death of Lenin, the recognition of Russia by the powers of western Europe, and the beginning of the violent quarrel between Stalin and Trotsky as to the proper line for Soviet foreign policy to follow. Stalin favored closer economic relations with the capitalist powers; Trotsky opposed them, and argued that a world revolution was an essential prerequisite to the success of the Soviet experiment in Russia.

Stalin was victorious over Trotsky, who was ousted from one office after another, and finally exiled from Russia in 1929. Under Stalin's dictatorship, Soviet foreign policy entered upon what may be termed its second phase, which lasted from 1924 to 1933. The new policy was intended to be merely a *modus vivendi*; intercourse with capitalist countries was to be confined to the minimum necessary for achieving the industrialization of Russia. It did not in any sense imply the establishment of cordial relations with bourgeois governments with a view to common diplomatic action; on the contrary, it was still held that as the socialist experiment approached success, the proletariat in capitalist countries would become restive

and the bourgeois governments in desperation would form a coalition to destroy the Soviet Union.

It was the crystallization of the Japanese and German menaces during 1932-33 that ushered in the third phase of Soviet foreign policy under the astute guidance of Maxim Litvinov, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs. The Soviet Government is now evincing a willingness, and even an anxiety, to transform its economic relations with well disposed powers into political friendships and *ententes*, to say nothing of alliances, with view to common defensive measures against an aggressor. Such an objective has naturally pushed the concept of world revolution into the background. Indeed, it has become a source of positive embarrassment to Moscow that Communist parties working in countries with which Russia is seeking friendlier relations should identify themselves as instruments or even allies of the Soviet Government. As Mr. Walter Duranty expressed it in a dispatch to the *New York Times* of November 20, 1932, "The Bolshevik Kremlin today regards the growth of the revolutionary movement in Europe with real anxiety."

The principles now governing Russian foreign policy were set forth in a speech of the utmost significance delivered by Commissar Litvinov to the All-Union Central Executive Committee on December 29, 1933. In this speech he undertook the task of adapting Communist dogma to the necessities of the new diplomatic situation. After a ritualistic repetition of the familiar postulate that capitalism inevitably breeds war, he continued: "But not every capitalist state has an equal desire for war at all times. Any state, no matter how imperialistic, may become deeply pacifist

at one period or another. . . . Side by side with the very few countries which have already either replaced diplomacy by war operations [like Japan], or, being still unprepared for it [like Germany], are preparing to do this in the near future, there are those which are not yet pursuing such objects. . . . There are also bourgeois states—and they are quite numerous—which are interested, for the immediate future, in the maintenance of peace and are prepared to pursue a policy directed towards the maintenance of peace. I am not going into an estimation of the motives for such a policy, but am merely stating a fact which is highly valuable to us. . . . In striving therefore toward the establishment and maintenance of friendly relations with all countries, we devote particular attention to the strengthening of relations and maximum *rapprochement* with those countries which, like ourselves, furnish proof of their sincere desire to preserve peace and show that they are prepared to counteract any violation of peace. . . . The whole world knows that we can maintain and are maintaining good relations with capitalist states under any régime, including also a Fascist régime."

III

Whatever may be one's opinion of the sincerity of Russia's devotion to the cause of peace in the abstract, there can be no doubt that there is nothing that the Soviet Government more earnestly desires at present than an avoidance of the strain which a war would impose upon her industrial system. It is common knowledge that this system is already being strained to the uttermost under the Government's industrialization programme. There are large

sections of the Russian population, particularly among the peasants and certain national minorities, whose disaffection might prove disastrous were they called upon to endure the further sacrifices entailed by a war. During 1931-33, many of the peasants, resenting the forcible collectivization of their farms, engaged in a wide-spread campaign of sabotage which brought large areas in Russia to the verge of starvation and caused a sharp increase in the mortality from malnutrition. Perhaps it is not without significance, as indicating the Soviet Government's opinion of their reliability, that the proportion of peasants in the Red army, according to the official figures of War Commissar Voroshilov, has been reduced from 57.9 per cent in 1930 to 42.5 per cent in 1934.

In addition, some of the national minorities, especially the Ukrainians, have not been wholly reconciled to their incorporation into the Soviet Union. The Ukrainian independence movement has been driven underground, but it retains a vigorous life, if we are to judge by the repeated discoveries, announced by the Soviet Government every few years, that highly placed Communist officials in the Ukrainian Soviet Republic are really secret agents of the nationalist counter-revolution. Stalin admitted the seriousness of the Ukrainian disaffection, which he adroitly linked with threats of German intervention, when he addressed the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party on January 26, 1934. "I have spoken of the tenacity of the survivals of capitalism," he declared. "It should be mentioned that survivals of capitalism in the consciousness of man have retained their tenacity much more in the national question than in any other sphere. . . . It is not so long ago that the deviation towards

Ukrainian nationalism was not the main danger in the Ukraine; but when the fight against it was stopped and it was given a chance to spread to such an extent as to make common cause with the interventionists, that deviation became the main danger."

IV

After this glance at the combination of external dangers and internal stresses which have motivated the change in the Soviet outlook on foreign affairs, it will be interesting to see how the new orientation has been reflected in Russia's relations with foreign powers.

The Japanese menace first loomed on the Far Eastern horizon in September, 1931, when the Japanese army began to oust the Chinese authorities from the provinces of Manchuria served by the Japanese-controlled South Manchuria Railway. In December Litvinov, in an effort to save the Russian sphere of influence, which was served by the Soviet-controlled Chinese Eastern Railway, proposed to the Japanese the signing of a non-aggression pact. The Japanese protracted the negotiations for over a year. During this interval, they methodically proceeded to mop up that portion of Manchuria which the Russians had been wont to regard as their own preserve. The Soviet Government, hoping to avert the confiscation of the C.E.R., refused to associate itself with the League of Nations and the United States in their condemnation of Japan, and adopted a policy which to other countries seemed complaisant and even servile. Their reward came early in 1933, when Japan broke off negotiations for a non-aggression pact, offered to purchase the C.E.R. for what the Russians considered a ridiculously inadequate sum, and applied pressure by

disrupting the operation of the line with a variety of restrictions and aggressions.

The Russian Government soon became convinced that Japan's ambitions were not confined to Manchuria, but that she aspired to absorb a substantial slice of Siberia. "A section of the military people in Japan," asserted Stalin in his report to the Seventeenth Party Congress, "are openly preaching in the press the necessity of war with the U.S.S.R. and the seizure of the Maritime Province, with the approval of another part of the military, while the Government of Japan pretends that this does not concern it, instead of calling the incendiaries of war to order."

Internally, the Russians have striven to protect themselves against Japanese attack by a heavy concentration of military force in the Far East; externally, they have sought to counterbalance the Japanese menace by a *rapprochement* with the United States. Fortunately for their desires, a new Administration had assumed office which was prepared to depart from the old tradition of aloofness and to meet the Russians half way. On October 10, 1933, President Roosevelt dispatched a message to President Kalinin, informing him that he would be pleased to receive a representative to discuss all questions at issue between the two countries. The Soviet Government eagerly accepted the invitation, and Commissar Litvinov, canceling all other engagements, arrived in the United States early in November. On the sixteenth of the same month, President Roosevelt announced the restoration of normal diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia. In order to secure this prize, Litvinov committed the Soviet Government to the most sweeping pledge against subversive propaganda that it had ever made. Not only would it re-

frain from direct propaganda, but it would restrain all organizations to which it lent financial aid from engaging in such activities. Hitherto the Soviet Government had always clung to the fiction that the Communist International with its headquarters in Moscow was an independent organization not under its control, but by this pledge it implicitly undertook to curb the International's activities as far as the United States was concerned.

v

Reconciliation with the United States had strengthened Soviet Russia in her dealings with Japan; at the other extremity of her borders she was also feverishly at work building a defense against possible German aggression. Adolf Hitler had become dictator of Germany in January, 1933. Here, instead of the symbolical bogey men at the mention of whose names all good Communists were wont to shudder, was a real fire-eater. In his book, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler had declared bluntly that Germany must seek territorial expansion at the expense of Russia, which he described as having fallen into the hands of the Jews, who were acting upon it as a "ferment of decomposition." This book was written many years ago, and it might be presumed that Hitler has since been sobered by the responsibilities of office. Litvinov, however, who is himself a Jew, expressed his skepticism in the speech to the Central Executive Committee already referred to: "We, for one, are unaware of a single responsible statement that would have completely erased the conception mentioned by me. The literary work in which this conception is preached continues to circulate in Germany without any expurgations in new editions, in-

cluding an edition with 1934 as the year of publication. The same conception is openly discussed even now in the pages of the German press. Only about half a year ago at the London International Conference a member of the German Cabinet [Dr. Hugenberg] expounded in a memorandum the same idea of conquering the East. True, he was disavowed and we have no right to, and will not, consider this memorandum as an official document, but the disavowal of a minister does not destroy the fact itself of the submission of the memorandum, which shows that the ideas stated in the document are still current even among Government circles."

In seeking to checkmate German ambitions, it was natural that Russia should turn to those states that also fear Germany, of which France and Poland are the most conspicuous. Poland and the Baltic States lie between Germany and Russia. There can be no German invasion of Russia without these intervening countries either conniving in or resisting such an attack. After having seen the destruction of the Manchurian buffer state in the Far East, it was to be expected that Russia would take every precaution to strengthen her relations with the bulwark of buffer states on her western frontier. Over a period of several years Russia had already negotiated individual non-aggression pacts with several neighboring countries. While the London Economic Conference was still in session, Litvinov took advantage of the disquiet excited among the delegates of the border states by the publication of the Hugenberg memorandum to negotiate a treaty defining the concept of aggression in precise terms. On July 3, 1933, this treaty was signed by Litvinov and the plenipotentiaries of nearly all the border states—Poland,

Estonia, Latvia, Rumania, Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan.

Even more significant, however, were the gestures made by Russia toward a *rapprochement* with France. A non-aggression pact had been signed by the two Governments in November, 1932, during the premiership of Édouard Herriot, leader of the French Radicals. In August and September, 1933, M. Herriot, though no longer holding any official position, paid a visit to Russia, and was soon afterwards followed by Pierre Cot, French Minister of Aviation. Both were cordially entertained by the Soviet Government. M. Herriot in particular, as a known champion of closer Franco-Soviet relations, was singled out for special praise. In his December speech to the Central Executive Committee, Litvinov went out of his way to pay a personal tribute to M. Herriot—an honor which the French statesman shared with President Roosevelt. "After the signing of the non-aggression pact," said Litvinov, "our relations with France have made rapid strides ahead. . . . The recent visit to our Union of M. Herriot [applause], one of the most prominent and brilliant representatives of the French people, and one who reflects their peace-loving sentiments . . . gave fresh impetus to Franco-Soviet *rapprochement*."

VI

Needless to say, the course of the Russian *rapprochement* with the United States, France and Poland was viewed with distinct concern in Tokyo and Berlin. Both Foreign Offices were not long in launching a diplomatic counter-attack, aimed at detaching these newly won friends from Russia. Germany entered the struggle first. Hitler and his aides were obsessed by the fear that

France, Poland and their allies might launch a preventive war and crush Germany before she had time to rearm. A high degree of tension had been generated between Germany and Poland by the well known desire of the Germans to regain the Polish Corridor. This tension was materially eased when the two powers subscribed on November 15, 1933, to a joint declaration, which was subsequently implemented by a formal treaty to last ten years, whereby they agreed to renounce the use of force in settling any disputes that might arise between them. Hitler, knowing that this declaration would be interpreted in Paris as an anti-French move, immediately followed it up by granting a French journalist an interview which was published in *Le Matin* of Paris on November 22. This interview was remarkably conciliatory in tone. Hitler categorically surrendered all claim to Alsace-Lorraine. He sought to win French sentiment by depicting himself as a bulwark against Communism. War between France and Germany "would mark the downfall of our races . . . and eventually we should see Asia installed in our continent and Bolshevism triumphant."

This pacific gesture of Hitler's provoked a cleavage of opinion in France. The conservative wing of French political thought, or at any rate a section of it, is inclined to look with favor upon Hitler's offer. If Germany is willing to renounce Alsace-Lorraine and to guarantee to respect the integrity of French territory, there is no reason, they argue, why France should not meet Germany half way and sign a peace pact which would in effect be a pledge of non-intervention in the event of war between Germany and Russia. To put it baldly, they are prepared to purchase their own

security by giving Germany a free hand in eastern Europe.

The Radicals and Socialists, on the other hand, are strongly opposed to any agreement that involves offering up Russia as a sacrifice on the altar of Franco-German amity. They are sympathetic with the Soviet experiment and bitterly hostile to Hitler's policy of domestic repression. They argue that to turn Germany against Russia is only to postpone the day when the menace of Hitlerism, bloated by conquests in the East, will have to be met—and to be met without the assistance of a defeated Russia.

The recent political crisis in France saw the replacement of the Left cabinet of M. Chautemps with a cabinet of national concentration headed by ex-President Doumergue, who is noted for his conservatism. Since this change took place, rumors of an impending military alliance with the Soviet Government, which had been given currency in the French Right press in December, have died down. However, M. Herriot, the outstanding champion of Franco-Russian intimacy, is a member of the Doumergue cabinet, and it is unlikely that the tendency toward a gradual strengthening of Franco-Russian relations will be interfered with as long as he is in the Government.

The most recent indications are that France, instead of seeking an *entente* directly with Russia, has adopted the more cautious policy of promoting Russia's adherence to the League of Nations, and thereby fortifying that body in the task of dealing with German obstreperousness. It is an open secret that the French Foreign Office is now conducting the necessary preliminary negotiations with certain of the lesser powers that have an anti-Soviet

bias to ensure that at the September session of the League an invitation to become a member can be extended to Russia by unanimous vote. Soviet Russia once regarded the League as a "Holy Alliance of the bourgeoisie for the suppression of the proletarian revolution," but Litvinov's December speech contained a significant passage which bears all the earmarks of the beginning of a pilgrimage to Geneva: "Not being doctrinaires, we do not refuse to make use of any amalgamations and organizations, either existing or possible of formation, if we have now or in the future reason to believe that they serve the cause of peace."

Meanwhile, relations between Germany and Russia still continue strained. On March 28, Litvinov proposed to Germany a joint treaty whereby the two powers would mutually guarantee the independence and inviolability of the Baltic States. According to official statements made public in Berlin and Moscow on April 26, this offer was rejected by the German Government, which rather brusquely declared that "any attempt to throw doubt on the sincerity of this [German] policy must be categorically rebuffed."

VII

The recognition of Russia by the United States was a grievous disappointment to the Japanese. Whether rightly or wrongly, they fear that it implies American assistance in some form to the Soviet Government in the event of a Russo-Japanese war. Like Hitler, therefore, Japan also was not long in embarking upon a diplomatic counter-attack in an effort to dissuade the United States from associating itself too intimately with Russia. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the innumer-

able Japanese protestations, such as that of Foreign Minister Koki Hirota to the Japanese Diet, that "Japan fervently desires American friendship." The Japanese are realistic enough to know that a war with the United States might well prove disastrous to their ambitions in the Far East. An undisguised expression of Japan's anxiety at the state of her relations with the United States was manifested by the "informal and personal message" dispatched by Mr. Hirota to Secretary of State Hull in February. The correspondence, including Mr. Hull's reply, was made public on March 21. Although no concrete issues were discussed, the exchange seems to have cleared the air and paved the way for less strained relations. The removal of the bulk of the United States navy from the Pacific in April was another step in this direction, but the gradually improving sentiment between the two countries suffered a severe setback when a spokesman of the Japanese Foreign Office issued an informal declaration on April 17 which was in effect the proclamation of a Monroe Doctrine with respect to China. The essence of the declaration was the statement, "We oppose any attempt on the part of China to avail herself of the influence of any other country in order to resist Japan."

Why Japan should have chosen such a time to issue a statement which added nothing fundamentally new to her well known attitude toward China, but provided one more occasion for raising diplomatic temperatures, remains a subject of conjecture. It may indeed pre-
sage that Japan, having now decided that war with Russia has become too dangerous, has resolved to tackle helpless China instead. On the other hand, it must not be ignored that the declara-

tion may indirectly pave the way for a clash with Russia. Was it sheer coincidence that a spokesman of the Japanese legation at Peiping on April 28 announced that Japan was watching with concern recent developments in Sinkiang Province, where Chinese Communists were waging a bitter civil war against Chinese Mohammedans? The Japanese spokesman expressed sympathy with the Mohammedans and charged that the Soviet Government was supplying war materials to the Communists. In addition to this alleged Russian intervention in Chinese affairs, there is the fact that Outer Mongolia, although nominally still a Chinese province, is actually a Soviet Republic as completely under the control of Russia as Manchuria is under that of Japan. If Japan seriously plans taking any action to enforce her latest declaration, it would be very easy for her to find an excuse to pick a quarrel with Russia.

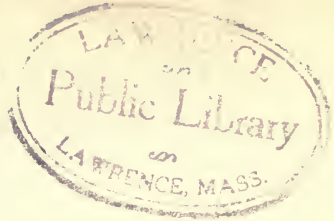
Whatever may be the significance of the Japanese declaration, it has not conduced to better feelings between Tokyo and Moscow. The Soviet Government has intensified its already feverish war preparations. The Japanese continue to build strategic railways in Manchuria and to accumulate war materials.

VIII

There is a question which must inevitably arise in the minds of all. Is there any possibility of an alliance between Japan and Germany for the attainment of a common objective? Both countries are ambitious to expand territorially at the expense of Russia, both have resigned from the League of Nations in a huff, and both feel ostracized by the rest of the world. A political alliance between the two would seem to be in order. So far, however, there have been

no overt evidences of such a development, though many incidents, all trivial enough in themselves, point unmistakably to a mutual desire of both governments to remain on friendly terms with each other. It is very likely that the Japanese Foreign Office is still dubious of the advantages that would accrue from an alliance with a government whose relations with the powers of western Europe are strained; it does not wish to provoke the ill will of France and Great Britain in addition to that of the United States. If, however, Germany could succeed in patching up some sort of political *entente* with France which would give her a free hand to rearm for action against Russia, the world should not be surprised to see her form an alliance with Japan. It is therefore a favorable augury that France, instead of striking such a bargain, continues to insist that the League of Nations shall be the channel through which Germany shall air her grievances. The persistence with which France has been clinging to this policy is expressed very clearly in the French note of March 17 to the British Government: "Whatever may have been said or attempted against the League, it remains the only organization capable of furnishing a collective guarantee of peace. . . . Germany could give no better guarantee of world stability than her return, free of all constraint, to the community of states."

If Russia should join the League and coöperate sincerely with the other powers, it will afford the League what may well prove to be its last chance of recovering from the blows to its prestige suffered through the defection of Germany and Japan, and of making itself strong enough to curb the warlike spirit of these two powers before they unite to precipitate a world crisis.



Alan

BY JOHN LINEAWEAVER

A Story

THE lodge stood on stilts near the summit of the bank facing the lake, and at twilight after supper even on fine evenings pine branches brushed against its walls, making a sweeping noise like that of a dozen new brooms, in the sharpening breeze of oncoming night, while from the lake twenty feet down sounded the lapping of waves against the smooth rock bar which formed the swimming pier.

On this evening there was also a third, less soothing sound: a distant chorus of excited children's voices wafting down from the Recreation Hall and striving comically with the more usual concert of the frogs in their pools under the lodge.

On a cot in the locker room on the second floor Bob Hansen lay watching with ironical eyes while his fellow counsellor and friend, Alan Whitaker, for the second time unknotted and began reknitting a new, lavishly colored necktie; and as he watched he found himself half-consciously trying to pick out individual voices in the Recreation Hall chorus, just as a moment before he had been engaged with that of the frogs. That shrill piping one—corresponding, it occurred to him, to that of the oak toad—was young Penny's; he was almost sure of it. That other, the one full

of a deep intimate laughter, suggesting a Negro's, belonged indubitably to the elder Jenkins, brother of the kid who was in his cabin. He could pick out others but of these two he was certain, or almost certain, and for a fleeting second he thought of walking up to the Recreation Hall, where the play which Alan had coached was about to begin, in order to verify his detections. But immediately he thought: what kind of a fool idea is that? . . . Well, he answered himself a moment later, it's damn good practice anyway.

Meanwhile Alan, the joints of his fingers pale from effort, continued to work with the tie. His teeth bit into the side of his full lower lip, his free chin jutting pugnaciously, and he was frowning now, making whitish creases in his otherwise sun-browned forehead. Regarding him impersonally Bob thought for perhaps the thousandth time: he sure is a good-looking devil. You can't get away from *that*.

Then at last it was done. He pulled the ends and leaning forward, eyes intent on the little steel mirror hung on the wall before him, gave the knot a final critical look. After his eyes left it they traveled upward to linger a moment on his face—an action which did not escape Bob's notice, and sensing

this he straightened at once and crossed to an open army trunk, pasted with labels announcing that its owner had traveled Tourist Third on the French Line and was a student at Princeton, where he fell to rummaging under several books and cartons of cigarettes to bring out at last a pair of gray- and white-checked woolen socks. Sitting down on the bench against the wall, he prepared to draw them on, saying:

"Damn if this primitive life doesn't get you. Even tying a tie and putting on socks gets to be an operation. Matter of fact, I don't believe I've had either on since I went into Northport last Wednesday."

"Oh yes you have," Bob answered from the cot.

"Had I? When?"

"Outdoor chapel, Sunday."

"That's right. I had. I took them off right after lunch, though."

"Of course I wouldn't remember the finer points," Bob said, "but one thing I'm sure of—Camp Skyles hasn't bothered your tie-tying any. You never could tie a tie decently. In the original well-dressed man that's always struck me as odd, sort of."

"We temperamental people," Alan replied, reaching under the bench for his shoes. "You've got to make allowances for us."

As he drew the first shoe on the distant chorus suddenly ceased, to be replaced almost instantly by a tumult of hand-clapping, whistling and stamping, and shortly thereafter by comparative quiet.

"My little darlings are evidently about to get under way," Alan commented. "How can I bear to be away from them? I ask you, Hansen, how can I?"

"As a matter of fact," Bob said, "I

should think you'd want to be there. Strange as it may seem, you've hurt some of those kids' feelings. Starting them off in a whirl of enthusiasm like that, they don't understand it."

"If you don't look out," Alan answered, "you'll have me feeling bad."

"Oh go to hell," Bob said.

For answer Alan laughed. He slipped his belt through the final strap and pulled it tight—a bit too tight for comfort, Bob would have thought—and stood up. "There," he said. "Now for my cloak. . . . What the hell? I could have sworn I took it out of the locker. . . . Oh," as his glance fell on the coat, flung over the end of the bench.

While he got into it Bob regarded him silently. He said suddenly:

"One thing you can't complain about's that tan you got up here. Much as I hate to tell you, it's very becoming. A great improvement."

Alan bowed. "Granting that improvement was possible, of course."

Bob regarded him expressionlessly. "The awful thing is, you really mean that," he said.

"Of course I do," Alan answered. "I'm the handsomest thing in this neck of the woods."

"And you mean that too."

"But naturally, sir. It's true, isn't it?"

"Probably it is."

"Then why not say so?"

"No reason, I guess—except of course that nobody would but you."

Alan smiled amusedly. "I suppose you're right."

"Well, try it on Esther," Bob said. "It ought to go over big with her. You might tell her it's just an old goy custom."

Alan's fingers paused in the process of buttoning the coat, then went on, while his smile broadened. "You

know," he said, "I'll never get over giving thanks I know you, Hansen. You're a positive education—all the mass reactions. Why, talking to you's as good as reading a tabloid!"

"Seems to me we've had that before."

"Well, you see, it never ceases to be a miracle to me. Why, my boy, you're *perfect*. A specimen, no less. You ought to do radio scripts."

"Oh go to hell."

"Precisely the answer anticipated."

Bob raised himself on an elbow and met Alan's gaze straight on. They continued thus for several seconds, Alan smiling the superior smile, and in spite of himself Bob felt the old familiar surge of irritation. They had known each other for five years—four spent in the same house at Lawrenceville and one in a boarding house on Bank Street in Princeton—and still he let himself get ruffled. He turned, punched the pillow behind him, and let himself fall heavily back again. He was large and the ancient cot creaked menacingly.

Alan crossed to the locker and lifted his hat from the hook. He slammed the locker door closed and settled the hat on his head. "Well," he said, looking about him, "I guess that does it. We'll continue this enlightening discussion later when I'll prove to you how dumb you are."

"That will be swell," Bob answered.

"It will be something for you to look forward to."

At the door he turned. "Don't forget to kiss my kiddies good-night for me," he said, and went whistling on down the stairs.

For several minutes after he had gone Bob lay motionless. From the Recreation Hall sounded an uproar of laughter and he thought how, a few weeks ago, Alan would have been up

there rushing about behind the scenes wild with enthusiasm, getting the same sort of kick, in some obscure way, that he was going to get out of this evening before him—and both kicks equally false and yet honest. Strange fellow. He turned his eyes to the ceiling and automatically began scratching his chest. He hoped the ape had not forgotten to put oil in the Dodge anyway.

II

Alan let in the clutch and with something less than the usual sputter and fuss the Dodge started down the hill. He steered as usual with one hand, his right arm resting along the back of the seat, grinning in recollection of the station wagon parked clandestinely in the trees behind the kitchen. The station wagon belonged to the camp director's family, who stayed in a cottage a mile or so down the lake, and once or twice each week it visited the camp after nightfall to stock up with provisions. Good old graft, he thought. The great American sport.

As he came out on the road and entered the gully, pitch-dark between high weed-grown banks, he felt the damp vault-like air separate the hairs on the back of his neck and he stepped on the gas and shot bumping ahead. During the day, passing through this stretch made him think of entering Broadway movie houses on August afternoons, but at night there was something sinister about it and he always experienced an absurd feeling of relief as he put it behind him.

Leaving the road for the highway, he slowed down again, going slower and slower until the car was merely creeping along. It was going to be a splendid night, he saw. Overhead a pale moon was already showing in the smoke-col-

ored sky and there was an invigorating snap in the air, just enough. He wondered what time it was. She had said any time after nine and he doubted whether it was now much later than eight-thirty, for the play had been scheduled for eight and had been running, he calculated, not longer than half an hour. Then he thought of the conversation with Bob. Good old Bob. He was really fond of him, he supposed, tiresome as he could be at times—"dumb but faithful." And Bob, he felt sure, was fond of him in his mildly disapproving way. He smiled tolerantly to himself. No doubt many people wondered what he saw in Bob, but he'd never believed in knowing persons of one type only. . . . And he began to go over in his mind the variety of types with which he had at one time or another been intimate.

After a while his thoughts turned to the evening before him. Esther had issued the invitation only the Tuesday before. He had asked her to the Saturday night public dance at Belmont Mills, the single spot about the lake where Jews were welcome. He had been a bit hesitant, uncertain as to how she might take it. But either she had not considered that angle or she was a talented actress, for she had simply answered equably that she would love to go but that her father was coming up from New York for the week-end with friends and her mother had invited some people in for the evening—not a formal party by any means, but she would have to be there. They would be glad to have him, Alan, also, however, if he cared to come. She had given the invitation quite casually, just as if he were another Jew and wouldn't be the only Gentile there—as of course he would be, for the other summer resi-

dents were growing increasingly resentful of the thriving Jewish colony and made a point of having nothing to do with it. And this had pleased him; proved, if proof were necessary, that he actually was broad and without bourgeois prejudices. . . . No doubt, however, she was being rather nervous about the success of the evening. How, indeed, could she help it? And he resolved once more that he would set about putting her at ease immediately.

She was a good sort really, he thought, quite intelligent—and not at all bad-looking either, if you were without bias and could see beauty in the physical characteristics of another race: something he was glad to know he had never had any difficulty in doing. Which reminded him of Bob's almost violent reaction when, several years ago, he had raved for days about a Negress he had met on a party he had managed to join in a Harlem speakeasy. He chuckled aloud in recollection. She had been damn good-looking too, for a Negress; could have passed for Spanish anywhere.

But to get back to Esther, she was really a bit of all right. He liked her. Yes, honestly liked her: he'd admit it to any one. And what a kick (though I says it, he thought, as maybe shouldn't) she must be getting out of all this attention from him. Possibly, living all her life in New York, as she had, and getting away only to places like this, she had never before known a Gentile so well. He only hoped she would not become too serious about him—though, as a matter of fact, why shouldn't she? And, for that matter, why shouldn't he? This wasn't the Seventeenth Century, after all, or Nazi Germany.

For several miles he played with that idea, examining it from every liberal

side, and then his mind turned back to the first time he had seen her—sitting alone on the miniature dock in front of her cottage dangling her straight smooth legs, copper-colored in contrast with the white of her swimming suit, in the water and letting her almost breathtakingly abundant black hair dry glistening in the sun. What a body! he'd thought, and on the impulse had rested his oars and spoken to her: "Hello." "Hello," she'd answered. And then they both had laughed and he had headed the boat in toward the pier. Fifteen minutes later they had been deep in an argument about Ernest Hemingway and an hour after that, as she had prepared to go in, he had made a tentative swimming date for the following morning—which she had kept so that he had made another and then another; and now he was going to her home.

The thing he kept remembering, however, was a little incident that had taken place the third time he had seen her. They had been sunning themselves on the pier when a child belonging somewhere in the Jewish colony had passed in a canoe and called to Esther. She had laughed as the canoe passed out of hearing and said: "What a terrible voice! But of course it's mean to laugh, since there's nothing she'll ever be able to do about it: it's simply racial." It was the one reference which had so far been made between them to The Question and he had been wishing ever since that he had seized the opportunity to make his position clear. Since then he had been on the alert for other openings but she had never given him one and he supposed he would soon have to take the bull by the horns and make one himself. "By the way, is there anywhere around where I could get some unleavened bread? One of my friends at school gave

me some last winter, during your New Year—was it?—and I've been wanting more ever since."—Something like that, only polished up a bit of course. It wouldn't matter that the Jewish school friend would have to be purely imaginary. . . . As a matter of fact, however, it ought to be unnecessary for him to have to say anything. His behavior toward her must have told her by now, and his acceptance of the present invitation especially. Why, there wasn't another Gentile on the lake who would have been caught dead at a party given in the Jewish colony! . . . But perhaps that was it! Perhaps she had asked him as a sort of final test. Now that that had occurred to him he was almost sure of it. He felt a sudden thrill of anticipation. Well if it was, he'd show her. "Who is that charming boy, Esther, and tell me, is he Jewish? He doesn't *look* Jewish. . . ."

Suddenly the Dodge began to rattle and he reached down quickly and changed gears, seeing that he was starting up Pine Mountain. Not much longer for the old boat, he thought. Probably Bob would agree to leave it here when they went back. Then the lake appeared again, a vast dark mass which shortly would be shimmering in the light of a three-quarters full moon, and along the edge of the lake, just below him, there now shone a little cluster of lights—Stratford Landing, one of the finest situations on the lake. Trust the Jews every time, he thought, and fed more gas.

Seven minutes later he was entering the wooded driveway which led to Esther's house and shortly thereafter he saw Esther herself, standing on the porch with a man. She looked down as he appeared on the circle and waved to him, motioning him to go on around

and park at the side of the house in a space where, he observed now, stood other cars of various expensive makes. He was surprised at how eager he was to have the evening begin.

III

She came halfway down the steps to meet him. She was wearing a simply made, close-fitting gown of some peculiar shade of red and her hair was arranged in two tight glistening coils which covered her ears and formed a kind of exotic cap. Waiting in the pool of light from the doorway above she achieved an effect that was almost dramatic.

As he approached she smiled her slow smile—smiling more with her eyes than with her lips, like an Oriental—and said:

"So here you are. I've been on the look-out for you."

"Not late, am I?" he asked in pretended anxiety.

She dismissed the question with a toss of the head. "Of course not. There wasn't any special hour."

He stopped below her, smiling into her eyes and thinking again, or rather continuing to think, how beautiful she was—really beautiful.

An instant later he was telling her so. "You know, you're looking very elegant tonight."

She bobbed her head in mock gratitude. "Thank you. The dress is mother's contribution, if that's what you mean. I wasn't at all sure about this particular red but I seem to be getting away with it."

"You're doing a bit better than that," he answered.

For a moment, surprisingly, the smile vanished and she regarded him oddly. Then she laughed and said, turning away:

"Come along. I'm a working girl tonight, you know—just took a little time out for a cigarette."

"But you just now told me you were watching for me!"

"Well, I was doing that too. Now come along. Don't argue."

He reached for her hand but she had already started back up the steps. There was nothing to do but follow. But as he dropped his hand to his side he grinned significantly. Just you wait, young woman, he said silently—just you wait. For in the past few minutes he had reached a decision.

They crossed the porch to the open door just inside of which a colored butler was standing. So they kept a butler. For some reason he was amused. She walked into the dimly lit hall and he trailed after her, glancing surreptitiously about him. There was disappointingly little to see: against the farther wall a small early American table holding a bowl of roses, above it a mirror, and on the nearer wall an oil painting, a landscape, in no way spectacular but obviously good.

When they arrived at a second doorway, from which came the sound of voices, she paused and said:

"Nearly every one's already here. Do you want me to take you the rounds or introduce you to a few and let you circulate?"

Alan hesitated an instant. Which would she prefer that he did? Perhaps there were some people present whom she would rather he didn't meet. "The few by all means," he said. "I'm really a swell circulator. Don't make me feel like a visiting duke."

She looked at him and he felt himself flush. What a stupid thing to have said! But she only remarked: "Which ever you please," and moved on.

He found himself entering a large room, rather too brilliantly lighted, full of cretonne-covered furniture, flowers and people. She led him at once to a group standing nearest the door. He had time to notice a tiny, almost dwarf-sized woman with astonishing lemon-colored hair, around whom the group seemed to be formed, before the introductions began. "This is Mr. Whitaker, all of you. Alan, this is"—and the names came crashing into his ears. "Miss Hotzman, Mrs. Baumann, Miss Zweisig, Mr. Sondheim, Mr. Goetz. . ."

Every one bowed and the two young men shook hands with him. The little bleached woman who had been speaking when they came up nodded briefly and went on. "To me," she was saying, "he suggests unlimited talent, really in the strictest sense genius. The most promising alive, I think—though I grant you this last book is disappointing after the others."

"Some one told me he doesn't think so well of *The Orators* himself any longer," one of the other women put in. "Was that you, Sam?"

"Not I," Sam said.

"Well, it was some one; or perhaps I read it somewhere."

"I'm not surprised," Dwarf-size remarked. "But he'll like it again later. Somebody said of it that it's a book poets twenty years from now will be reading. I agree with that estimate perfectly."

The young man beside him explained: "We've been talking about W. H. Auden, the young English poet."

"Oh, yes," Alan nodded, wondering who Auden was. Some Jew writer, he supposed. No telling by names nowadays. Must look him up sometime. He turned toward Esther as she was taken in tow by a cruising middle-aged pair.

He wondered whether he was expected to join them. But doubtless she would return in a moment. He became conscious that Dwarf-size was staring at him. When he faced round, meeting her gaze, she said:

"Been here all season, Mr. Whitaker, or did you come up with Sol?"

Sol! That must be her father's name. Good God, he thought. And then: Well, after all, why not? He smiled and said:

"I've been here since June. I'm one of the governesses over at Camp Skyles, you know."

She did not notice his joke. Not, he admitted, that it was so awfully funny. "Camp Skyles?" she said. "Is that somewhere around here?"

He felt his smile stiffen. "It's a boys' camp run by a master from my former school, Lawrenceville, over near Northport." He stressed Lawrenceville and was rewarded by feeling the whole group's attention rivet upon him. He guessed *that* would hold her.

But whether it would or not he had no chance to discover, for the moment was summarily shattered by the sudden approach of a large waddling bald man, flat-footed and absurdly hook-nosed—a veritable caricature—whose name, from the cries of greeting which instantly went up, appeared to be Julius. "Hello, Julius"—"'Evening, Julius"—"How's the boy, Julius"—"Haven't seen you since the *Morning In May* opening, Julius"—this last from the young man, Sam Sondheim, who had first spoken to Alan. No one bothered to present him and Julius said:

"That *was* a show. I had six seats for that opening and it hurts me to say they cost me twelve bucks per. It was worth it, though—if any show is."

"Oh, do you think so?" Dwarf-size

said. "I was disappointed. Anna's settings were nice, though."

"For myself, I had a better time at the Ritz afterward," one of the other women said. "Julius here did it up brown, you know, and afterward we went on to Michener's. It was one swell party—and I'd say it even if you weren't here, Julius."

"I'll bet it was," the second young man said.

This was more like it, Alan thought. This was the sort of thing he had expected. He set himself to listening carefully, but just then Sondheim said something about Untermeyer and the conversation veered off to Germany.

And then suddenly Esther was beside him again. "I want you to meet mother," she said, nodding vaguely behind him. "She's sitting alone over there on the divan."

"That's fine," Alan answered. "I've been wanting to meet your family."

"Well, come ahead," Esther said. "Or could you do with a drink first? There's some sort of punch I haven't tasted and champagne."

"Sounds grand," Alan said, "but I'll wait until after I've met your mother."

"Just as you say."

She led him across the room, threading a way through various groups, to bring up at last before a massive divan upon which in solitary splendor a plump white-haired woman with dark, intensely living eyes and a dry cracked skin the color of leather was seated. She had observed their approach when they were still some distance away and when they stopped before her she put out her hand without waiting for Esther to speak. "So this is Mr. Whitaker, is it?" she said as Alan pressed it, and with her free hand indicated a place beside her. "Do sit down, if you can spare a mo-

ment for an ugly old woman who no longer even tries to keep up. You too, Esther. I've been watching you and you haven't once sat down all evening."

They took their places to left and right of her, Alan thinking amusedly that Esther and he must be resembling an engaged pair—family group. She continued:

"I've just been lazing here. There was a day when I was as energetic as Esther, but now I'm content to sit quiet and look on. My guests must come to me and if they can't amuse themselves with what's before them—well they may blame me, if they like."

Alan smiled his most charming smile. "I think it's much nicer that way," he said. "Every one has a better time." He considered mentioning those professional hostesses who had made such nuisances of themselves at débutante parties a few years back. But before he could decide whether the allusion would be tactful or not Esther said:

"Oh, dear. There's Sam paging me again." She rose. "I'll be back just as soon as I find what he wants."

Mrs. Goldman and Alan were silent, watching her progress across the room. Again Alan thought: how lovely she is! He said:

"I want to tell you how nice I think it was of you to let me come, Mrs. Goldman."

She laughed lightly. "I'm awfully glad you did come, though of course it's Esther's party really. My idea, that is, but Esther's application. I thought it would be pleasant for Mr. Goldman and now this evening he isn't feeling any too well and hasn't come down."

"I'm so sorry," Alan said. "I had looked forward to meeting Esther's father." He wondered why Esther had not mentioned to him that her father

was ill. It occurred to him that Esther had really talked very little about herself and her affairs during their several meetings.

Mrs. Goldman regarded him speculatively for a moment, then said:

"Well, there will be other opportunities, of course. You must come to see us—less formally, shall I say?—some-time soon again."

He smiled. "You will probably be seeing more of me than you care to," he said. "I've grown most awfully fond of Esther the short time I've known her. We've had some marvelous talks."

"Esther's a splendid girl," Mrs. Goldman remarked.

"She is," he agreed.

"And a splendid daughter," Mrs. Goldman added. "That's not quite so usual as it once was, I realize, and I flatter myself that I am wise enough to value her."

Alan nodded soberly, suppressing a chuckle. This was coming just a little too close to suggesting Alert Mother and Eligible Young Man.

"Yes, a splendid girl," Mrs. Goldman went on. "We're going to miss her terribly, her father and I. But Sam is a splendid boy also. We've known him all his life. His mother and I are friends. Esther and he played together as children. . . . So it's not as if we are actually losing her."

For a moment Alan sat rigid. His ears had recorded each word of Mrs. Goldman's speech and after she had finished he experienced a curious sensation, as if it were being played back to him. He felt nothing. It was as if he were standing outside himself, looking on. . . . And then suddenly he was angry, deeply, crazily angry. Why, the god-dam kike, the damn dirty kike. . . . He began to realize that Mrs. Goldman was

staring at him, that he was flushing, that his face must be telling her everything.

And then he looked up and saw that Esther and Sondheim were coming toward them and he felt himself go cold, waiting for them. They were standing above him. He raised his eyes and saw Esther more clearly than he had ever seen her before, as though the rest of the room were in darkness and a white light was playing upon her.

He stood up, facing her. "Your mother and I have been getting on famously," he heard himself say. "Just one more reason to make me sorry I made the date I unfortunately did make to dance tonight over at the Rock Lake Inn." That for you, his tone said—the Rock Lake Inn, you kikes and your filthy ghetto! And he saw that he had made himself understood.

He bent down and shook hands with Mrs. Goldman. He smiled at Sondheim and Esther. Then he turned on his heel and left them, trying to remember how Esther had looked, whether she had said anything. . . .

Once outside the house he ran for the Dodge; jumped in; banged shut the door. Deliberately he backed on to the lawn and into a large flowering shrub of some sort, hearing the crunch of twigs with pleasure. Then he pressed down on the gas and the Dodge leaped ahead, narrowly missing a second bush as he swung into the drive. The sight of his cold eyes in the mirror pleased him.

IV

It had been a long, noisy evening but within the last half hour the kids had been quieting down and Bob was beginning to think of turning in. He closed the book, a treatise on the herpetology of southern New England, stretched yawning, slid back his chair and was

about to rise when footsteps sounded on the porch outside.

He turned as the screen door opened and shut, finding himself staring at Alan.

"Well, well," he said after a moment. "What's the meaning of this? They didn't throw you out, did they?"

Alan grinned and came on into the room. He walked to the cupboard and pulling open the doors, said casually:

"Sure. How did you know? I got caught trying to kiss the butler."

Very deliberately he took down a tin and began working his fingers around under the lid. "As a matter of fact," he said, "it was a very amusing evening. Even you would have appreciated some of it."

"Thanks," Bob said, and waited. And finally it came. "The fact is . . . You're going to have a hard time getting it; I've had myself . . . I kept thinking about the show back here. Couldn't get it out of my mind. I must be getting foolish or something . . . How did the thing go anyhow?"

For perhaps forty seconds Bob simply looked at him. Thoughtfully he lifted the glasses from his ears and thoughtfully polished them on a tail of his shirt. Then he looked up again, bringing Alan's reddening face into focus.

Well, he thought finally, he believes it himself anyhow—now. He said:

"You needn't have worried. They say it went off perfectly."



The Nazis Meet Some Obstacles

BY GEORGE GERHARD

The carefree theorists of earlier years discover that financial problems refuse, after all, to be waved aside

THERE WAS a time when the Nazi sky hung full of promises. That was the time when Hitler registered the largest gains in his membership drive; when the swastika banner emerged from the *Bierkellers* of Munich first to confound and then to sweep the whole nation. Promises and slogans are as a rule the backbone of any political campaign, and as such one is wise not to take them with the tablespoon of unlimited confidence but with the teaspoon of critical doubt. Many of course predicted that Hitler, back in 1931, would soon find out the difference between carefree political campaigning, where theory can fly as freely as the swallow over the fields and forests, and the hard, practical and tremendously troublesome business of politics, once he was in power. The discovery, they said, might shortly be followed by his downfall.

To be sure, he still is in the saddle—and may be there for a long time yet. But the Nazi sky has lowered its clouds. In several fundamental ways the campaign pledges have not been realized. Take the “tyranny of interest” which was to be abolished. Instead, the war against the bankers has been called off. Then there is the back-to-the-land move-

ment which can succeed only if the big landed estates are divided among the millions of unemployed, as was promised in former years. But though some of the higher voices have come out time and again with the insistent demand that the land-owners must make place for the mute and miserable, the Government itself has done nothing to divide the estates—with the result that the Junkers are still holding the heritage of their forefathers. Obviously, they are still powerful behind the scenes, as they were 300 years ago, and know how to prevent the division of valuable properties. It may be taken for granted that the Junkers also know just how much the Government has to rely on their wealth and generosity to swell the party fund, the armament fund, the propaganda fund and various other funds.

Another important item in the Nazi leaflet of campaign promises was the planned overthrow of big business in favor of the small man. However (and luckily for the Government), German heavy industry in and around the Rhineland seems more securely placed now than at any other time since the days of Versailles. Not only is there no talk of the abolition of big business, but

the present boom—for which armaments are said to be very largely responsible—should make for a bigger, better and bolder “big business.”

II

These are a few of the flaws in the realization of campaign pledges. Many more could be added, the cry for absolute and outright self-dependence, the cry for the return of the minorities, cancelation of the Versailles Treaty, the colonies and the like. Little is heard about these demands which, when first proclaimed by Hitler and his lieutenants, made the world shudder at the mere thought of a Nazi Government at any future time. Is it that the German Fascists were not serious?

It is this writer's opinion that the Nazis were never more serious. The core of their success story probably lies in their tremendous faith in themselves. At any rate, it was apparent that any one who promised so drastic a change as the resurrection of the German nation had to start from very unconventional premises. And they did. The War left Germany in chains, political and especially economic. The Nazis promised freedom on both counts. But foreign nations controlled (or held down) the development and return to more normal conditions. So the Nazis launched the theory of the Teutonic race, upon which to build and preach the ideal of “autarchy,” that is, absolute self-sufficiency in every respect. On this basis they could simply ignore the Treaty of Versailles, could withdraw from the League of Nations, could arm to their hearts' content and could behave as if there were no other nations around.

In this they have erred seriously. And while the Nazis may be willing to go through the terrors of armed con-

flict to prove this fundamental Nazi theory, and while they are to all appearances arming for just such a purpose (though they swear to the contrary)—the signs are that their effort can not succeed. Politically the chances are all against it: first, because Germany is the geographical center of Europe, and to create an island of primary racial purity, one would have to disprove the lessons of 5,000 years of history; second, because the Nazis themselves have of late been busy making trade treaties with most of their smaller neighbors, such as Switzerland, Poland, Yugoslavia, Denmark, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania; third, because the structure of the country is unsuited, and has always been, to the principle of autarchy.

Germany is the manufacturing country “*par excellence*.” A large part of German industry has been built, and could have been built, only on the strength of sales possibilities abroad. Cut off the foreign outlets and you undermine the most important sectors of the industry. Looking at it from the other side, the markets of the world furnish Germany with raw materials without which the wheels of industry would come to a sudden stop. The fundamental economic problem of Germany, then, is to provide work for millions of people by keeping the industrial machinery well oiled with orders, and, furthermore, to provide the funds with which to finance the purchase of raw materials—and this fundamental problem has nothing whatever to do with the sort of régime that steers the Ship of State, be it Nazi or Communist, Monarchist or Republican.

In spite of all the Nazi efforts throughout the past year to make the

country self-dependent, they could not change the fact that, with a total value of production amounting to approximately forty billion marks, the raw materials thus manufactured, domestic or foreign, ran to fifteen per cent, or about six billion marks, of which nearly fifty per cent came from abroad. The statement does not seem exaggerated that no country which is predominantly industrial and which depends for almost half of its raw material needs upon foreign countries can ever hope to attain economic self-sufficiency. One may well go a step further and say that, aside from the very dependence upon the world for raw materials, the changes of world market prices must exert a definite influence upon the German economy. If copper jumps from twenty-eight pounds six in December, 1932, to over thirty-three pounds at the time I am writing, or cotton from 7.2 cents to over fourteen cents (quoted at Bremen), or rubber from 2.4 pence a pound to around six pence, it can be imagined how difficult it is for Germany to pay prices twice as high as they were eighteen months ago when the task of providing funds for raw material purchases proved already a trying one. The difficulties are aggravated when, as in this case, the higher prices affect such primary materials as rubber, cotton and copper which are absolutely indispensable—particularly when a powerful industrial nation decides to produce armaments.

III

A definite solution of the clash between the purely Teutonized Nazi theories and grim *political* realities may be postponed (till the next war). But there is evidence that the Nazis have arrived at the crossroads regarding the

solution of this clash on *economic* grounds. In a style all their own, they have tried to cut the Gordian knot of raw material problems by simply restricting imports. The latest decree issued in the first days of May stipulates that the allotments of foreign exchange to German importers for that month are further cut, to twenty-five per cent of their original requirements, which compares with thirty-five per cent for April, and with forty-five per cent for March. It will be seen from the above that Germany can not take such a step without serious repercussions at home. Her industrial production is bound to suffer and, with it, employment. If radical import restrictions were decided upon, nevertheless, it could be for only one reason: that there were no funds with which to pay for imports above twenty-five per cent of original requirements. The economic problem thus narrows down to financial considerations.

The wealth of the country consists principally of resources which can not be liquidated into readily available funds, resources such as forests and agricultural land, mines and buildings, machinery and highways and furnishings. The wealth abroad may be figured as one liquid asset, and the gold stock as another. The wealth abroad is estimated at various billions of marks; most of it "flew" from Germany, and there is no sure way of getting it back. There remains the gold stock, which in the first three months of the current year has been reduced by RM 145,000,000, as compared with a loss of RM 450,000,000 over the whole of last year. What is worse, the Reichsbank continues to lose gold, so much in fact that the note coverage which, according to the law, should be around thirty-five

per cent has dropped almost to five per cent. The gold standard in Germany has become a shaky promise. The meaning behind the outflow of gold is that Germany can not earn in exports what she requires for the purchase of imports.

And this in spite of the fact that up to now Germany has been able to sell more goods than she had to buy, and thus to obtain an export surplus. Last year, her exports totaled 4,870,000,000 marks, and imports 4,200,000,000, leaving an export surplus of 670,000,000 marks. Out of this surplus, the Reichsbank is supposed to strengthen its gold reserve, to build up capital, to buy more raw materials in order to sell more finished products to the outside world. Instead of doing all this, she had to add to this surplus, and pay the interest service on her foreign debt; hence the outflow of gold.

The amount required in foreign exchange to meet the full service on foreign debts in 1934 is RM 1,210,000,000. The negotiations between Dr. Schacht and the foreign creditors now going on in Berlin may bring some changes in the manner in which the interest service on the loans is being met. However, they can hardly change the fact that Germany's exports are either too small, or the imports too large, to finance both the raw material needs and the foreign debt service.

The Nazi way of meeting the emergency has been to cut imports, which can only be a temporary measure; otherwise the Hitler Government will ruin its own plans of giving employment to every man through full use of industrial capacity. What, then, are the aims that will soon replace the import-restricting policy? The question is simple, and so is the answer: to stimulate

exports. The long-cherished plan of autarchy collapses when the Nazis stop to pick up the trend of foreign policy where the Governments of Brüning, Schleicher and von Papen left it. But where Hitler's predecessors were successful to a certain extent in increasing exports, the new régime encounters difficulties. It is now, in the words of Dr. Schacht (and everybody who studies world market conditions will agree with him), three times as difficult to sell in foreign markets as it was four or five years ago.

There is for one thing the depreciation of foreign, that is, non-German currencies, the dollar, the yen, the Czechoslovakian crown and others. One has only to look at their export gains to measure and to appreciate the advantage of currency depreciation. Then there is the anti-German sentiment as expressed through the wide-spread boycott movement. Finally, the rising tide of import restrictions, quota systems and tariffs is a mighty handicap for German goods on the world market. The nationalist trend has affected most countries, and especially the larger ones. Germany feels the effect of the very same measures which she has thought wise to introduce for the German good, for instance, tariff protection for her own farmers, import quotas for the sake of tariff bargaining, extreme nationalism and so on.

IV

What is the Nazi answer to a "world of closed markets"? Formerly it was "autarchy." Now they have thought of another, a wider scheme, a sort of "regional organization," that is, the establishment of treaties with a number of neighboring countries all of which would form, together with Germany, a

market large enough for the exchange and interchange of all their products; one is reminded of the ancient idea of a Great Germany inherited from Bismarck's times; the development planned is certainly along similar lines. In an attempt to realize this regional arrangement, a dozen or so treaties have been concluded with the nations mentioned above and, on the German side, the plan looks promising enough.

An observer, however, might find that the development is by no means confined to heroic Teutonic efforts. On the contrary, virtually all of these smaller nations have concluded similar pacts with other large states, trying to reap the best possible advantage from all of them. Poland may serve as an instance; she has signed an agreement with Germany which in the Wilhelm Strasse was hailed as a long step in the right direction, that is, the creation of this big Central-European unit of markets, self-dependent in the sense that they would all be brothers and properly divide the spoils. But a few weeks later, Poland signed an agreement with Soviet Russia which, possibly, is even more important than that with Germany, since it guarantees that there will be no alliance against the Soviets. Then, Poland is negotiating with Great Britain; she also let a handsome contract for state railways to the American Westinghouse Company. And let us not forget that M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, recently visited Warsaw to strengthen the Franco-Polish ties—which is bound to be followed by some more vigorous exchange of a commercial nature.

This Polish example has been followed by almost every other nation with which Germany signed treaties. Hungary signed one with Italy. Fin-

land certainly does not rely solely on Germany, for she has a reasonably satisfactory agreement with Britain. And so with Czechoslovakia and Rumania, Yugoslavia and Turkey, Greece and Bulgaria and the Baltic States. They all know that in crowded Europe no single state can afford to limit its economic interests to another single power. Not even the Balkan States have found it convenient to adhere to France as they did for decades; certainly, France had done much more for the Balkans in loans, in military concessions, in commercial privileges than Germany could probably ever afford to.

It may therefore be reasonable to assume that the new Nazi policy of what is called "*Raumwirtschaft*," or regional economy, is doomed to failure, for the reason that markets so diluted will be unable to absorb Germany's products. They then will face these unpleasant facts: they must have imports to maintain their industrial strength, to provide work and, last but by no means least, to produce armaments. Only exports can provide the funds in view of the nearly exhausted Reichsbank reserve. These exports must be pushed to the extreme. If *Raumwirtschaft* will not do it, would not currency depreciation help as it has helped the exports of the United States, of Japan, of Great Britain, of France and also of Germany back in 1923? It does not seem likely that depreciation would materially help in this case. The world market is not the same as it was ten years ago. Quotas, tariffs, treaties and the like have offset to a large extent the advantages accruing from a depreciated currency. This is particularly true of Europe where these import restrictions have been piled one on top of another. More important, the cut in the gold value of the Reichsmark

would have disastrous effects at home; it would step up the prices of import goods so bitterly needed; it would inflate German foreign debts; it would raise the cost of living in Germany. Inflation seems to be out of the picture.

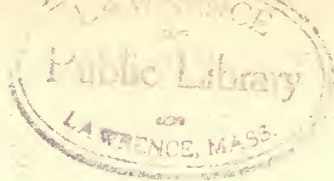
There is, then, only one way left: to obtain foreign credits with which to buy raw materials. There are indications pointing to this possibility. Dr. Schacht has of late become more conciliatory toward the demands of foreign creditors, though it may be but a passing gesture. The world market is in need of such a good customer and purchaser of raw materials as Germany; and in spite of Dr. Schacht's insistence that Germany does not want loans, and in spite of the unwillingness of the world to help Germany with more loans, obtaining foreign credits seems on paper the one way in which Germany would be enabled to maintain raw material

imports without putting too much of a burden upon her exports.

Assuming that foreign loans were not forthcoming, the choice of economic solutions to the economic problem seems to be exhausted. Germany would be thrown back on her political resourcefulness, with which the Nazi régime is obviously very well equipped. It would be a question of continuing policies of an economic nature in an uneconomic way, that is, war. It would not be the first time in history that the struggle for economic equilibrium at home was carried into the outer domain of an armed conflict. In this solution there would be at least a remote possibility of Nazi Germany's emerging in a stronger position than that in which she finds herself in a "peaceful" world, with doors closed on all sides.

And that is a thought for others besides Germans to consider.





The Woman Puzzle and the College Professor

BY MARY DAY WINN

Women have been a riddle to ages of lesser men, but modern pedagogues have found the answer—in fact, great quantities of answers

IT REALLY is time something was done about this persistent key-hole campaign to discover all about women and rob them of their mystery. A few years ago Irvin Cobb coined the phrase, "no more privacy than a gold-fish." It ought to be changed to "no more privacy than the American woman."

Of course women as a sex have always been baffling to men. Even those extraordinary men who understood income tax blanks, time tables and the writings of Gertrude Stein have been bewildered when they tried to figure out what women were thinking on any given occasion or what they would do next. Shakespeare and John Erskine and a few other men could find their way around in the feminine mind, but to the great majority of males, Woman was an Enigma.

We can all remember the hopeless amazement of delegates to last year's Montevideo Conference, when American women apparently reversed themselves so suddenly on the question of nationality. In 1930 their insistence had

prevented the United States from signing a treaty at the Hague because it did not give them nationality rights equal to those of men. Yet when, in 1933, the smiling Latins offered American women a treaty containing exactly what they had asked for three years previously, the inexplicable creatures spurned it—at first—as if it were an improper proposal. Masculine shoulders in Venezuela, Panama, Brazil and points south were raised expressively, hopelessly, resignedly. *El Buen Dios*, they said, had written women in code form—and lost the key.

Well, men south of the Rio Grande may still feel discouraged, but almost every visit of the postman brings me proof that the North American male is much more hopeful of solving the riddle of the Sphinx. There are, to bring my metaphor up to date, still a few little pieces of the picture puzzle called "Woman" which he has not yet been able to fit together; but give him time and he will do so. He has discovered a new method, and a new and most enthusiastic helper.

The method is our old friend the questionnaire and the helper is—guess whom!—the college professor. There is no phase of woman's life or thoughts so intimate or so trivial that it has not been the subject, during the last few years, of a questionnaire, most of which have been sent out by, or in collaboration with, members of college faculties. New thrills have come into the lives of countless pedagogues as they have turned from deciphering Etruscan tombstones to finding out what (if anything) makes the modern woman blush, how a subdeb feels about dancing with a fat man, and the relation between blonde locks and salesmanship. In other words, we women are being probed. That, as I see it, is the real news about the questionnaire. In the April number of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, P. W. Wilson calls the questionnaire a menace because it tends, as he believes, to standardize individual thinking. But I think it is a menace, and I believe most women will agree with me, because it is an attempt to solve the "woman puzzle." For every one questionnaire that you receive, Mr. Wilson, I find at least five in my mail, almost all of them sent by men. Sending questionnaires has become the newest masculine vice, and answering them the latest feminine weakness.

II

I have a neighbor, a typical "home-maker," who has answered so many questionnaires that now the professors know more about her than her own husband. She was one of twelve thousand women who bared their souls recently to investigators from the Psychological Corporation of New York. Among the many facts which this survey revealed was just exactly what wives do

with all the time between nine in the morning and five at night. Mrs. John Doe, it seems, reads magazines, newspapers and books for an hour and a half daily; cooks meals and washes dishes for three hours; shops and mends for an hour and a half; dresses and makes up for one hour, and devotes another one and two-thirds hours to "leisure" occupations. Although these leisure occupations are not mentioned in the report, it seems a safe guess that answering questionnaires plays a big part. This picture of how the average woman spends her average day is as innocent as a Mickey Mouse film, and ought to be reassuring to those husbands who have suspected something very different.

Never imagine, though, that the questionnaires sent out by knowledgeable men are all as reticent as the one I have described. Far from it; most questionnaires are as free from inhibitions as Huey Long. They ask everything about everything. Observe this one which found its way to my desk: it is from Colgate University, and is on the already mentioned subject of blushing. Colgate wants to know why I blush, under what circumstances I blush, and whether the aforesaid blush is a hot, face-crimsoning affair, or just a maidenly, apple-blossom tint. After reading the list of situations under which I am evidently expected to blush (but do not), I can not decide whether we moderns of the weaker sex are all shameless hussies, or the professor who drew up this questionnaire was simply a throw-back to the days of Elsie Dinsmore. It will probably be quite a shock to him to learn that I do not blush, even very faintly, "when introduced to men or boys"; nor does my face become red "when telling a slight falsehood." But though these admissions seem brazen enough, what

—oh what—will Colgate University think when it finds out that not even “thinking about things” can crimson my cheek?

But let's not linger over the blushes any longer; there is bigger news ahead. Our next sightseeing trip into the feminine heart was personally conducted by the Chicago “Committee of Fifteen.” This group wanted to find out what kind of women seek husbands through matrimonial bureaus and why they do so—all things considered. I hasten to say that I was not one of the guinea pigs in this particular investigation. I have, however, got hold of a copy of the Committee's report; it pulls a few more veils from the souls of us women.

It exposes the fact that 100,000 women, registered in over a hundred matrimonial bureaus, are willing, even eager, to pin little white bows on their lapels and go to trysts with utter strangers—“object, matrimony.” The great majority of these lonely hearts have brown hair and blue eyes. In that revelation we have a real ethnological problem, one which ought to provide follow-up work for some university for quite a while. Why are there, comparatively speaking, so few blondes among the hundred thousand? What is there, deep in the sub-conscious of Herr Hitler's blonde Aryan, which makes her distrust matrimonial bureaus? (Or perhaps feel that she can get along without them? See Anita Loos.)

III

Though this problem of the blondes and the bureaus remains to be tackled, the facts that men really have found out about women via the questionnaire method do add up impressively. Here is a contribution from Long Island University. This centre of learning has been

seeking an answer to that important problem: what color scheme, in eyes and hair, is most likely to bring a woman success in business and in the more respectable of the arts and professions? (The qualifying adverb is mine.)

The obvious place to dig for such information is in *Who's Who*, and that is exactly where Professor William M. Marston, of the university's Department of Psychology, has been prospecting. He recently sent a questionnaire to a number of *Who's Who* women, asking the color of their eyes and, confidentially, of their hair. He has not quite completed his investigation, but has generously given me the results as far as he has gone.

I might as well say at once that they are bad news for the brunettes. Among these top-of-the-ladder women, Dr. Marston found a larger percentage of blondes than was to be expected in proportion to the usual number in the population. Blondes, apparently, get there—in business offices as elsewhere. Whether their success is by fair means or foul, this survey does not reveal. In occupations “involving management of other people,” brunettes appear to be on the inside track, whereas red-heads “prevail in stage and acting professions.” This all sounds a little contradictory, but perhaps the professor will make it clear when he has carried his researches a bit farther.

But let us leave him at his pleasant occupation and see what Dr. Harry Kitson, of Teachers College, Columbia University, has been doing to solve the woman puzzle. Nothing less ambitious than finding out whether the business and professional woman is happy in her career, or whether she does not sometimes wish, in the middle of the night, that she had married that home-town

boy who asked her, since his prospects seem to have turned out better than was originally expected.

The method which Dr. Kitson used to discover how well self-supporting women like their jobs was to ask a large number of them to imagine that they had suddenly fallen heir to a million dollars. In such a happy circumstance, how would they spend most of their time? Traveling? Shopping? Playing bridge? All right, give this favored occupation a score of 100. Now chew your pencils a while and decide what score you would give, using the same scale, to the way you usually spend most of your time—that is, your job.

Ought we to be surprised that only seventeen per cent of the teachers who were questioned in this particular survey were whole-heartedly enthusiastic about their work? And that only thirty-three per cent of the nurses—whose matrimonial opportunities are notoriously better—felt that they would probably prefer to go on tying up wounds and soothing fevered brows no matter what other opportunities were offered?

IV

Since most of this scouting in the formerly unmapped territory of the feminine heart is being led by college professors, the first women to be explored have naturally been students, faculty and *alumnæ*. And how it has livened up college life! Imagine coming into class, seeing the room decked with examination blanks, and having an awful presentiment at the pit of one's stomach that a quiz is being sprung on "The Functional View of Education in Contrast to the Utilitarian View." Then imagine picking up the question papers and discovering that all the professor wants are your secret and unsigned

views on marriage! Nearly three hundred students of New York University had a thrill like that. From what they confided to him, Professor C. G. Dittmerr learned quite a lot; for instance, that a third of his girl students would favorably consider matrimony while they were still in college, though not nearly as many of the boys approved the idea. Also that nearly three-fourths of the girls were willing to go on working after marriage if by so doing they could hurry things up a bit, and that they looked forward confidently to mothering exactly two and six-tenths children apiece.

Since psychologists realize, however, that student ideas on marriage are based on theory almost completely unhampered by facts, they have not confined their investigations to the campus. A few years ago thousands of women graduates received, with their toast and coffee, questionnaires on subjects far too intimate ever to be discussed with their husbands, but not too intimate for the eager eyes of the New York Bureau of Social Hygiene. And many of the *alumnæ* obligingly wrote down their answers to these probings and returned them to the senders. It was Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils all over again, except that Herod's throne was occupied by the American Ph.D.

It would seem to the casual observer that there is at least one thing which men already know about women, and about which they need no further enlightenment; that is, why women are so irritating. The average man can list a dozen reasons on almost no provocation. Yet even this has been the subject of a questionnaire. Professor Hulsey Cason, of the University of Rochester, reported the statistics a few years ago to the Ninth International Congress of

Psychology meeting at New Haven. More than six hundred people of both sexes had been asked to list their pet annoyances, aversions and irritations, telling exactly the degree of each. The results were very unfavorable to us women. Apparently we are much the more annoying of the two sexes, as we drew a higher score from the men than they suffered from us. (Or could it be that the women were kinder and more gallant?)

It must be admitted, though, that the irritants which showed up most prominently in Professor Cason's list were those for which women are likely to be responsible; for example, "arguing," "finding a hair in the food," "crowding in front instead of waiting in line," "talking about one's illnesses," "gushing manner," and "seeing an intoxicated woman." A good deal of light was thrown on the vexing matter of overweight. The average man's irritation when he has to dance with a fat partner was revealed as almost twice that of the average woman's in the same situation. The woman who is afraid of being a wall-flower seems to be more grateful for little things—or rather, for big things.

v

In their delighted safaris into the feminine soul, the Ph.D.s have had two enthusiastic helpers—Government and Big Business. These two have frequently financed the expeditions and even carried the guns and cameras. Asking women questions about themselves and adding up the answers seems to be an important reason for the existence of the Woman's Bureau in Washington, and a very popular sport of the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture. Looking at me with a melancholy eye

as it lies on my desk is the report from the Woman's Bureau of a questionnaire which recently probed the hearts of 20,000 business and professional women. It aimed to find out from the women how they had fared since venturing into competition with men, and whether or not the prospect of a penniless old age gives them the jitters. The summary of their answers is too lengthy to discuss here, and not particularly significant. One debonair fact, however, strikes my eye: although more than half of these women had dependents, only two per cent "worried a great deal about their jobs," and less than ten per cent worried about how they would get along when they were too old to work. Was this faith in God? Or simply not enough sex appeal in the financial sections of our newspapers?

Though the Federal Government is curious about the inner workings of the feminine mind, its curiosity is nothing compared to that of the advertising men. Well do these go-getters know that whether or not hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of dollars do or don't ooze from the pockets of the public into those of their employers may depend upon how accurately the writer of advertising copy understands his woman reader. Will she be more likely to remember the name of his tomato juice if a handsome man is pictured drinking it? Or would her favor be more easily won by a straightforward statement of tomato juice's merits, minus the masculine charm? And how should ads be planned to sell those things which, admittedly, men still buy without the help of their wives? Is the picture of a pretty girl the right approach to a big executive who is planning to acquire a steam shovel?

These are weighty problems, and

questionnaires are sent out about them almost every year, made necessary by the notorious fickleness of the feminine heart. A survey made in 1932 showed that in that year the pulling power of romance fell from ninth to thirteenth place. Nineteen Thirty-Two seems to have been a poor batting year for Cupid, nobody knows just why. Detailed results of this survey must have been awfully disconcerting to the men who saw them. For the survey showed, among other things, that the man reader is twice as much influenced by sex appeal in an ad as is his wife. Also that he lingers more wistfully over pictures of big-muscled, handsome brutes than a woman does over photos of ladies who have kept their youth. Finally, the survey proved that a man is far more likely to read the story about the fellow who surprised all his friends by answering the waiter in French than his wife is to give time to the unhappy maiden who was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

The few examples mentioned are sufficient to warn women of the danger

which threatens them from a sector of the masculine front formerly considered as harmless. No longer can the "absent-minded professor" be thought of as a dear but harmless soul absorbed in his books. Probably he is nothing of the kind. If he isn't supervising the country's economic system, he is, more likely than not, serving as a spy in feminine territory. His very handshake may be part of a laboratory experiment to measure sex appeal, and his comments about the weather may carry heaven knows what hidden implications.

But now that this danger has been pointed out, what will women do about it? Will they go on giving their secrets away as light-heartedly as a congressman voting government moneys? If they do so, and the last piece of the Woman Puzzle falls snugly into place, will men themselves be any happier?

Or will they discover too late that, with the puzzle solved, they have lost their most stimulating occupation?

Before the professors go any farther, maybe there ought to be a questionnaire to settle that question.





Miss Letitia's Profession

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

A Story

MISS LETITIA MALLOW's profession and her appearance were utterly incongruous. The only comparable example is the trite one of the hirsute male who chews a black cigar and curses through ginny breath as he edits "Advice to the Lovelorn."

Miss Letitia's mind, this bright afternoon, was not on her source of income. Her thoughts seldom dwelt there, except when she was actually at work. Her professional self was a sort of gold-paying Letitia Hyde to a very delicate Miss Jekyll.

It would be difficult to exaggerate that impression of delicacy as the slight figure bent over a glowing petunia bed. Petunias were a good deal like weeds, Miss Letitia decided, grubbing among the roots with a tiny white hand; next year she would have less of them. The sunny garden looked like a color print of some New England yard: it had variety of color, yet all the lush rows were prim, geometrical, old-fashioned.

Somehow this garden had got itself transplanted, as it were, to Long Island, where it warmed the left lawn of a large, modern, pleasant house.

Miss Letitia's silvery curls, as she bent over the petunias, hung a little forward, to either side of a face of which

the skin was white like incredibly thin china. Her gray silk dress, with a skirt that widened at the bottom and ruching at the sleeves, resembled a cut from that old arbiter of fashion—*Godey's Ladies' Book*.

The truth was, since the doctor had talked to her so plainly, Miss Letitia expended decreasing attention on the big house, the coupons that the bank clipped and entered in her pass-book, and the recent newspaper hubbub over the work that remained so easy and took so little out of her. Her garden and her friends, in the new knowledge, seemed more important.

Studies of herself in her rosewood mirror had failed to alarm. The added pallor she had lately acquired caused her, she concluded, to look more and becomingly fragile.

"Feeble," was the word in John the gardener's mind as he approached on a green inner path and coughed. The word would have made Miss Letitia delicately furious; the cough flustered her.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, straightening up, "I thought you had gone downtown." She had given the yard man and both the house servants the afternoon off, so she could putter among the flowers.

She did look absurdly fragile, standing with garden soil on her hands, as if a housemaid had neglected to tidy one of the parlor ornaments.

"I was just going," said John, shiny with pressed serge, clean shoes, scrubbed face and Sunday hat. "But, ma'am, you won't find a mite o' grass in them petunias. No later than Tuesday morning—"

"I know," Miss Letitia confessed apologetically. "I was only—fiddling."

"The doctor—" began John. He had tended that garden, and the rose arbor on the other side, for ten years, and had privileges.

"I know," Miss Letitia surrendered. "I know."

She stepped past a perennial border, seated herself in a twisted-wood seat under a Japanese maple and watched the gardener depart virtuously among the flowers—out a white gate flanked by a fence supporting honeysuckle.

Over the blossoms John could be seen tilting his hat to a holiday angle.

II

Miss Letitia's choice of her incredible profession had come about in a circuitous way, impinged by the irony life dealt to her brother, Rodney Mallow.

Rodney was Yale '90; he was thin, anaemic-looking, wore spectacles and blinked through them. He lacked the alertness that ambushed behind Miss Letitia's gentle blue eyes.

Rodney piddled at writing six years, but his futility did not matter, for Rodney, Sr., had left his children a moderate income, a chest of silver from England and a cottage in Connecticut.

Miss Letitia saw the panic of 1897 wipe the investments as blank as the paper that reposed so long in her brother's typewriter. Shuddering a

little, she took in sewing. She petted Rodney firmly into the ranks of job-seekers. He trod countless literary avenues and bypaths, wandering finally into the building owned by a very large company that published many magazines on rough paper. The editor-in-chief wanted to save five dollars on a salary; Rodney took the job at twenty-five a week. The name of his particular charge was *Hot Clues*.

Miss Letitia sewed in and sewed out. The cottage sprouted a lop-sided mortgage. In 1907 Rodney's salary was raised to thirty dollars; in 1916 to thirty-five.

One day—it must have been about 1920—the editor commuted home in disconsolate mood.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be discharged," he announced gloomily. "*Hot Clues* is losing circulation every month."

Miss Letitia knew at once, with woman's instinct for direct thinking in a crisis, that what he feared must not happen. It must not be permitted to happen.

"What's the matter, dear?" She laid down her sewing.

"It's this true story craze," Rodney explained. "Only a few writers have the knack of it yet, and they're in great demand. I can't buy the product at the rate Doag and Hart permit me to pay authors, and our competitors are just eating us up."

Miss Letitia, mind grappling with this alien problem, recalled a full-page advertisement she had seen in the newspaper, heralding a new magazine.

"You mean," she asked, blushing at the phrase, "*Confessions of Love*?"

"No. No. We use crime material only. Reminiscences of crooks is what we need. But it's the same principle."

"Why, Rodney!" Miss Letitia was alarmed. "Will you have to—to seek out criminal individuals and persuade them to write their memoirs?"

"Most of them couldn't write a pardon letter to the governor," Rodney deprecated. "Trained hacks invent and write the material and the magazines sign likely names."

"I shouldn't think it would be very difficult," Miss Letitia observed, "if you can just make it up."

There followed a time of secret but keen excitement. The very next day the little woman from the cottage, whom everybody liked, walked down to the railroad station and persuaded the newsstand proprietor to let her have his left-over magazines, the very cheap ones, of which he had only to send back the torn-off covers to secure refund credit. Later, she discovered to her joy that there existed glossaries of criminal slang. When points puzzled her, she wrote sacheted, hand-script letters to prison wardens and chiefs of police, who chuckled and replied. She made all-day trips to New York and browsed in the Public Library.

Miss Letitia read hundreds of thousands of words on tawdry subjects. The words fascinated her; the topics did not distress; these true stories were evidently fairy-tales for adult readers with an odd turn of mind.

She decided to try her hand first at a career of safe-robbing (as she called it then) inspired by a news item detailing a local merchant's misfortune. Quickly she learned that nitroglycerine was soup; that a safe was a pete and the criminal specialist involved was a peterman. Her investigations were drawn far afield. She found that safe-blowers began as punks, or apprentices to hoboos, and here was a whole new lan-

guage. Dinging for begging. Bugs, jiggers, saps, high heels, splints, dummy gags and throw-me-outs; all devices for faking physical ills and arousing sympathy. She was the first purist to write "yeag" instead of "yegg," tracing the word to the German *jaegar*, a hunter.

All this in the realm of fancy. Her Dr. Jekyll self, the real Miss Letitia, never believed that actual human beings manufactured wounds with lye to draw tears and roast beef from housewives.

"The writing part is simple, just as I thought," she explained at the necessary time to Rodney. "You give the boy a drab background, city or small town, to show that fate was against him. Then you conduct him through a long series of crimes. No connecting thread is needed—no plot. You spice the narrative by relating it in slang and interposing frequent physical conflict. After two or three prison sentences, the hero reforms, and is telling the story of his life to warn others. That's the formula."

Rodney blinked through his spectacles, amazement bordering on horror.

Soon Miss Letitia was supplying the magazine with as many as three true stories in a single issue. She grew accustomed to seeing her work under such signatures as "Mike the Dip" or "Daggers Moran." When, in 1925, gangland stories leaped to popularity, she made the transition easily, becoming the amanuensis of imaginary gunmen, hijackers and narcotic racketeers. Always the research for new vocabulary fascinated her, maintained enthusiasm and nourished facility of pen.

Through the years Miss Letitia's enterprise garnered cumulative results. The circulation of *Hot Clues* returned

to vigor; Rodney Mallow was permitted to raise the rate of pay from half a cent a word to three-quarters, then munificently to a cent. His own salary increased, by dribblets, to fifty dollars a week.

Other editors learned of the diminutive penmaiden to crime. It became advisable to live on Long Island, so they could confer with her readily. In 1927 she received her first cheque at a five-cent rate. Even though she never neglected *Hot Clues* she maintained a three-cent average during the new depression! The Doag and Hart people paid Rodney a hundred a week, to hold his sister.

Early in 1934 success proved embarrassing. A metropolitan newspaper, learning Miss Letitia's story, sent out a pert young woman and a freckled photographer. Details of the Long Island house, from Miss Letitia's curls to the Mallow silver's interlaced monogram, were blazoned in Sunday supplements.

It all seemed a little childish, in view of what the doctor said. The scales told Miss Letitia she was growing smaller; her mirror said paler; more than ever as she grew weaker she seemed fragile, gentle, utterly out of congruity with the springs of the restored Mallow fortunes.

III

Sitting in the twisted-wood seat under the Japanese maple Miss Letitia saw the big Lugano cabriolet of Mrs. Elmore Bacon glide to the portecochère of the white house. She liked Mrs. Bacon very much and she stepped a short way across the garden's bright bands. Her voice had always been low, slight; to call out loudly now would be one of those exertions the doctor forbade. The gray dress, though, was

easily discernible against the patterned flowers, and Mrs. Bacon traversed the lawn to join her.

They chose a more comfortable seat, in the sun, and fell to talking of the forthcoming charity bazaar.

"I don't think people just ought to give money," Miss Letitia voiced opinion. "They ought to do something. I'm working some *petit point* table covers. They're old-fashioned, but they're rarely seen now and I hope some one will want to buy them."

"I'm sure they will," Mrs. Bacon approved. "You're wonderful, dear. So many activities. . . ." Her mind was busy with the Sunday supplement flare, but she couldn't devise a reasonable way to mention it to such a porcelain figurine.

For the better part of an hour they conned affairs social, religious and charitable in that section of Long Island; then Miss Letitia, animated, walked with her visitor to the big Lugano, watched the blue magnificence roll away, mounted steps and entered her wide, old-type hall. She felt cheered but tired; it seemed a good idea to go upstairs and sleep awhile before dinner.

Foot on the second step, she paused. The big house seemed empty, lonely; she wished she were back in the Connecticut cottage. A positive weariness oppressed her.

Miss Letitia had been reared a good church member and her view of alcohol remained rigorous. Neither the concoctions of Prohibition nor the raw distillations of repeal had sullied her lips. But there was in the house—had been since its building—a residue of fine sherry, imported long ago by Miss Letitia's father.

A mental image bloomed of the pre-Revolutionary, cut-glass decanter,

warmed by the brown glow of the wine. A small sip of that would be grateful: one could feel, it seemed, too fragile.

The little figure stepped down, as if the past curtsied to the Twentieth Century front door. Miss Letitia walked softly through an opening to her right and across the deep pile of the sitting-room rug. Thus she reached the folding-doors that she had had placed between there and the dining-room, to remind her of Connecticut.

The doors were partly open. Miss Letitia gasped.

A man who had been standing at the sideboard, stowing the Mallow silver silently in two suit-cases, whirled and drew from inside his coat an automatic pistol.

Miss Letitia was startled—out of reality, not into it. The stranger seemed the figment of a familiar dream. She had described him so often: black, partless hair that lay back as if glued; lithe, quick hands; skin a muddy olive; cruel mouth; rattiness gleaming in hot eyes.

A sentence in Miss Letitia's last true story came naturally to mind: "Joe's automatic seemed to leap from nowhere into his hand." Even the name coincided, but the author did not know that.

"Not a sound!" the man ordered, but the rattiness faded, the cruel look softened, as he looked at Miss Letitia. The late afternoon light, lemon pale, more like sunrise than evening, slanted through the dining-room windows. The soft hues of the gray dress and the silvery curls gave a pastel effect, but the small face, very white, more nearly resembled an old cameo.

"Drop that rod, gimmick!" Miss Letitia said. "If you gat me you'll fry in the hot seat."

Gentleman Joe's mouth opened to a round "O"; his nostrils trembled; over

his eyes flashed the look of a man convinced of hallucination.

He did exactly what Miss Letitia had told him to; the automatic fell from a nerveless hand.

Miss Letitia picked it up. She regarded it curiously, the first she had ever seen. But how many times she had described it: blunt, stub, blue, ugly.

"Don't hand me any tough luck patter," she warned. "You can't beat this rap."

"G-gawd!" stammered Gentleman Joe. "One of us is nuts."

"Don't crack wise." The gentle voice held its even modulation. "You're no big shot. You've probably been sniffing joy-powder to hop you up for this haul. You're a—an ump-chay!"

Gentleman Joe could stand no more. The gun had become the least of the terrors confronting him. He stared a last moment, incredulous. With a strangled cry he ran headlong across the room, plunged through a French window and sped across the lawn, trampling flowers, as if all the fiends clattered behind him.

Miss Letitia, grieved for the flowers, stood a long minute holding one hand over her heart, which hurt.

She had forgotten about the sherry. She placed the automatic gingerly on the sideboard. Then she returned to the sitting-room, wavering a trifle, and there pressed a button, bringing rose-glow to electric coals. She lowered herself into a comfortable chair before the fire-place and picked up a small hoop, drum-tight with embroidery. Unconsciously her fingers began to work but the needle and thread shook.

Presently she looked up, face white, wistful.

"He took it on the lam," Miss Letitia sighed. "No guts."

The Opposition Looks for Leaders

BY OLIVER MCKEE, JR.

Republicans, venturing out of their political dug-outs since the air mail affair, begin thinking seriously of 1936

TIME: June, 1936. Place: a Mid-Western city. Guest artists: the mayor of the city, Will Rogers for his wisecracks, press agents and tooters for favorite sons, and orators chosen for their ability to make the eagle scream—not the Blue species—and to hit the key of 100 per cent Americanism. Object: selection of a Republican candidate for President of the United States. Though the actors and their parts have yet to be assigned, the drama, in its scenes and setting is easily envisaged. You can't kill a party that polled 16,000,000 votes in 1932. Almost as certain as that the sun will set tomorrow, G.O.P. delegates and alternates, a thousand or more men and women, with their retainers, camp-followers, job-hunters, and so on, in less than two years, will troop into their convention city, to pick their candidates and write a platform, sending their salesmen immediately into the field thereafter to persuade the voters of America, through all the arts of political cajolery and balldoo, to give Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Dealers the gate.

The American people choose few but second-rate men for their Presidents, James Bryce tells us in his *American Commonwealth*, and other students of

our politics are in substantial agreement with him. Good times and the full dinner pail have carried the G.O.P. to victory more than once since the Civil War under a standard-bearer whom no amount of press-agenting could translate into a Lincoln. Assuming that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the Democratic candidate in 1936, that economic improvement continues, and that a public notoriously fickle in its loyalties does not withdraw the favor which Mr. Roosevelt has enjoyed to so extraordinary a degree, Republicans face a tough job two years hence. A second-rater may have served their purposes in more than one past campaign, but if present signs are read aright, he will not turn the trick in 1936. For leadership is the big problem. We find no commanding figures in the ranks of the G.O.P., no leader, as yet, who stands out as a worthy foeman for Franklin D. Roosevelt in a bid for the votes of Main Street and those of the "plain people."

II

Presidential elections are won and lost on issues of the moment. Candidates must be picked to fit the popular psychology and mood of the hour. It was the vote against the depression that

sent Herbert C. Hoover back to Palo Alto, and Mr. Roosevelt from 1932 down to the present has cut his cloth to fit the liberalism of the times, directing, in response to a popular demand, the changes in the social order, badly creaking under the impact of the hurricane which descended on the country in 1929. In mid-1934 the trend of popular psychology in 1936 is any man's guess. If the patient has a relapse, if there is no shrinking in the army of the idle, the political pendulum may move farther to the Left. If conditions continue to improve, and if the regimentation and control policies of the New Deal prove irritating enough to create a backfire against its political philosophy, in retrospect the Lexington resolves of 1934, presented to Congress as a protest of the Massachusetts townsfolk against the expansion of Federal bureaucracy and alleged violations of liberty, may prove as significant, historically, as the revolt of the forebears of these same townsmen on the eve of the American Revolution. Again, too, if a reaction against the New Deal develops during the next two years, we have no means of telling exactly where the bed of the main stream of revolt will lie. Focal points of irritation may be taxes, the NRA, the AAA, or the "insolence of office" displayed by the rapidly expanding Federal bureaucracy. The Republican aspirant who strikes the correct popular key, the leader who catches the ear of the people on the issue which at the moment agitates in the public mind, may steal a march on other candidates for the nomination—provided of course his candidacy measures up to geographical specifications. Then, too, something will depend on the extent of the swing back to the Right, if the political cycle moves in that direction. A full swing to the

Right will favor the selection of a Republican conservative of the Calvin Coolidge type. If the swing reaches only the half-way mark, nomination of a middle-of-the-road man will be in order—one who does not propose to discard the New Deal, hook, line and sinker.

Republican shock troops have emerged from their dug-outs during the past few months, as the zero hour for the congressional campaigns of 1934 approaches. During Mr. Roosevelt's honeymoon, a few G.O.P. skirmishers occupied the front lines, but the party leaders as a whole acquiesced in most of the requests of the Administration for emergency legislation. The cancellation of the air mail contracts was the signal for raids in force on the enemy lines, and the G.O.P. raiders threw a real scare into the Administration by revealing some weak points in its defenses. Detached observers in Washington see in the cancellation of the air mail contracts, and the spanking administered to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the first major blunder of the Roosevelt Administration, a blunder all the more conspicuous because up to that time, Mr. Roosevelt had been hitting par on practically every hole. Cancellation of the air mail contracts, and the loss of life among the gallant army flyers gave the Administration anything but a good press, and what is more, from the Republican vantage point, it created in the public mind the impression that after all Mr. Roosevelt was not infallible, and that because of this striking so high-handedly against commercial aviation other industries had good reason to fear the New Deal controls.

The Brain Trust inquiry by the Bulwinkle committee, following the charges of Dr. William A. Wirt, the Hoosier schoolmaster, gave the G.O.P.

another opening. The inquiry itself was a fiasco, an opera bouffe performance that gave the capital some of its best laughs of the year. Behind the façade of burlesque, the investigation had a real significance, in disclosing for the first time that a popular mistrust existed as to the purposes and final objectives of the Administration and its Brain Trust. A counter attack sent the New Deal's heaviest artillery into action, to assure the public that the changes taking place in the social order are merely the normal process of evolution, not revolution. But no final answer has been given to the questions implied in the Wirt inquiry, and during the late spring the Republicans have become bolder, striking at the Roosevelt policies over a wide front. In brief, as we enter the summer of 1934, Mr. Roosevelt and his policies face a real challenge. How serious that challenge is, only time can tell.

III

Though no one speaks as yet with the accent of ecumenical authority for the 16,000,000 Republicans who voted for Herbert C. Hoover in November, 1932, this is not because the Republican opposition has been silent. Far from it. There are many voices in its chorus, pitched in varying keys. Republican governors are almost as scarce as hen's teeth, and in House and Senate the G.O.P. is represented by only a fraction of its former strength. Yet many Republicans even now are known to have their eye on the 1936 Presidential nomination. On the list are at least half-a-dozen who measure up, in political ability and administrative experience, with the average of the men nominated for the Presidency during the past half century by either party.

Let us turn for a moment to those Re-

publicans who during the party's exile in the wilderness, have essayed the rôle of guide and mentor. The list logically begins with Ogden Mills of New York, Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury, a man whose abilities even the Frankfurter Brain Trust boys from the Harvard Law School will concede. An aggressive fighter, able executive, a demon for work, Mr. Mills, both in the House, where he was a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and in the Treasury, proved himself one of the most capable public servants of our day. He was the number one assistant in Hoover's fight against the disintegrating forces of the depression, and contributed much to the strategy of that campaign. Since the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mills has been one of the most outspoken of his critics, laying down his heaviest fires on the Roosevelt monetary policies. If sound money is the big issue two years hence, Mills, as the man who has most pointedly challenged the Roosevelt monetary policies, will have strong support for the Presidential nomination. But hard-boiled political realists will see two obstacles to his nomination, either of which alone would probably be formidable enough to keep him from it. First, he is too closely identified with the Hoover policies—many regard him as the heir-apparent of the Hooverites—to make him acceptable to the large number of Republicans who are insisting on a complete new deal for the G.O.P. Second, as a man of vast inherited wealth, he is too close to big business and finance to satisfy those who want a standard-bearer without a Wall Street tag. For the "money power" is still anathema to Main Street, and Republican chiefs, in picking their standard-bearer, must bear in mind the popular prejudices of the

hour. These are big handicaps which Mills faces, and the realist must reckon with them. Realities of the same kind have more than once in the past stood in the way of the nomination by both major parties of their ablest men.

IV

The Senate offers three possibilities for the Republican Presidential nomination, with one or two others, under certain conditions, conceded an outside chance. The first of the three is Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. Of all those who have figured in the 1936 discussions up to date, the Michigan Senator seems to have the most elements of political availability. He has refrained from making any frontal assault on the New Deal, adroitly placing his bets on both horses. He has tendered enough support to the New Deal to keep himself *persona grata* to its friends, without allying himself with La Follette, Cutting, Johnson and Norris. His status as a regular Republican is unchallenged. Geographically Vandenberg hails from the proper part of the country. It would be better if Ohio had sent him to the Senate, but Michigan is good enough. An easy mixer, with a sense of humor, not the least bit high-hat, invariably cheerful, with a touch of the philosophical in his make-up, Vandenberg has many of the qualities that brought the greatest prize in American politics to McKinley and Harding. If he is the choice of the party, it will mean that Republican leaders do not intend, at least in 1936, to make rejection of the New Deal their big issue. Vandenberg faces one danger. He is too patently an aspirant for the 1936 nomination, whatever it may be worth. The early bird often fails to get the worm. A case in point was Leonard Wood in 1920.

In Charles L. McNary of Oregon, Senate Republicans have a leader who may have strong backing in the next convention. Fulminations against the Roosevelt policies he has been quite content to leave to others; like Vandenberg, he has been sparing in his criticism of the New Deal. McNary seldom makes a speech, and even more rarely does he go after an opponent on the floor, hammer and tongs. He is essentially a coördinator, a smoother, a conciliator. He has the knack of getting along well with both Western progressives and Eastern conservatives. His popularity with the Democrats has helped the Republicans in many a tight hole. Though he looks like a boy, he was sixty in June. As an Oregonian, he speaks the language of the agrarian West, and if the G.O.P. is to stage a come-back, it must regain some of the territory lost in the West. As the co-author of the McNary-Haugen Bill, McNary is known to millions as a friend of the farmers. Born on a farm—no mean political asset when publicity men begin their pre-convention ballyhoo—McNary goes back to his Sabine retreat out West when Congress adjourns. Like Vandenberg, he is believed to have a fairly good-sized White House bee in his bonnet. The lightning will have to strike somewhere, and McNary appears to be within its range.

Pennsylvania, in the person of its senior Senator, David A. Reed, presents a far more forceful figure than either McNary or Vandenberg, and a greater intellect. No Republican Senator has attacked the New Deal more sharply, or challenged more boldly the implications of the social and political philosophy on which it is based. Reed has placed all his bets on one horse. Given a free hand, he would make mighty little of the New

Deal permanent. Able constitutional lawyer, a man of courage and positive convictions, Reed is not rated a good politician. Men respect him, but he lacks the magnetism and qualities of personal leadership that have stood President Roosevelt in such good stead. And Reed faces the same handicap under which Ogden Mills labors. Closely identified with the Mellon interests in Pennsylvania, Reed seems too vulnerable to the "money power" cry to make him a likely choice of the next convention. Then, too, there is a certain hauteur and pride, if not arrogance, of intellect in Reed that further militates against his prospects.

Notwithstanding his knight errantry, his magnificent isolation, and his proneness to destructive criticism, rather than constructive suggestion, William E. Borah of Idaho, were he ten or fifteen years younger, would have strong backing as a man who could appeal to the West and liberal elements in the party. At sixty-nine Borah is too old to be considered for the nomination, even if conservative Republicans were willing to take a man of his type. Arthur Capper of Kansas hails from the Corn Belt, and is a safe middle-of-the-road man, trusted both by the conservative East and the radical West. L. J. Dickinson of Iowa, in the heart of the Corn Belt, a sharp critic of the Roosevelt policies, and 1928 keynoter, is another Republican high in the party's councils. Bull Mooser Hiram Johnson of California is still listed as a Republican, but having received the blessing of F. D. in his contest for reelection in California, the G.O.P. could hardly choose him.

v

Republicans in the House offer at least two men whose availability ranks high in discussions of 1936—Bertrand

H. Snell, minority leader, and James W. Wadsworth of New York. During the years of Republican ascendancy just prior to the depression the House was ruled by a triumvirate consisting of Nicholas Longworth, speaker, John G. Tilson, floor leader, and Snell, chairman of the Rules Committee. Snell alone remains in the House. Longworth is dead, and Tilson has retired into private life, after being beaten by Snell for the post of minority leader. Snell is rated as one of the ablest practical politicians in either party. With the material at his command, he has done a good job as minority leader. With Western Republicans he is fairly popular, perhaps because he comes from an agricultural area in up-State New York. A thoroughgoing partisan, Snell shocked the pious when he hailed the action of the House in overriding the veto of the Independent Offices Bill, as a deserved spanking of the President, and more recently he has condemned the New Deal as a failure, joining with those who want to shelve it. A graduate of Amherst—as is Speaker Rainey—the New Yorker is quick on the offense, a "tough guy" in his ability to take punishment, and in spite of the roughness of his exterior is well liked by most of his fellow Republicans. Old-fashioned Republicanism is his creed, and if the G.O.P. wants to wage the next campaign with conservatism the issue, it could do worse than take Snell. As a rugged party man, bred and born to a partisan environment, Snell is akin to Jack Garner of Texas, once leader of the House Democrats. Though ancient enemies on the floor, the two men are close personal friends.

Wadsworth is no less available than Snell, if the trend favors a man of his conservative type. An up-State New Yorker, whose father served in Con-

gress and wore the blue in the Civil War, Wadsworth, as a youngster, became speaker of the New York assembly, and then served two terms in the United States Senate. As a Senator he was conspicuous for his courage, and his ability as a legislator. Few of his colleagues could handle an appropriation bill, or other piece of legislation on the floor as well as he. Wadsworth became recognized as one of the real leaders on the Republican side, and the veteran Henry Cabot Lodge, majority leader, used him as one of his principal lieutenants. Wadsworth, ahead of his time, took a definite stand against Prohibition, so he was beaten in 1926, as Republican drys insisted on his scalp. Now the G.O.P. has caught up to Wadsworth in the matter of Prohibition. In terms of 1936 the New Yorker has three assets; first, he was never identified with the Hoover Administration, and does not share in the heritage of its troubles; second, he has a certain courage and forthrightness conspicuously lacking in so many of the Old Guard's political hacks. Third, as a landed proprietor, he has a recognized community of interest with the farmers of the West, and though a man of means he is not identified, in the popular mind, in any close way with the money power of Wall Street. Wadsworth, however, labors under certain handicaps. He has made some enemies, notably because of his attacks on Republican drys, during the days when Prohibition was a great destroyer. Second, as a product of St. Marks and Yale, there is a certain amount of the high-hat in his make-up, and some members of Congress feel that his wife, the daughter of John Hay, is not enough of a glad-hander. Third, as a new member, in spite of his clear-cut challenge to the New Deal, as carrying

the death warrant to American individualism, and personal liberty, he has failed to make much of an impression on the House or to have attracted public attention outside.

VI

Outside Congress there are other Republicans who are helping to stir the broth. Those who demand a repudiation of Old Guard leadership have rallied behind such men as Theodore Roosevelt, whose work in reorganizing the G.O.P. in the Empire State is commanding wide attention, Chase Mellen, Jr., Hanford MacNider of Iowa, Trubee Davison and several others. Fiorello LaGuardia, mayor of New York, may be worth watching, if the G.O.P. decides to move to the Left. In Massachusetts, former Governor Alvin Fuller, a powerful vote-getter, might later be projected into the national picture, and in New Hampshire Governor Winant is believed to have his eye on the White House. If the Republicans, who once drafted Charles Evans Hughes from the Supreme Court, decide again to go there for their candidate, their choice undoubtedly would be Harlan Fisk Stone, appointed by Coolidge in 1925. Meanwhile, Justice Stone's New Deal decisions will be watched closely. If the decisions of the Court reveal Stone as a champion and friend of the New Deal, the G.O.P. could hardly consider him an available candidate in the event that its leaders decide to make the permanency of the New Deal the major issue of the next Presidential campaign. Out in Chicago, Frank Knox, publisher of the *News*, is regarded as a man of great weight in councils of the party.

At this writing, no successor has been chosen for Everett Sanders, chairman

of the Republican National Committee. Though the chairman may have some influence, the forces which shape the policies of a political party are far beyond a single individual's power to control. Today there are two main contests within the Republican party. The first is that between the Old Guard and the younger liberals and progressives, who insist on new blood and the complete rejection of Old Guard leadership and the control by big business and the financial interests that the name Old Guard connotes. The second contest is between those who want the party to make an aggressive fight against the New Deal and the regimentation and social control that it implies, and those who want to accept those elements of the New Deal that have demonstrated their value and usefulness by the pragmatic test. These contests necessarily overlap at many points, and not until 1936 when candidates are picked and platforms written will be known definitely the results of the battles now under way for control of the Republican party and its policies.

The senatorial and congressional committees this year, both financially and otherwise, will work independently of the national committee in trying to elect Republican senators and representatives. Senator Daniel Hastings of Delaware heads the Senate group. Closely associated with the Du Pont ruling dynasty, Hastings is a stout little man of much energy and a good if not a brilliant party worker. The House committee is headed by two young Harvard men, Chester Bolton of Ohio, and Robert Bacon of New York, son of the former Secretary of State and Ambassador to France. Neither the senatorial nor the congressional group is concerned directly with the formulation of na-

tional policies. They are chiefly interested in increasing Republican representation in House and Senate, picking the issues, both local and national, that seem best calculated to bring this about. The congressional campaigns will have a real importance in clearing out the weeds, and disclosing the issues which offer a promise for effective capitalization in the Presidential contest two years hence.

No discussion of Republican prospects can omit mention of the name of Herbert C. Hoover, still the titular leader of the G.O.P. Mr. Hoover, his friends in Washington have said, has no thought of seeking for himself the nomination in 1936. Mr. Hoover, nevertheless, must remain in the background of the picture. Only a sharp reversal in public opinion, a shift to the Right, almost a revulsion against the New Deal and its alphabetocracy could rehabilitate Mr. Hoover, and bring about a situation in which party leaders would turn to him as the man most likely to lead the G.O.P. out of the wilderness. The closest parallel is that of Grover Cleveland, who left the Presidency after his first term under a cloud of criticism and popular disfavor not unlike that which marked the Hoover exit from the White House. Yet Cleveland lived not only to see the fickle tide of public favor again turn in his direction, but to receive another nomination and to serve a second term in the White House. But Cleveland did not face a Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Mr. Hoover, most observers agree, will not figure in the money two years from now.

VII

If we can find no outstanding figure in the Republican party, our survey is far from showing that the G.O.P. is

completely bankrupt. To go no farther afield than Congress, the small Republican membership in House and Senate will not suffer in comparison with an equal number of Democrats picked at random. The majority party in Congress, with a few exceptions like Wagner of New York, has contributed little enough to the New Deal, the architects for which are mainly Brain Trust members, and certain Cabinet officers, notably two former Republicans, Ickes and Wallace. In the States, traditional nursery for Presidential timber, new Republicans may come to the fore in this year's elections. The victory of a Republican governor in a pivotal State now controlled by the Democrats, or the unseating of a Democratic senator in a spectacular upset, would forthwith add another star to a firmament that now has few shining lights. In their search for Presidential timber, G.O.P. strategists will closely watch the State elections this year, and if a likely man appears, no time will be lost in building him up as one who may later be able to take the measure of Mr. Roosevelt. Lincoln was a comparative unknown when chosen to lead the Republican party, and so was Wilson, when the Democrats took as their standard-bearer the governor of New Jersey who had been president of Princeton.

If the cycle of politics runs a normal course, the Roosevelt sweep will probably be strong enough to keep the Democrats in control of the National

Administration through the 1936 election, if not longer. If F. D. turns in even an average performance, if he escapes too many major blunders, and if economic conditions continue to mend, the Republican candidate in 1936 will enter the lists as an under-dog—as much of an under-dog as James M. Cox in 1920, and John W. Davis in 1924. The Democrats stand to benefit politically from the economic recovery of the country, just as Mr. Hoover was blamed for the depression.

As the opposition party, charged with the duty of audit and control, the Republicans have a real responsibility. But they need new ideas, a programme attuned to the spirit and temper of the age. No political party can rehabilitate itself by turning back the hands of the clock of progress. As the G.O.P. comes to life again, as its captains become articulate, the contest now under way for control of the party and its policies, assumes a large importance. Upon the outcome of that contest depends not only the effectiveness of the G.O.P. challenge to the New Deal, but the alternative which will be offered to the voters of America in place of the regimentation of American life by a steadily expanding Federal bureaucracy. The Republican party never stood in greater need of real leaders, men of vision, who are progressive enough to keep up with the times, and sane enough to conserve the things of permanent value in the heritage of the past.





Submarine Marvels

BY RODGER L. SIMONS

Those who worry about depletion of our natural resources on land may be comforted at the possibilities in water

WHEN world powers scramble for gold wherewith to balance budgets and stabilize currency systems, when embargoes are declared against the exportation of the yellow metal and laws are invoked to forestall its hoarding by hyper-cautious citizens, it is a bit of a jolt to discover in the 1933 Edition of the Smithsonian Institution's *Physical Tables* that there is enough gold in sea water to provide every one of the earth's two billion inhabitants with a fortune of \$24,000 at prevailing rates.

A cubic mile of ordinary "ocean" holds from twenty-three to 1,200 tons of gold. Tons, mind you, not ounces or even pounds, but tons! The quantity varies between the lesser amount in surface and coastal waters to the greater figure in the depths of the high seas. With gold worth at least \$500,000 a ton, these appalling statistics mean that at the smaller percentage there is eleven and a half million dollars' worth of gold in every cubic mile of sea water, while at the richer equivalent the briny deep has a gold content of six hundred million dollars to the cubic mile! Of course, if all this gold could be extracted from the sea and diverted into channels of commerce it would bring about an inter-

national financial and political collapse by contrast with which all previous and recent upheavals have been mere school-boy outings. But so costly is the process of gold recovery that no such holocaust is remotely conceivable.

Like most questions involving gold, this problem of its occurrence in and extraction from sea water has long charmed scientific and pseudo-scientific investigators. Though earlier men had dabbled with it, one of the first to make accurate determinations of the gold content of ocean water was a San Franciscan named Luther Wagoner, who at the beginning of this century busied himself from the rope-strewn deck of the little steamer *Albatross* in dredging up sea water and bottom sludge off the shores of his native California. He discovered minute amounts of both gold and silver in the proportion of twenty to one, not the more familiar Bryanesque ratio of sixteen to one, and was followed a few years later by H. S. Blackmore, who had been especially eager to canvass the feasibility of gold extraction. Blackmore's rather conclusive answer lay in the discovery that after spending four or five thousand dollars over a period of several years he obtained about five dollars' worth of gold and silver.

Latest and perhaps most conclusive and discouraging information on this chimera was that dug out by Dr. Fritz Haber, Nobel Prize Winner, whose report on the prospects for gold removal from the sea is one of the most pessimistic tid-bits in all scientific literature. Backed by the resources of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, Herr Haber scooped up and analyzed water from a wide range of places and from the surface to undersea depths greater than 6,000 feet—he even melted and examined polar ice—and then resorted to the needle-in-a-haystack simile to express the futility of yanking gold out of sea water on a commercial basis. In fact, Haber often found more gold in various kinds of marine life and minute organisms than in the water itself.

An enterprise for the alleged purpose of extracting metallic gold from the sea actually was set up in 1897 under the imposing name of the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company, with a million dollars paid in toward its book capitalization of ten million. Backed by responsible and presumably shrewd businessmen of New England, the project depended for its operation upon a process invented by the Reverend P. F. Jarnegan, who had apparently pursued extracurricular studies not taught in divinity school.

A reduction plant was thrown together at a remote point on the Maine seacoast and filled with a formidable assemblage of machinery and chemical doodads, from which regular weekly shipments of \$20,000 in gold bullion went to Boston. Fostered by such "results," stock in the swindle went from thirty-three to 150 and buyers cried and clamored for a chance to make their fortune from the sea. Then the ghastly moment came. A new piece of equip-

ment refused to percolate and a hurry-up call was dispatched for Mr. Fisher, Jarnegan's general manager. Fisher was in Boston, and in his absence it was discovered that he had slyly been "loading" the mercury with gold filings, a stunt managed so adroitly as not to have incited the least suspicion on the part of superintendent, chemist or directors. The company popped then and there and Jarnegan and Fisher flew the coop.

II

Thales of Miletus, the ancient Greek philosopher, astronomer, inventor and statesman, was a shrewd old duffer. Ambling along the shores of the Ionian Sea, contemplating the universe, stroking his long, white beard, Thales concluded that "water is the origin of all things and to water all things return." And that statement, taken in its literal sense, should rank Thales as the father and founder of the science of oceanography.

From water all things come and to water all things return. And now, 2,480 years after Thales' day, we are still discovering added facets of that fundamental truth. For sea water is not the only thing that makes up an ocean, and gold is not the only occupant—nor even one of the chief ones—of sea water. The entire mass of the ocean is about 1.57×10^{18} tons, representing a volume of 418,000,000 cubic miles, each one of which weighs 4,700,000,000 tons and contains an average of 166,000,000 tons of dissolved salts, among them sodium and magnesium chloride, calcium, magnesium and potassium sulphate, calcium carbonate, arsenic, phosphorous and all sorts of other stuff. Thus, in addition to the obvious hydrogen and oxygen, further constituents include copper, tin, lead, zinc, nickel, iron, aluminum, car-

bon, lithium, strontium, vanadium, cobalt, silicon, boron, titanium, bromine, manganese, caesium and molybdenum. This soup is mingled with about 150,000 tons per cubic mile of dissolved albumen and other organic matter in stupendous quantities. For ages untold such substances as are not water-soluble have been settling to the bottom, producing an overlay of mud and ooze hundreds of feet thick and containing the remnants of dead animals, plants, skeletons, shells, precipitates and crystalline matter. And ships.

This state of affairs has been achieved largely through the despoliation of the land by the sea, a process which goes on to the tune of 2,735,000,000 tons a year. The cycle begins with the seepage of rain through the soil, dissolving out the salts and minerals. First to go are the more readily soluble substances, such as iodine, bromide compounds and nitrates. They are flushed into springs and rivers and thereby find their way to the sea, along with other disintegrated materials and millions of tons of sedimentary mud.

The less soluble items and those which approach insolubility are released through an involved process executed by the atmospheric elements. With every flash of lightning in the sky the action of the electric spark discharge creates nitric acid out of the oxygen and nitrogen present in the air, about 250,000 tons being the estimated daily production. Brought down by rains, this nitric acid combines with such soil materials as soda, lime, potash and others and forms nitrates, readily soluble substances. Some of these nitrates are absorbed as food by plants on land, but the far greater portion take the river route to the sea and thus fertilize marine vegetation. There the nitrogen ulti-

mately is freed and rejoins the air, eventually to be precipitated again by another crash of lightning. In thus liberating insoluble or only partially soluble products in the soil this fixation of nitrogen by atmospheric electricity has an important part in the carrying of minerals from land to sea. Even such of them as iron, copper, zinc and others which fall into man's use are only slightly delayed in their resistless progress to the deep. Manufactured into automobiles and other machinery, into household appliances and the other impedimenta of the mechanical age, they are in time worn out, discarded as junk and left to corrode, rust, disintegrate, dissolve and thus are soon washed off to the ocean.

Other vast forces have their part in the enrichment of the seas, influences that have been tirelessly at work through ages past. Meteors and clouds of meteoric dust that strike into the earth's atmosphere in huge amounts every twenty-four hours have better than an average chance of plopping into the sea, whose bottom is strewn with such objects, great chunks of rock, iron, nickel. Submarine earthquakes, fissures, springs and fumaroles heave up materials from what are quaintly designated as the "bowels" of the earth. Volcanoes are lavish beneficiaries of the sea, contributing directly and through volcanic dust tossed into the atmosphere, wafted about by winds and brought down by rain. Glaciers comb the largest mountain valleys and bring to the sea all manner of rocks, débris, animal and vegetable refuse and other matter. This and all the rest of it, the dejecta of man and nature, goes trundling off to the sea—the waste basket of the world.

Only the scantiest influence tends to retard this vast march. In earlier times

the original forest growth, with its tangle of leaves, trunks, vines and vegetation, kept the top soil in place and thereby to a limited degree checked the seepage and flow of water and prevented a too speedy erosion of the land. But with the denudation of forests and the laying bare of a large part of the earth's surface in all civilized lands, the soil and its contents have been flushed away more rapidly than before in the form of mud and silt. It is to correct this exhaustion of the land that the fertilizer industry is feverishly trying to restore to the soil such elements as potash, nitrogen and phosphorus. Other deficiencies which soil chemists are learning of and hope to alleviate are those of copper, iron, manganese, titanium and boron. Any suggestion of a reverse movement at the hand of nature is negligible. A trifling amount of the sea is washed a few feet on shore and some of it is blown a few miles inland as mist, but in either case it soon is drained back.

III

The ocean is a sizable affair, its area of 139,295,000 square miles being almost three-quarters of the world's surface. Similarly three-fourths of the earth's living creatures are in the sea. More than four-fifths of the ocean bottom is a mile under water and the average depth throughout the world is estimated at almost two and a half miles. The lowest known point is no longer the Challenger Deep, southwest of Guam in the Western Pacific, sounded in 1899 by the United States steamer *Nero* at 5,269 fathoms, but the Philippine Trench, just off the northeast coast of Mindanao, measured in 1927 by the German cruiser *Emden* and found to be 5,900 fathoms or 6.7 miles deep. Little

wonder that the pressure on the ocean floor at such levels is nearly 16,000 pounds to the square inch, the water so compressing itself that were this frightful weight to be relieved the sea level would go up 104 feet—an odd statistic to recite during a lapse in conversation at your next dinner party.

As sunlight dwindles out after seeping through about 200 feet of ocean, these bottom depths represent the very blackest kind of "night," a degree of darkness which we on earth can not begin to appreciate. And it is cold—so cold that even hardy bacteria do not survive down there. This is a break for the home team, for it means that the bodies of fish and animals which drift down after mishaps above never spoil, are perfectly preserved until consumed at leisure by the chill, clammy creatures who populate those regions.

Containing as it does all the elements imperative to the sustenance of life, sea water is an ideal nutrient medium. Moreover, its composition is very nearly uniform, because it is continually stirred and mixed by tide, current and wind. Not completely understood but very interesting is the routine by which ocean life extracts these minerals and food matter. Thus oysters, lobsters, clams and kindred beasties have some little-known technique of gathering large quantities of lime from sea water for the building of their shells. They also concentrate copper and manganese, as other wee sea animals secrete gold, but their means of accomplishing these metallurgical mysteries has never been adequately explained. Sponges and various sea weeds, as is well known to even amateur dieticians, contain a much higher percentage of iodine than the water native to them, but how they transform it is still a puzzle. As another

instance, diatoms are little affairs living in the sea by the millions and trillions and having shells or skeletons of silica, which is chemically the same as common sand. Though sea water contains the merest trace of silica, the tiny diatoms have a way of extracting it for their purposes. Similarly another small organism assembles its frame of strontium, an uncommon element so rare in the sea as to make their finding of it a deep mystery.

The success which these small creatures have had in withdrawing minute quantities of valuable elements and materials from sea water suggests a possible and not entirely improbable answer to those who shake prophetic heads and warn of the depletion of our natural resources. If our land deposits are approaching the bottom of the barrel, we may find it increasingly necessary and profitable to put a new interpretation on the ancient "call of the sea." Not only does the ocean contain in some form and in unbelievable quantities every basic substance used and needed by man, but these substances are continually being synthesized and re-created in that superlative industrial laboratory—the ocean. Whatever elements and materials are whisked out of the sea are ineluctably destined to return, there to reënter the vast process of dissolving, absorbing, redissolving, precipitating, going into plant and animal life, being constantly shifted about, exposed to every sort of light and to every manner of chemical reaction. The ocean never runs "out of stock" on any item.

An instance may be cited in the case of bromine, which is used in the manufacture of the alleged "non-knocking" gasolines and which comes from a very few wells in a very limited locality in

the United States. Fearful of the exhaustion of these supplies, the manufacturers recently put up an experimental extraction plant at Ocean City, Maryland, later transferring it to a ship off the North Carolina coast, and set about the removal of bromine from sea water. With a bromine content of but .006 of one per cent, the prospects would hardly appear encouraging. But they were—and vastly so. The floating laboratory processed 7,000 gallons of water a minute, drawing it up through huge pipes, submitting it to a chemical reaction for the removal of the bromine and returning it to the ocean. And yet, successful though the stunt was, so great are the ocean reservoirs that a plant producing 100,000 pounds of bromine a month could operate for 392 years before exhausting the supply in a single cubic mile of sea water.

Vivid prospects are suggested by the sea-weed industry along the Pacific Coast. Though chemists are able to squeeze potash, iodine and other products from sea water, marine plants are much more efficient in the storing up of these substances. Thus the manufacturers find it more lucrative to process the sea-weed than the sea water. The next step would seem to be to find or breed a sea-weed or sea animal which could secrete gold and then start a ranch for their large-scale cultivation. Another department of the business might have radium within its purview, for the estimated amount of radium in the seven seas is worth \$7,616,000,000,000,000 at market rates.

The staggering possibilities in the way of what the ocean can *give* us are only approached and paralleled by the tremendous potentialities in the line of what she can *do* for us. Thus the restless and resistless motion and energy of

tides, waves, currents, suggest sources of industrial power. Wave motors and engines operated by tidal rise and fall have long been the plaything of the inventively minded and will some day doubtless enjoy practicable fruition. Georges Claude, French scientist and inventor, is proceeding along definitely sound scientific principles in his efforts to liberate power from the differences in temperature between surface and deep-down waters. The major difficulty has been to develop his power at a point reasonably near its point of application.

This fact of the very low temperatures at sub-sea depths suggests still another application of the sea to one of

man's latest playthings—air-conditioning. With millions of cubic miles of this cooling brine just outside New York and every other seaport, there loom up charming thoughts in the way of zestful, tempered homes, offices, subways, factories.

Skeptics disposed to an attitude of scorn toward the possibility of ultimately extracting power or materials from the deep are tolerantly reminded of the quaint incident that the first steamship to cross this same sea from England to America brought along copies of a book, just off the press, proving that ocean transportation by steam was theoretically impossible.



Why Not Produce Things That Pay?

BY OLIVER WILLIAMS

If our Yankee progenitors grew rich by trading products of American well-paid labor for products of foreign cheap labor, why can't we?

MANY of us feel that there is little use in planning to develop our businesses or professions today because the whole structure rests on the quicksand of a mistaken national policy. An avenue of constructive effort will be opened to us, however, if we can determine what it is that democracy and individual initiative involve if they are to be the foundations of American life.

It is of the utmost importance to note that in the decade when the seeds of our present unbalance were sown America had departed from regulated individualism in industry. She had fallen into a system of favoritism which was no more individualism than it was collectivism. It was the invalidism of an apathetic democracy. The principal favoritism was that of tariffs, and, unfortunately, favoritism toward particular groups always entails discrimination against others. To discontinue this tariff preference is an issue which the politicians and the press of today dare not face realistically because the result would be painful to so many politically important interests. To

liberate American commerce will involve a political reformation—a reformation toward honest conservatism. If freedom is to live in America we may have to create a new conservative political party. Perhaps only in this way can our men of business be set free to make business successful, and our men of government emancipated for nobler things than the donation of shelter, bread and shoes to submerged portions of our population.

Tariffs are taxes on imported merchandise. An interesting example is the tax on imported watches, which has been equivalent to eighty-six per cent. Watches are the principal article of American trade with Switzerland. It is interesting to note that Switzerland has been a country practically without a slum, and that her wealth per person has been higher than America's. This mountain state can not, however, grow cotton and can not produce sufficient foodstuffs to supply its needs for more than one month out of twelve. For that reason the Swiss must trade in order to live, and as they need American cotton,

wheat and meat more than we need the watches which they can make so well, America has an opportunity to drive an advantageous bargain. Our watch tariff, together with others such as that of ninety per cent on embroidery, as a subsidy for small American groups, has deprived most of us of these articles and thrown many of our own people into idleness. In 1920, Switzerland, a country of enormous individual purchasing power, took American merchandise of a value of 864 million Swiss francs. In 1933 it purchased but ninety million francs' worth, a drop of eighty-nine per cent. This destruction of Switzerland as an American customer has had its share in destroying the income of certain American farmers who are in distress although not yet statistically "unemployed"—who are working, but get next to nothing for their labor. And the American fine watch manufacturers are operating at a loss.

Let us consider a tariff which protects a farm interest—the duty of two cents a pound on Cuban sugar, equivalent to about 160 per cent even on the 1930 price of sugar. The climate and soil of Cuba make her the world's cheapest producer of sugar. Americans have invested about a billion dollars in developing Cuba, and in one year she purchased \$515,000,000 worth of American machinery, automobiles, lard, wheat, milk and other products. In 1933 she purchased but \$25,000,000. Cuba was once one of our ten best customers.

There was, however, a group of American sugar farmers who could not prosper unless they procured the government assistance of a tariff wall against cheap Cuban sugar. This group was led by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, then chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee. The result of their

activity was to plunge Cuba into desperation. By its sugar law of May 9, 1934, the Democratic Administration chastised Cuba for her cheap sugar by a tariff of one and one-half cents a pound which unless Cuban preference is changed will be equivalent to almost 100 per cent, besides a processing tax of one-half cent, the proceeds of which do not go to Cuba, and an extra quota of misery in the form of a restriction of exports to the United States. Cuba's cane-field laborers, forced to work from dawn to dark for maximum wages of forty-five cents a day, say to Americans, "With our blood we make the sugar which we sell you." Our trade with the island republic is, of course, largely destroyed, which is one example of what tariff protection has done for potato farmers in Aroostook County, milk canners in the Mohawk Valley, automobile mechanics in Detroit, and other Americans who used to work upon export merchandise. We must pay more for the sugar on our breakfast tables, and many of us who put our savings into Cuban investments must take our losses.

We are not concerned here with the corruption indicated by such things as the payment by a beet sugar corporation of \$13,000 to Ernest W. Smoot, clerk of the Senate Finance Committee. It is the industrial wreckage of this tariff to which we call attention. Is the American home-grown sugar business worth the tremendous price which every one of us is paying to maintain it? This industry, mainly in beet sugar, is unadapted to our climate and to our normally highly paid labor. The work of producing sugar beets is highly seasonal, and the plant investment is idle for about three-quarters of the year. In so far as sugar production in America necessitates importation of unskilled labor for the hand work of

beet cultivation it is destructive of American wage levels. The value of the product is only about one per cent of the total of our continental farm crops.

We have mentioned but three out of our total of some three thousand tariffs. A list of them is published by the Department of Commerce in a light brown book, *Foreign Commerce and Navigation of the United States*, to be found in the reference rooms of public libraries. This list might be considered as something more than a dry government record. It might be looked upon as the score board of a game—a game which is world-wide in its effect, and tragic in its silent destruction of the prospects and hopes of millions of men and women.

II

High tariffs were enacted during the Civil War as a complement to the high taxes which were required for the conduct of the war. After the war the taxes were reduced but very high tariffs somehow remained. This system has been maintained by the political pressure of interests who benefited by it, and our politicians have attempted to justify the tariffs on the theory that they have raised the level of wages in America. Theodore Roosevelt, in 1902, said that "our laws should in no event afford advantages to foreign industries over American industries. They should in no event do less than equalize the difference in the conditions at home and abroad." That was the Republican doctrine of protection, and it was adopted by the Democrats in the campaign of 1928, when the Democratic inheritance of a tariff for revenue only was buried. Alfred E. Smith expressed his tariff theory before the Senate Finance Committee in the spring of 1933, when he said, "I'm not for scrapping the tariff, but I

think it should cover only the difference between low-priced foreign labor and our own first-class labor." And Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote in 1933, in *Looking Forward*, that "workers who are sweated to reduce costs ought not to determine prices for American made goods," and that "tariffs should be high enough to maintain living standards which we set for ourselves." On April 2, 1934, the President's special European representative, Mr. Richard Washburn Child, stated that Japanese competition must lower world living standards.

It is a mistaken assumption that our high standard of living was maintained by our trade barriers. On the contrary, our favorable living conditions have been sacrificed because of our acceptance of the protective theory. The implication that we can secure wealth by a wishful "setting" of high standards belongs in rhetoric, "the cemetery of human realities," and social legislation can not begin to repair the wreckage caused by anti-social tariff laws. If we look back in American history to the glorious era of the China clipper ships we find no fear of foreign low wages. The Yankees of that virile generation knew their strength. The red cloth which they produced so easily they exchanged for cheap though laboriously produced chinaware and other products at Hong Kong, and the Yankees saw that their advantages in natural wealth and human inventiveness were too great—that their wages were too high—to make it profitable for America to operate some types of potteries. But in recent times we have built an eighty per cent tariff barrier against plentiful Japanese tableware, and have thus prevented the Japanese from working for us on favorable terms. Instead of taking upon themselves the disadvantages of China the

Yankees built ships, traded their cheap cotton, and became affluent. Today ten thousand merchant ships lie idle in the world's ports, with tarpaulins over their funnels to keep out the rain. In this ridiculous and tragic day there is confusion as to what national wealth really is.

In simpler times we thought that goods were wealth and did not hasten to Washington to protest when our shiploads of good bargains made fast to the wharves of Salem or Charleston. Now, with the world in debt to us for the first time in our history, we are troubled by the prospect of an "invasion of alien goods," and we legislate against debt payment in any form of merchandise other than gold! Yet we must accept an import balance to make possible a continuance of the interest payments on our business investments abroad, which make us a net creditor to the extent of eleven billion dollars. Such an import balance of merchandise our statisticians would call an "unfavorable" balance of trade. Would it necessarily be favorable for us to ship overseas every movable object we have, from shoestrings to locomotives, in return for what gold is left in the hands of foreigners?

We do not really suffer from overproduction. We see a surplus of cotton, for example, which is of no value to us, and enact laws against production, but we do not see that the standard of living of the American cotton cropper approaches that of the savage simply because we refuse to exchange our cotton for china and several thousand other articles in the specious belief that these would be "cargoes which put Americans out of work."

A knife is more or less useless, strong though it may be, if its cutting edge is nicked. Our national economic organiza-

tion can well be paralleled to a jack-knife, the steel of which is the forty-nine million total of American workers. Of these people, as Mordecai Ezekiel, a Government economist, wrote in *Today*, less than half are in the actual producing industries which form the cutting edge of our national knife blade. The remainder, the back of this knife, are in the service industries of transportation, communication, distribution, professional work, public service, housework and so on, and in the construction industry. The back of our national knife does not cut and its portion of produced goods depends upon the sharpness of the cutting edge. The twenty-five millions in the back of the knife are not directly affected by tariffs, and of the twenty-four millions in the cutting edge two-thirds or sixteen millions would either be helped by or be unaffected by the removal of the barriers against trade. They are in low-cost-of-production, nationally profitable industries. The remaining eight millions, only one-sixth of our workers, are in farms and industries of which many units are not nationally profitable and are being supported by tariff aid. In this way Republican and Democratic protection has forced approximately one-sixth of our workers to form dents along about a third of our productive front, thus dulling our whole economic knife of forty-nine million workers.

It is true, as protectionists say, that we have not exported more than ten per cent of our exportable national production. But we have had high tariffs since the Civil War, and had it not been for this self-imposed blockade America might have increased the production of her strong industries in which she leads the world in low costs. She might have exchanged not one-tenth but a third or

more of her national production for more valuable wealth which she has forced herself to go without.

The American coal industry is an example of a naturally strong, low-cost-of-production industry which is now said to be chronically sick and over-manned. In Kentucky, for instance, the unemployed coal miners have gone back up the trails again to the hills, some families crowding together eight in a shack, and existing on what corn and pork they can raise on the rough mountain sides. These wilderness slums may have a close connection with our trade warfare, for not so many years ago export coal rumbled down the valleys to Hampton Roads over the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Norfolk and Western railroads in hundred-car trainloads. At the piers, automatic car grabs would dump the "black diamonds" into the waiting ocean freighters until their red bottoms were hidden under water. We shipped an export balance of coal and coke valued at ninety-nine millions in 1929, but that is a memory now. Even more important, one-quarter of our coal is normally used for locomotive fuel, one-fifth for coke and steel manufacture, and another fifth in manufacturing. When we strike down our exports, we reduce our railroad freight haulage, our steel making, and our heavy manufacturing, and as a result we throw much coal capacity into idleness. In May, 1932, Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, who was the "keynote" speaker at the Democratic Convention that June, helped enact an import tariff on this export product, coal, and tariffs were also enacted on oil, lumber and copper. Must we forever treat symptoms and not causes in our attempts to revive our stricken giants of industry and agriculture?

The situation of the American farmer

today is a serious one, and will become more serious tomorrow when crop reduction forces many farmers into unemployment. From the tobacco roads of Virginia to the apple valleys and wheat basins of Oregon, our farmers are in difficulty. It is reported that many cotton "share-croppers" are making as little as thirty dollars' cash income in a year. In three States nearly one-third of all farms have been taken from their owners by defaults during the past five years. Is our protective tariff policy to answer for this? Italy, for example, imports wheat, but we have had tariffs which even on 1930 prices were equivalent to fifty per cent on her olive oil (to protect the two per cent of our consumption which we produce ourselves); sixty-eight per cent on her lemons (to make it "profitable" to irrigate an American desert); sixty per cent on Leghorn hats, and so on. The American farmer has been kept out of his logical trade with northern Europe by tariffs like those of fifty-nine per cent on the sweaters which he would like to buy, fifty per cent on aluminum pans, fifty-four per cent on eyeglasses, seventy-two per cent on violins, seventy per cent on toys which his children would like to have, fifty-one per cent on Bordeaux wine for his holiday, and sixty per cent on surgical instruments for his sick ones. While he goes without these things the workers of Europe can not find employment in their factories and are cultivating little patches of land without machinery by almost the same methods which prevailed in the Fifteenth Century. They are "protected" by tariffs against our cheap grain and packing house products—and bread and meats and fats are scarce and dear. Thus is the world becoming medieval again.

III

Nationalists believe with Wallace B. Donham, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, that we should "put our own national house in order" before it will be safe for us to trade our wares in the world's market-places. The opposite view was well put by Harold G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky of the Brookings Foundation in Washington, who wrote that "the assumption that domestic trade could be expanded simultaneously with the curtailment of foreign trade is without foundation. If producing areas are seriously depressed as a result of the loss of foreign markets, the purchasing power among vast sections of our population is curtailed and in consequence their ability to purchase goods in the domestic market is lessened. The agricultural depression has brought with it the failure of thousands of banks, and widespread default. It is doubtful, indeed, whether our economic system would survive amid the difficulties that would be involved in making the wholesale shifts that would be required to make this country independent of foreign trade."

We come to the problem of why no American industry is expanding, and of what direction our industrial growth can take under present conditions, and of the consequences of our ceasing to expand at all. There is a very large group of industries which depend upon continued investment as distinguished from continued consumption. These industries include the production of building materials such as steel, lumber and cement, and tool and machine manufacturing. It was estimated by the American Federation of Labor in March, 1934, that of eleven million and more unem-

ployed, six million were in the durable goods industries, less than five million in the service industries and less than seven million in the consumption goods industries. A report by Arthur R. Tebbutt of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, issued in August, 1933, points out that in three recent years, while the consumption of consumer's goods dropped but ten per cent, the iron and steel industry dropped eighty-three per cent, and lumber seventy-one per cent. This report states that to secure an increase in the making of new plants and other "producers' goods" will require new investments of capital, and these will take place only as confidence is inspired among the investing public in the soundness and permanency of the recovery. Such expenditures mean not "buy now" but "invest now." We might ask why investors or banks should invest savings or credit in our strong industries, from electrical manufacture in Boston to motion picture production in Los Angeles, when these enterprises can not use even their present plant capacity because of the laws which keep them from trading their production. On the other hand, why should capital be invested in an industry which is so unadapted to American conditions that it can not continue without tariff crutches? If it does not profit our private banks to loan credits for exports or for construction, it will not profit citizens to have the Administration use their money or credit for these things. Our protective system is keeping our horses of savings locked up in their vaulted stables, and is keeping the American construction and machinery-making industries from giving employment to their skilled workers. And it has urged \$1,200,000,000 of American capital into the employment of

foreign labor in two or three hundred uneconomic little branch plants, in an endeavor to overcome retaliatory tariffs and hold overseas customers.

American productive genius excels in invention and in the low-cost, high-wage, standardized production, on both a large and a small scale, of bulk commodities and of thousands of articles from radios and refrigerators to belt conveyors and dynamos. Such production goes hand in hand with broad-gauge marketing and world trade, and our wages are no bar to competition, for the wage element is small in machine production. But if we force ourselves to compete with foreign hand-work, high-cost, low-wage industries, we force labor out of high-wage and into low-wage production.

In discussing the tariff, one finds that there is considerable fear that to buy the products of lower standard countries, as Garet Garrett has written in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is equivalent to admitting their lower paid laborers to America to compete with American labor. This is perhaps the most fundamental misunderstanding of our times. As a matter of fact, our wage level has been higher than that of poorer nations partly because we were willing to trade the products of our superior capital and resources for the products of the labor of less fortunate countries. It may not be too far-fetched a simile to liken a nation with superior endowments to a man who, like a physician, has advantages of training and experience. If a physician should decide not to "trade" with his shoemaker on the ground of the latter's low material standard of living, the physician would have to make his shoes at home. He might be just as efficient at making shoes as the shoemaker, but obviously he would have less time than

before for his better rewarded medical practice. To continue this logic further, the doctor might feel that a "no trade" policy was even more necessary now that the cobbler's wages are lower than they were before the doctor stopped purchasing shoes from him! The confusion in this reasoning about competitive standards of living is in the failure to distinguish between sharing one's home with a man and letting him make one's shoes. It is the confusion of free immigration with free trade; of sentimental internationalism with practical and confident international business relationship. Could it be that American foreign policy has been based almost entirely upon such a confusion of principles? We may learn that the only true protective policy, if national as opposed to minority prosperity is the goal, is, first, a prohibition of the immigration of persons not exceptionally able, and, second, an increase in our total capital that there may be more demand for the workers whom we already have. If we make useless a portion of our machinery by stopping the international exchange of its output we destroy part of our capital and reduce the demand for and the wages of American labor. Before we say with Stuart Chase that "we have put our necks in technology's noose," that capital displaces labor in its net effect, it would be logical to give our capital—our machinery—a chance to employ our man power by bringing the potential customers of our machines into the expanding circle of world trade.

Our future could be dynamic, if we set free our productive genius and our machinery. "If we think of the 350 million people in India who are now content to wrap themselves in a cotton sheet, who will deny the advance in civilization that these human beings may

take before the year 2000?" In America, for every 100,000 people there are 21,923 motor vehicles; in China, only seven! The foreign trade of 440,000,000 Chinese is little more than that of 11,000,000 Argentines, and the same is true of India, a nation of 350,000,000 people. In Mr. Grundy's State of Pennsylvania the mighty iron works stand ready to meet a large part of the world's opportunities for the profitable use of steel in water systems, rails, signals, bridges, locomotives and cars, cranes, road-making machinery, automobiles, buses and trucks. America could be, among many other things, the prosperous road-builder of the world! And she should not fear that other nations would harm her if they should raise their standards of living by buying her tools and machinery, for her greatest trade has been with the wealthy industrial nations. We should change the slogan "We Can Make it in America" to "Let Americans Make What it Pays Them to Make." Free commerce is free industry, and when we unshackle our trade in genuine reciprocity we shall set free our strength!

Let us decide simply to set a tariff

rate on our imports from each nation which shall be of the same percentage as the highest tariff which that country levies on any American products. Nothing more complicated than that is needed.

America is like a sailing ship which is rolling under bare poles in a favoring trade wind. We are too sea-sick, too timorous of the competitive swell to raise our sails and steady the vessel. We stay below decks and experiment with pulling upon our bootstraps. Instead of conviction and leadership our officers exhibit confusion and followership. The captain extols both trade and trade barriers. The purser forces an undervaluation of the dollar abroad, which is equivalent to a new tariff, and hopes to be given "at least nine months or a year so that we may find out a little more about the situation." The steward circulates a questionnaire on crop prohibition and asks for debate on the ship's course, saying that he "leans to the international solution" but that this solution is extreme, and he proposes a vague "planned middle course." But that course will only keep us in the middle of the sea, and that is a restless haven.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



SIDE by side with frantic preparations for the next war, in which the United States is participating as eagerly as any other nation, we have a complete exposure of the international traffic in arms in two of the most important books that have been published in recent years, although whether or not they will have any effect whatever upon a situation of steadily increasing seriousness, the Landscaper hesitates to prophesy.

When we come to bury the next Unknown Soldier in Arlington or elsewhere, however, something ought to be said in the funeral oration about the extreme probability that he was killed by American munitions, from the manufacture of which his own family may have profited.

The salient point about the munitions business, one of the largest and best organized industries in the world, is that people who deal in the marvelously effective death-dealing devices of the present day are merchants who sell to people who have the money to pay for what they want. It is wholly a question of cash; patriotism has nothing whatever to do with it. Indeed, as has been said, the only perfect example of internationalism in existence is the traffic in arms, and if that isn't enough to give

all the idealists in the world a headache, they must have harder heads than one would think from observing their actions and reading their remarks.

The current interest in the matter of arms traffic was aroused several months ago by the publication in *Fortune* of an article called *Arms and the*

Man, which has now been reissued by Doubleday, Doran at ten cents, and which is being widely distributed by peace societies. Even before this striking exposure was published, there had been brought out a small volume by Otto Lehmann-Rüssbult (King), called *War for Profits*, which contained the essential facts.

Two Good Books

The new books on the subject referred to in a foregoing paragraph are H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen's *Merchants of Death* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), and George Seldes's *Iron, Blood and Profits* (Harper, \$2.50), the first a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, and as this is being written a best-seller; if one should be forced to a choice, it is in some respects a better book than Mr. Seldes's volume, especially in its cool, detached and factual tone, but there are many things in the Seldes book not in the other volume.

They are both good and both valuable; it would be a pity, really, if any intelligent American citizen failed to read them, or if not both, one; or if not one, at least the *Fortune* article.

It would be easily understandable that the makers of arms should sell to anybody able to pay for their goods, since this is perfectly in line with the ethics of contemporary business, but even the cynical are likely to be shocked by the accounts of high-pressure salesmanship to be found in the two books; of the wonderful work done by that man of mystery, Sir Basil Zaharoff, who as a loyal citizen of the Greek nation once presented his native land with a submarine and then promptly sold the Turks two boats of the same type, using the Greek ownership of his gift as a sales argument.

This is one of the bitterly ironical stories in the collection; another concerns the visit of a Chinese and a Japanese delegation to a British arms factory which was supplying both their countries with munitions. They were not supposed to meet, but they did, by accident, and immediately fell into a discussion of the prices they were being charged. The upshot of the conference was a demand for a cut in the scale! This was while the Shanghai incident was under way and the civilized world was holding up its hands in horror at the needless butchery that was going on.

The Briey Episode

It would be easy enough to multiply these anecdotes—to mention again, for example, Mr. Seldes's retelling of the Briey episode in the World War, when the French refused for good reasons to attack the Briey basin, although the War could have been ended months sooner if such an attack had been per-

mitted, but enough has been written to give a clear idea of what the two books are about. Mr. Seldes has a good deal to say about the horrors of the next war, especially from the use of some of the poison gases that have been invented since the 1914-1918 outburst of insanity; other experts differ from him on this point, but there is certainly little reason to doubt that the coming conflict will be more terrible than anything in history.

What to do? As usual, this is the hardest question of all to answer. A world that sanctions war will find it very difficult to make any changes in the free sale of arms; the complete nationalization of arms-making would be a help, but not a complete cure, for where this has happened, in Japan, the outside sale of munitions has continued. China bought vast quantities of arms from Japan the year of the Shanghai war. Neither Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen nor Mr. Seldes can offer any pat solution, but they give the facts and some suggestions; the rest is up to all of us.

The Age of Plenty

Concerning the Age of Plenty in which we live at present, there has been no better and more exciting book yet written than Lewis Mumford's *Technics and Civilization* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50), which is a history of the development of machines and of their influence upon the human race that carries the story back a thousand years, and does not fall into the mistake of beginning the period with Watt's invention of the steam engine.

Mr. Mumford is extraordinarily good at diagnosis, at explaining just exactly how we happen to find ourselves with more goods than we know what to

do with under existing systems of distribution; the Landscaper's quarrel with him begins only at the point where he takes up the discussion of remedies. All he can see is a world-wide spread of basic communism, that is, not communism in the Russian sense, but the public ownership and operation of fundamental utilities together with the complete abolition of the profit system. This having been done, the next step is a world federation, with economic planning on a universal scale, and the human race happy in a Le Corbusier world, with all its silly old attic-furniture having been cleared away, and nothing to do except to enjoy life, including, explains Mr. Mumford, whose survey is nothing if not complete, love-making under ideal conditions.

One reviewer of the book, who also found it tremendously interesting, and who also expressed his admiration for Mr. Mumford's erudition and his philosophical approach to the whole complex problem, said Mr. Mumford reasoned that because basic communism seemed the only logical solution of our present dilemma we should therefore inevitably have it, and went on to point out the folly of this conclusion in the light of human history. The point is well taken; Mr. Mumford's engineer-economist Utopia has to the Landscaper just two things wrong with it: people would not like it, and there are no engineer-economists living intelligent and honest enough to run it.

The Clinging Past

Of course what will happen will be that the human race will continue to fumble and stumble, advancing a bit here and retreating a bit there, holding on tight to ancient beliefs and tabus at one place and turning these loose to

seize upon others equally foolish elsewhere. If we could manage to be born clear and free of the past there would be a chance, perhaps, of our being perfectly happy in a designed modern world, but we aren't born free at all; the Landscaper was thinking about the Mumford book and its implications a few nights ago just before dropping off to sleep and suddenly realized that through a great-grandmother he had actually touched at first hand the life of 1815. . . . Whatever we meet in books or in life becomes a part of us, willy-nilly, and some of us at times look longingly at a world swept bare of the past but at the same time realize we would never be at home in it. In other words, we are not reasonable, logical or even intelligent, and Mr. Mumford flatters us very much indeed when he thinks we are or that we can be made so under another system.

His is a book, however, that is tremendously worth reading, thought-provoking and stimulating. It is full of long words that ought to be shorter, but it has something to say that is of vital importance to any one alive today, and the Landscaper recommends it as one of the season's most highly indispensable volumes.

The Advertising Racket

Another recent book that touches upon one of our most important questions is James Rorty's *Our Master's Voice* (John Day, \$3), which is a fiery discussion of the advertising racket, especially as it was practised in America before the depression set in. On the debunking side Mr. Rorty, who was once an advertising man himself, does a superb job, and some of the material is amusing as well as revealing, but Mr. Rorty is like Mr. Mumford in seeing no

way out of our difficulties except a revolution.

He blames the profit system for the evils that cling to advertising, for the bunk and the ballyhoo, the downright dishonesty and deliberate misrepresentation, and says flatly that there can be no such thing as honest advertising with things as they stand. The answer? Wipe the slate clean and start over. Without wishing to seem tiresomely repetitious the Landscaper's answer to this is that Mr. Rorty believes a new world can be made out of the same old people merely by changing the form of government; in short, he thinks the bunk in advertising comes from the outside and is forced upon a reluctant public, whereas the Landscaper believes the public likes the bunk and would not be satisfied with anything else.

Mr. Rorty thinks we may have fascism in this country before we have communism, and that when it comes it will find advertising a powerful agency in its behalf. This is not in itself anything against advertising; if communism came we should have all our advertising and publicity agencies turning out propaganda for the Reds, and it wouldn't be a bit more fundamentally honest than the tripe for which they are responsible today. This has relatively little to do with the fact, however, that Mr. Rorty's book is readable and informative. He suspects the heyday of the advertising man, the boom years of '26-'29, are over; one hopes he is right.

More About Us

Of other books bearing directly upon our immediate situation there are several, including *America's Recovery Program* (Oxford University Press, \$2), a collection of discussions of various phases of the New Deal from the pens

of such men as John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, A. A. Berle, Jr., Leo Pavolsky, Rexford Guy Tugwell and Leo Wolman. Mr. Dickinson gets the volume under way with the statement that the New Deal does not mean any kind of revolution, merely a more carefully regulated capitalism. Mr. Berle writes about banking reform and thinks the reform most needed is in the bankers themselves; Mr. Tugwell speaks for experimentation, and so on. The book is a collection of the William C. Cooper Foundation Lectures delivered at Swarthmore College; it contains an introduction with some interesting criticism of the Roosevelt programme by members of the economics department of the school.

Then there is Harry Guggenheim's *The United States and Cuba* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a readable and fair-minded study of the relations between the two countries written by the former Ambassador to the island, who has definite remedies to suggest for the improvement of the existing situation. This is the other side of the picture from Carleton Beals's *The Crime of Cuba*, published last autumn by Lippincott, and makes a valuable complement to Mr. Beals's sensational attack upon the effect of American capitalism upon the lives and fortunes of the islanders.

He Knows History

And a small book called *Crisis Government* by Lindsay Rogers (Norton, \$1.50), which discusses the so-called downfall of democracy during the post-War period, and optimistically concludes that those countries which have held on to democracy have done quite as well as the ones that have fled to more primitive despotisms of one sort or another, ranging from communism to fas-

cism, but all implying the destruction of the liberty of the individual. This will come as a surprise to a good many people; the incredibly dumb attitude of admiration to be found even among supposedly intelligent people for all kinds of dictatorships is one of the most discouraging things in our world.

Professor Rogers writes delightfully, and with common sense. He is optimistic, but not unreasonably so, and he knows, which is most unusual in this day and time, that human history did not begin day before yesterday. His book is one of the most intelligent available about the governmental situation today; it ought to be widely read and appreciated.

Death of Modernism

To drop these eminently practical matters for a moment, Thomas Craven's *Modern Art: The Men, the Movements, the Meaning* (Simon and Schuster) is another book the Landscaper found most enjoyable; it is a rousing cheer for a new day in painting and other forms of expression. Modernism, Mr. Craven says, is dying, if not dead, and art is coming back to the people and to life. The work of Rivera, Orozco and our own Benton he cites as an example of what he means; he has praise, too, for Frank Lloyd Wright, George Grey Barnard, Jacob Epstein and a few others. There are splendid critical appreciations of Van Gogh and Gauguin, an entertaining autobiography, and many fine illustrations among the others of the book's treasures, and on the whole it is an exciting and readable—if prejudiced—volume of art criticism, with which many people will disagree violently, of course, particularly the art dealers who have done so well

with the work of even the worst and dullest of the Moderns.

The books crowd in for discussion, but there are so many more to be touched upon that several will have to be content with little more than passing mention. Among these is a handsome volume called *Portrait of America* by Diego Rivera (Covici-Friede, \$3.50), with illustrations from Rivera's frescoes, including one from the famous Radio City wall that is now blank. Rivera writes an introduction in which he gives another cheer for communism, and Bertram D. Wolfe contributes an essay on the New Workers' School frescoes, painted with the Rockefeller contribution, and to the Landscaper about as complete a perversion of American history as could be invented. There is much to be said upon the subject of Don Diego; Thomas Craven has said a good deal of it in one of the best chapters in *Modern Art*.

Anti-Soviet Books

There are three recent books on Russia, every one of which deserves more space than will be given to the trio; they group themselves very easily because they are all deeply critical one way or another of the Soviet régime. On the whole the books about Russia have been fair or more than fair; the newspaper stuff we read every day has to be favorable because of the terribly rigid censorship that is maintained. In these books, however, we get the other side of the picture, and it is somewhat less glowingly Utopian than we have been led to believe.

The most important of the lot, both because it is first-hand stuff and because it is most exciting as well, once one has got past the feeling of sadness it engenders, is *Escape from the Soviets* by

Tatiana Tchernevin (Dutton, \$2.50), which is the story of an intellectual liberal and his wife and child. The man was sent off to a prison camp near the Finnish border, his wife served five months in prison, although there were no charges against her; they were both highly educated people, innocent of any wrong-doing against the Soviet Government. They succeeded in escaping from the camp, the three of them, the boy then in his teens, and made their way after incredible hardships into Finland and out from under the shadow of the New Russia, which in their case was a place more horrible than most of the hells the orthodox have succeeded in imagining. It is a heart-breaking and thrilling tale, with its full share of poignant truth.

One of its companions is Max Eastman's *Artists in Uniform* (Knopf, \$2.50), a discussion of the plight of the writer in the U.S.S.R. Mr. Eastman is a follower of Trotzky and Lenin and doesn't like Stalin, for whom he blames the regimentation of the Russian poets and novelists and the persecution of the few free spirits left among them. The other is Malcolm Muggeridge's *Winter in Moscow* (Little, Brown, \$2.50), a bitter and malicious account of an eight months' stay in Russia by the former correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Muggeridge did not like the U.S.S.R., and while his book suffers somewhat from being ill-tempered, it is entertaining and probably the truth from a certain angle.

Other Good Books

Other important non-fiction books are Edith Wharton's *A Backward Glance* (Appleton-Century, \$3), a most charming literary autobiography that recreates delightfully a vanished world,

both in America and England; Dorothy Fisk's *Exploring the Upper Atmosphere* (Oxford University Press, \$1.75), a highly intelligent and understandable book about the stratosphere and other recent scientific developments relating to the nature of the cosmos; Sir Wilfred Grenfell's *The Romance of Labrador* (Macmillan, \$4), the whole story of the bleak land that Dr. Grenfell has made his own with his magnificent humanitarian work, containing excellent chapters on the flora and fauna of the country; and Aldous Huxley's *Beyond the Mexique Bay* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75), an account of a visit to Central America with much brilliant comment upon a wide variety of topics.

Outstanding Fiction

The outstanding fiction published since the last Landscape was written includes Blair Niles's *Maria Paluma* (Longmans, Green); Grace Flandrau's *Indeed This Flesh* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50); Robert Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50); Stephen Vincent Benét's *James Shore's Daughter* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50); Ruth Eleanor McKee's *The Lord's Anointed* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50); Tess Slesinger's *The Unpossessed* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50); and Louis Golding's *Five Silver Daughters* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50).

Also a widely discussed and very talented novel from the French, Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *The Journey to the End of the Night* (Little, Brown, \$2.50), a book that has sold something like a quarter of a million copies in France and is also being widely read in other European countries, but which the Landscaper did not like. It is a novel

of the underdog, bitter, horrible, full of misery and bad smells, and with no contrast to give it either relief or truth. It is on the last score that the Landscaper objects to the book; the physician who calls himself Céline can see nothing pleasant or cheerful or hopeful in the human race, which he finds about as attractive as a collection of maggots.

There is no denying the power of the book, but it is far too one-sided for the Landscaper's taste; it errs in not seeing that the human race is both detestable and admirable, both noble and ignoble. Several proletarian reviewers have called it revolutionary, and one saw in it a true picture of a dying capitalism, but it is actually without propaganda of any sort, and why so hopeless a picture can be called revolutionary is beyond the Landscaper's feeble mental grasp. Why go to the trouble of a revolution if people are really like this? As for the dying capitalism, every time a proletarian looks out of his window he sees signs of the coming revolution. He is as good at this as true believers used to be about signs of Judgment Day; indeed there are many close parallels between the communists and the millenarians. With a profound belief that the truth, no matter what it is, should be looked in the face, the Landscaper can not admit that M. Céline has told the truth, so what reason is there for reading him?

The Spanish Conquest

To return to the list, Mrs. Niles has written a very attractive historical romance in *Maria Paluna*, the background being the Spanish conquest in Guatemala, and the plot turning upon a love affair between Maria, a Quiché girl, and one of the conquerors. The theme of the book is the blending of the Indian and

Spanish civilizations; it is handled with genuine scholarship and understanding and made into something significant for the future. Mrs. Niles knows her Guatemala at first hand, and she has treated her historical material with the greatest respect, so that her studies of Alvarado, Cortez, Bartolemé de las Casas and other characters from life are both accurate and artistic.

Mrs. Flandrau's *Indeed This Flesh* is the story of a man's life in St. Paul during the boom days of the Minnesota country; denied love or even companionship at home, Will Quayne is forced into Sin against his emotional convictions—he has abandoned religion intellectually but is still influenced by it—and finally comes to complete tragedy, one of his betrayals being that a successful man, with all the outer accoutrements of virtue upon which the age set so much store, fails him in a crisis. The book is done with remarkable insight into masculine psychology and against a background that is handled with great subtlety. It is Mrs. Flandrau's best piece of work, and easily one of the best American novels of the year.

More American Stories

James Shore's Daughter is another typical American story in which a successful Western pioneer comes East with his attractive daughter and fails to find the changing world as conquerable as the simpler frontier. From New York, the novel becomes international in its scope, and winds up in the present, with a world facing the Machine it has so painstakingly created and wondering what to do with its vast powers. Mr. Benét's style is admirable; he writes with poetical economy and insight, and his novel is not only good reading, but full of significance.

In Robert Cantwell's story of a mill town, *The Land of Plenty*, we have one of the best of the so-called proletarian novels, good not because of its propaganda, but because Mr. Cantwell is a novelist who knows his material and handles it skilfully; in Tess Slesinger's *The Unpossessed* we have a brilliantly wrought study of futile intellectuals in New York, people who are running away from life as hard as they can, especially when they are talking about it with the most energy and emotion. Mr. Cantwell's technique is orthodox; Miss Slesinger writes in the manner of Virginia Woolf and others of the stream-of-consciousness school, although she has mastered their manner to a point where it becomes her own. She is a newcomer in the field of the novel and has made a most promising beginning.

Hawaiian Missionaries

Miss McKee's *The Lord's Anointed* is a long and solid chronicle-novel of missionary life in Hawaii, from the time the first handful of young men and women sailed to the islands to save the souls of the hitherto-happy natives almost down to the present, the book centring around Constancy, the rebellious wife of one of the missionaries. Constancy is a fine character, and the whole story remarkable for its feeling of truth; a curious chapter in the long history of Christianity and its conflicts with sinful pagans in far places.

It will be observed that with the exception of the Céline book, the novels of the month are American in origin and interest, and this gives the Landscaper pleasure, for the choice was not made on any nationalistic basis, but merely because of merit.

The most interesting recent novel out of England is Louis Golding's *Five*

Silver Daughters, which is like *Magnolia Street*, except better; a crowded book that swarms with characters and is full of the sense of life and motion. The Silver family history makes the book, Sam the head of the house rising from a place in a Magnolia Street factory to great wealth during the World War, and the five daughters, as different as possible, touching life at many points, so that the book has a wide scope in place and time, and includes sections on Russia during the Revolution, Germany during the Inflation, the Riviera, and so on. Mr. Golding gives his readers full measure, pressed down and running over; his is a rich book, unrestrained. It is already a best-seller and will probably continue to be popular; such prodigality as the author has displayed deserves a reward.

Elizabethan England

Another good English novel, although it is slight and might have been compressed into a short story, is Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Superstition Corner* (Harper, \$2.50), a tale of Elizabethan England centring around Catherine Alard, a young girl who is loyal to the Catholic Church. Done with delicate irony, her tragic life and the terrors of the period make a novel that again shows Miss Kaye-Smith to be an artist, although this is not one of her most important books.

A remarkably good Negro novel is Zora Neale Hurston's *Jonah's Gourd Vine* (Lippincott, \$2), the tale of a handsome brown-skin boy, who grows up into a successful preacher and proves too attractive to women for his own good. The framework of the book is less commendable than its fine, juicy and eminently natural humor, and its record of curious folkways; it contains, too, a

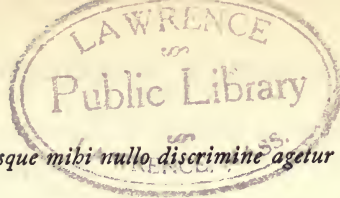
magnificent sermon in full. The author is an authority on Negro folk-lore who was born in an exclusively Negro community in Florida and educated at Barnard, where she specialized in anthropology. This is her first novel, and to the Landscaper's way of thinking easily the best piece of fiction from a member of her race, with the exception of Langston Hughes's *Not Without Laughter*.

Also there is a new Wodehouse, *Thank You, Jeeves*, a whole novel with Jeeves as the principal character (Little,

Brown, \$2). It is up to the Wodehouse standard, which ought to be recommendation enough.

Of the older books, it is a pleasure to mention the fact that Isak Dinesen's very curious *Seven Gothic Tales* has caught on, and looks as if it might be one of the most popular books of the year. It was discussed at some length in the last Landscape, but it deserves another mention, for it is something completely off the beaten path, a strange, appealing, individual and oddly unforgettable piece of fiction.





Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Romance of Debts and Idleness

HENRY CARTER, in later pages of this issue, argues that there will be several millions of permanently unemployed persons in the United States even if a great deal of prosperity returns. His thesis is widely accepted at present, as are also a number of the ways to care for these unemployed which he describes and which are apparently under consideration in Washington. But Mr. Carter's methods involve a large burden on the Federal payroll, and taxpayers will inevitably object to this and demand some cheaper solution of the problem. There happens, fortunately, to be at least one such solution with attractive aspects, despite a simplicity almost fantastic.

Some while ago Mr. A. A. Boublikoff, who contributes occasionally to this magazine, proposed as a partial solution of the War debts puzzle that American students be sent abroad for cultural purposes at the expense of the foreign nations owing us money, the cost to be deducted from the total of their debt. In this way the so-called transfer problem, principal European excuse for non-payment, would be avoided, and

American business interests would be insured against the possibility of foreign invasion of their home markets, which was the basis of the furore which attended Secretary Hull's hint to England concerning payment in kind. The theory was that no foreign nation could refuse to pay its debts in a way which would not take gold out of its own borders or disrupt international trade. There is now a good deal of room for doubt of this theory, but it was a good enough one at the time, and the proposal was sound. We should have got something of cultural value, perhaps saved a bit in taxes for education and not looked quite the improvident dupes, so far as our loans to the Allies were concerned, that we now do.

However, Mr. Boublikoff's idea was merely to approach the War debts problem in a realistic manner; he was not specifically concerned with unemployment. The students who would have benefited by his plan largely come from families able to support them in one degree or another of comfort. But if we twist his idea into a scheme for relieving our government of the expense of caring for unemployed persons, it takes on an even more admirable appearance.

Instead of handing all those billions of dollars to Mr. Roosevelt for distribution among our needy, we ought to hand our needy to our debtors for distribution of food, shelter and clothing while we have no useful employment to occupy them.

The debtor countries, of course, have their own unemployment and budget problems, and would hardly accept such a proposal with undiluted enthusiasm. But unless they could show that it was an impossible strain on their resources they would have either to consent or face the so-called odium of wilful default, an appearance of which they are now turning handsprings to avoid. France, Germany, Italy and England all have splendid merchant marines, so they would not need to send money out of their own countries to pay for transportation across the ocean. Once across, the Americans would be good spenders (why not?), and if there is anything in the theory that a rapid circulation of money makes for good times, their visit ought to stir up business tremendously, thus increasing tax collections and facilitating payment of their upkeep.

It is a pretty little circle. For instance, in some of our debtor nations there has been considerable agitation for large governmental spending programmes. Nowhere else has it taken hold as it has in America, but its proponents would doubtless be pleased at a scheme like this, which would accomplish the same effect and not dot the landscape with needless architecture and statuary. Stimulation of heavy industry is the aim, principally, of governmental spending programmes, and the Americans' persistent use of railroads and steamships ought to keep it very busy indeed making replacements and additional equipment. Also, existing architecture and

statuary, considering the American propensity for souvenirs, would probably need extensive repairs themselves—if the natives cared to bother.

It is undeniably a pretty little circle. Without the burden on our public and private purses of supporting unemployed millions, this country would return quickly to prosperity. Then the foreign countries could more easily export to us their products and, becoming still more prosperous, might eventually be so pleased with the arrangement that they would want to borrow billions of dollars from us again—perhaps even fight another war on our credit. However, that would be another question.

II

But what of the emigrants themselves? Would they object to being shipped abroad in carload lots? Not many of them, surely. For most it would be a unique opportunity to see the world at somebody else's expense—a much more pleasant occupation than staying at home on the job. It might even be difficult to persuade them to return to their jobs when prosperity recreated them.

With Hitler shooting even high government officials, France rioting on the slightest provocation, Austria exploding bombs every few minutes and many other countries in a chronic state of agitation, it might be thought dangerous for the emigrants to send them abroad just now. But aside from the alternative danger of starving at home, there are one or two other considerations with which to answer such an objection. Admittedly, there is a strong possibility of war in Europe in the near future. However, if five or six millions of Americans were milling about the countryside, the possibility would materially lessen. For

one thing, most of them would insist on taking their cars abroad with them (even unemployed Americans all have cars), and European highways, constructed for a much less abundant motoring life than our own, could hardly be expected to carry the burden of warfare and the burden of these Americans at the same time. No one who knows our automotive habits would give the military traffic an even chance if it came to a showdown between the two.

As a further obstacle to war there is the unconquerable curiosity of Americans, particularly when idle. At home they have a faculty of getting in the way of people building buildings, cluttering up the sidewalk before any kind of display, gathering in great multitudes to watch athletes race, jump, play golf, pummel each other, or simply sit on flag-poles. This characteristic curiosity is so intense that it would not permit the emigrants to stay away from the field of battle. Americans would surround the gunners of an artillery battery, asking questions, fingering mechanisms, tripping up officers and men, so demoralizing every one that firing could not continue. Tanks would be so thoroughly investigated that nothing could make them run again. Airplanes would be prevented from leaving the ground by idle groups of inquisitors or, if they did rise,

would find their bombs tampered with and their machine guns jammed or dismantled. All the varied mechanical paraphernalia of modern warfare would come under the innocent but devastating curiosity of the neutrals and the vast bulk of it would be rendered useless. Of course, if the combatants insisted on going ahead with hand-to-hand encounters, there would be cheers from the Americans on the sidelines—but also a bedlam of kibitzing advice and no small amount of old-egg-throwing and Bronx cheers besides. The soldiery, not being paid as well as a Primo Carnera, could hardly stomach such ridicule for long. And European governments, at last seeing the virtue of our contention that reduced armaments would enable them to pay their debts (seeing it, of course, in the sudden prosperity of American spending), might thereupon proceed to disarm.

So, with prosperity promised for creditor and debtors alike, peace as nearly assured as it can be in so unstable a world, and a long-deferred good time in prospect for the unemployed, why not try the scheme? The answer just possibly may be that the European countries do not care sufficiently about their obligations to fall in even with so eminently logical a proposal. It seems too bad.

W. A. D.



China and World Peace

BY SAO-KE ALFRED SZE

The Chinese opposition to a Japanese Monroe Doctrine

IN THE last few days many eyes have been attracted to the Far East and particularly to those territories which are so often termed the cradle of conflict or the tinder box of Asia. War vessels have been despatched under forced draft, fleets have been hastily assembled and, if some press reports are to be credited, expeditionary forces have been held ready for embarkation. And why these warlike preparations, it may be asked? As it now appears, simply because a minor consular official had absented himself from his post without advising his superiors. The vagaries of this unfortunate man will have served a most useful purpose if they reveal upon what a slender thread hangs the peace of the world.

Briefly stated, the situation is that Japan, in violation of her covenants as a member of the League of Nations and as a signatory to such important multilateral international agreements as the Washington Nine Power Treaty of 1922, and the Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928, has, by force of arms, seized and now controls a vast area of Chinese territory, containing great natural resources and a population of more than thirty millions. Thus, not only has the balance of political power in the Far East been destroyed, and the commer-

cial and other interests of the Western powers in that part of the world placed in jeopardy, but an example has been presented to the world of the aggrandizement of a state at the expense of the rights and interests of a friendly neighboring state, and by means that are in open and flagrant violation of those standards of international right, which, with especial effort since the Great War, the civilized world has sought to establish. Added to this is the evidence, abundantly offered, that Japan is not yet satiated by the gains she has thus far secured, but, upon the contrary, awaits only the occasion most agreeable to herself to increase these gains.

Japan's present policies in the Far East are plainly indicated for her acts conform with precision to a general plan which has, upon more than one occasion, been frankly stated by her political and military leaders.

This policy, stated in its most general terms, is that Japan shall dominate, politically and commercially, the Far East, and allow no considerations of treaty obligations, or respect for the rights of other nations, to stand in the way of this achievement. Included within this purpose is the intention to extend Japan's political control over

such areas of eastern Asia as she may think necessary for the realization of her desires. The extension of her sovereignty over Korea, her acquisition of a lease of the Kwantung Peninsula, the imposition, in 1915, upon China of the treaties which were based upon the infamous Twenty-One Demands which she then made upon China, and her recent acts in Manchuria, including the establishment of the puppet state of Manchukuo, have been but steps in the execution of this general plan to bring all of eastern Asia so fully under Japan's domination that she will be able to exclude or expel from that area any political, financial or commercial interests which she may deem prejudicial to conceived interests of her own.

II

In attempted justification of her acts, already committed or proposed to be committed, Japanese writers and statesmen have declared that Japan is entitled to enforce in the Far East what they have termed an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, which, inferentially, is asserted to have the same political, legal and ethical justification as that possessed by the Monroe Doctrine which, for more than a hundred years, the United States has asserted its right and intention to uphold.

When examined, however, the Japanese and the American doctrines are found to differ in vital respects. In fact, they exhibit only slight and superficial resemblances.

The American doctrine, so far as it has won recognition and acceptance from other countries, is based upon the valid principle of self-defense—in other words, the prevention of the development upon the American continents of conditions which will endanger the

peace of the United States. The increase of the territorial or other political interests of non-American, and especially of European, powers upon the American continents, the United States has held, will create, or tend to create, that danger. The United States, has, therefore, served notice upon the world that it will not permit such an increase, however brought about. As a corollary to this proposition, the United States has at times found it advisable to use its powerful influence with certain Central or South American states to cause them to correct conditions which, under generally acknowledged principles of international law, might justify European states in intervening for that purpose.

The American doctrine has not been directed against the continued possession by European powers of such colonies as they may already have in the Americas or in the waters adjacent thereto. Nor does the United States put forward its doctrine in justification of an extension of its sovereignty or political control over additional areas of land.

The American doctrine has not been used as an excuse or justification for interference by the United States with the purely internal affairs of any other American state. On the contrary, its consistent aim and effect has been to protect those states from such external aggression. Thus, to quote one of the most emphatic statements of the doctrine, namely, that by Secretary of State Olney, in 1895: the doctrine "does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American State or in the relations between it and other American States. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American State or to prevent the people

of such State from altering that form according to their own will and pleasure. The rule in question has but a single purpose and object. It is that no European Power or combination of European Powers shall forcibly deprive an American State of the right and power of self-government and shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies. . . . The States of America, South, as well as North, by geographical proximity, by natural sympathy, by similarity of governmental constitutions, are friends and allies, commercially and politically, of the United States. To allow the subjugation of any of them by an European Power is, of course, to completely reverse the situation, and signifies the loss of all the advantages incident to natural relations to us."

Though thus in a position, materially speaking, to exercise a control over the other American states wider than that covered by the Monroe Doctrine, the United States has never asserted a right to do so. Thus, as the basis of the Monroe Doctrine, or of any other doctrine, the United States has not sought for itself any commercial privileges or opportunities for financial and other economic exploitation from which other countries were to be excluded. And, as I have already said, never, standing upon that doctrine, has the United States sought to extend its territorial sovereignty over areas recognized to lie within the boundaries of the other American states.

III

I have made the foregoing statements with regard to the American doctrine, not with the view of defending the United States against any possible criticism, for it certainly does not

lie with me, a non-citizen of the United States and the official representative of another country, to appear as counsel in her behalf. What I have said I have said in order to show that the so-called Japanese Monroe Doctrine is something far different from the American Monroe Doctrine.

This Asiatic doctrine, as expounded by Japanese public men, resembles the American doctrine only in so far as it asserts that it is contrary to the vital interests of Asiatic states, and of Japan in particular, that Western powers should increase their political interests in eastern Asia.

In support of such a doctrine for Asia, thus limited, much can be said. Much can also be said, though this goes beyond the scope of a Monroe Doctrine, in justification of the desire of Asiatic powers to obtain a decrease, and ultimate total annulment, of such forms of political control as other powers now claim the right to exercise within their borders.

However, the Japanese, when they speak of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, have much in mind beyond those purely defensive features. Under their doctrine they assert for Japan a right to dominate in eastern Asia—a claim which carries with it a right to subordinate to Japanese political and economic interests the political and economic interests of the other Asiatic states. If Japan conceives that she needs additional territory, whether for political or economic reasons, she asserts the right to take it. If she needs preferential commercial treatment, in addition to the advantages already enjoyed by her by reason of her geographical position, she deems that she is justified in demanding this at the point of the bayonet as she did in 1915 when she

presented to China her infamous Twenty-One Demands. I describe these demands as infamous for they have been so regarded by all the rest of the world.

The fact is that there are abundant reasons for believing that Japan, since before the Chinese-Japanese War of 1894-1895, has had the desire, and to that end has pursued the deliberate policy, to make herself politically supreme in the Far East—a supremacy which will mean the subjection of all other eastern Asiatic states to the political will of Japan, if not to the actual incorporation of the territories in the Japanese Empire, and, as a necessary consequence, the annulment of such political and commercial rights as the Western powers now possess in eastern Asia or perhaps in all Asia. As a step towards the realization of this ambition, she prepared for and fought the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-1895, as a result of which she obtained not only a huge indemnity, but the annexation of the large island of Formosa and the Pescadores group of smaller islands. In 1904-1905 she fought Russia, as a result of which she was able not only to take over from Russia the leased Chinese Kwantung Peninsula, and Russia's other interests in Southern Manchuria, but to be free to annex the Kingdom of Korea which she effected in 1910. In 1915 came the Twenty-One Demands, which, had they been secured in full, would have meant that all China would then and there have passed under the political control of Japan. As it was, Japan was able, by a threat of war within fifty-one hours, to obtain a considerable increase in her political and economic interests in China, and especially in the Manchurian provinces of China. In 1914

Japan seized and militarily occupied the great Chinese province of Shantung, from which eight years later she reluctantly agreed to withdraw only under the pressure of an adverse world opinion. In 1918, in violation of promises given, she attempted to bring the eastern Siberian regions of Russia under her political domination, but found her resources then inadequate to hold them for more than a few years.

In negotiating the Lansing-Ishii Agreement of 1917, Japan sought, as Secretary Lansing has testified, to obtain a recognition by the United States, which recognition the United States refused to give, that Japan had, as *vis-à-vis* China, a political position superior to that of the other powers. In the negotiations leading up to the creation of the International Banking Consortium of 1920, she again put forward, but again vainly, the same claim.

At the Washington Conference of 1921-1922, Japan, because of her acts of the preceding years, appeared essentially as a defendant in the discussions that were had as to Pacific and Far Eastern questions. Japan then, in addition to other special agreements, signed the Nine Power Treaty by which she engaged herself, in common with the other signatory powers, "to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China," and "to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government."

IV

It was then the hope of the other powers that Japan had been persuaded to abandon her imperialistic ambitions with regard to the mainland of eastern

Asia, and, for a number of years following the Washington Conference it seemed as though this hope would be fulfilled. During this time the more liberal and moderately minded Japanese statesmen were in control of the Government of Japan.

This enlightened policy proved, however, very objectionable to the more imperialistically minded portions of the Japanese people, and especially to Japan's military and naval officials. Those latter, using the special powers given them by the Japanese Constitution and by Imperial ordinances, were able, on September 18, 1931, to take matters into their own hands and to enter upon that course of military aggression in Manchuria which has continued to the present time.

That the military element is still strongly dominant in Japan is shown by the fact that the Japanese budget, which was recently approved by the Japanese Diet, met with little real opposition notwithstanding that forty-four per cent of its total was devoted to military expenses. These military expenses alone amount to almost the total regular revenues of the Japanese Government, and the deficit has to be met by borrowings.

Many of Japan's spokesmen have sought to make Japan's policies a part of a wider purpose which they have termed a Pan-Asiatic Movement, or "Asia for Asiatics," or, stated in plain terms, the eradication from eastern Asia, or, indeed, from all Asia, of every vestige of European or American political interest, including colonies, dependencies, leased areas, and extra-territorial and other jurisdictional rights. Those who have advanced this doctrine have sought to make it appear that Japan is seeking to advance not

simply her own interests but those of the other Asiatic peoples—the Chinese, the Siamese, the Indo-Chinese, the Malays and races of British India. This appeal has not met with any approving response from these Asiatics, for it has been evident to them, as it has been to Americans and Europeans, that Japan, so far from having any real regard for the rights and interests of peoples other than her own, has held those rights and interests in contempt and has not hesitated to disregard them when she has felt it to be to her own interest to do so. The real purpose of Japan, too obvious to be concealed, is to dominate, in an imperialistic way, the entire Far East. Indeed, her public men have not hesitated to say that henceforth her will is alone to determine what shall be done in the Far East, whether by the United States, by European nations or by the more than fifty nations united into the League of Nations. She alone is to decide what the situation demands, and this without regard to what her treaty obligations may be. This arrogant assertion Japan calls "maintaining the peace" in eastern Asia. This peace, she has declared, must be on terms and conditions which will be fixed wholly by herself. Thus, we find General Araki, Japanese Minister of War, as reported in the London *Times* of October 4, 1932, declaring: "It is no idle boast to say that if anything obstructs Japan's mission of peace, we are ready to do away with it." In other words, not until Japan has obtained all that she wants in the way of additional territory or special political and economic interests, will conditions in the Far East be stabilized.

There have been some Japanese spokesmen who have outlined for Japan policies even more grandiose

than those that I have described. These super-imperialists have asserted that the time will come when Japan will be able and disposed to extend her control across the Pacific and even to regions outside the littorals of the ocean. Such views are, of course, so absurd as to be unworthy of discussion. Yet they have a significance in that they indicate the heights to which the confidence of the Japanese in their own powers can rise.

I have devoted the time that I have to reviewing Japan's policies and acts in order to show the truly grave situation that Japan, by her recent acts, has created in the Far East. These acts are sufficiently serious in themselves, but they assume their full significance only when they are shown to be, as I have attempted to show them to be, steps toward the realization of a comprehensive imperialistic programme. The other nations of the world know the issue that is presented to them, and, in the light of that certain knowledge, it remains for them to determine what they shall do to meet that issue.

It would seem that this issue as I have thus far presented it is a sufficiently grave one. But it is seen to be still more portentous when regard is had to the character of the government which Japan possesses. This government is one under which it is specifically provided that its military and naval branches shall not be subject to control by its civil authorities. Every other constitutionally organized state in the world has deemed it to be of absolutely vital importance that its foreign as well as its domestic policies should be determined by its civil authorities and that its armed forces should exist solely for the purpose of enabling the state to carry those policies into effect. In Japan, however, this is not so. The mili-

tary and naval forces themselves decide what policies it is proper for them to pursue. Thus, in the case of Japan there are absent those restraints upon military acts of aggression which, in all other countries, are deemed absolutely essential. The fact is that a country organized as is Japan, is, at all times, a menace to international peace.

V

I will now speak of the implications which the recent acts of Japan have for the entire civilized world. Since the Great War, all the nations have sought, by every means within their power, to create agencies for the peaceful settlement of international disputes to the end that situations likely to provoke war may be prevented from arising, or, if they should arise, that they may not lead to a resort to war, or to acts of war, for their settlement. To this end, as regards specifically the Far East, the agenda of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament was broadened so as to include a consideration of Pacific and Far Eastern questions—a consideration which led to the signing of a number of multilateral agreements, the most important of which was the Nine Power Treaty. To the same end of preventing the arising of controversies which may endanger the maintenance of peace, many European treaties, such as those signed at Locarno in 1925, have been entered into. As a guarantee that such international disputes as may arise shall be settled without the employment of force practically all the nations of the world, including China, Japan, Russia and the United States, have, by the Kellogg Peace Pact, renounced war as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another, and

have declared that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

As regards specific modes of peaceful settlement of international controversies, hundreds of treaties have been entered into by individual states providing for recourse to commissions of enquiry, to boards of conciliation, to tribunals of arbitration, or to judicial bodies such as the Permanent Court of International Justice established in 1920. But the one great agency for the maintenance of peace which the nations have created is, of course, the League of Nations. As declared in the Preamble of its Constitution, the purpose of the League is, "to promote international coöperation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations, by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among governments, and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another."

Specifically, the states who have become members of the League of Nations have pledged themselves not only to respect but to preserve, as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. Also they have agreed that, if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or judicial settlement or to inquiry by the Council of the League. They have

further agreed that they will carry out in good faith any arbitral award that may be made or any judicial decision that may be rendered. If inquiry by the Council is the mode of settlement resorted to, it is provided by the Covenant of the League that, if the Council is unable to bring about, by conciliatory means, a settlement satisfactory to the parties to the dispute, it shall make and publish a report containing a statement of the facts of the dispute and the recommendations which are deemed just and proper in regard thereto. The parties are not obligated to accept these recommendations, but it is provided by the Covenant that, if this report by the Council is unanimously agreed to by its members other than the representatives of the parties to the dispute, there shall be no resort to war against any party which complies with the recommendations of the Council. It may be added that the Covenant further provides that the inquiry, the report and the making of recommendations may be transferred from the Council to the Assembly of the League, and that this has been done in the present pending Sino-Japanese controversy.

VI

As regards the handling of the Sino-Japanese controversy by the League it is to be noted that in every respect China has fulfilled her obligations as a member of the League. There can be no dispute as to this. When attacked by Japan, she immediately brought the controversy before the League, and since then she has done nothing to render a settlement more difficult. This is testified to by the Lytton Commission, and by the formal report of the Assembly of the League, accepted on February 24, 1933. As regards Japan,

however, both the Lytton Report and the Report of the Assembly set forth that Japan, by a long series of acts, has constantly aggravated the situation, the most serious of these acts being the attack upon the Chinese city, Shanghai, the creation and recognition of the puppet state of Manchukuo, and the Japanese military operations in the province of Jehol and south of the Great Wall of China. Reinforcing this authoritative contrast between the records of China and Japan as members of the League, Lord Cecil of Chelwood said, "We cannot evade the conclusion that throughout this matter China has acted as a loyal and honorable member of the League of Nations and many of us feel that it would be a very grave exaggeration to say the same of Japan." In a still later public statement, made in the latter part of 1933, we find Viscount Cecil saying that were he to summarize the broad conclusions of the Assembly as embodied in its Report of February 24, 1933, it would be that "undoubtedly Japan had not acted in accordance with her obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations." He added that the same might be said of Japan's lack of regard for her obligations under the Nine Power Washington Treaty and of her promises made upon more than one occasion to the Council of the League. "I do not think," he said, "that any of these facts are capable of dispute."

Here I would like to repeat what I said as the representative of my country before the Council of the League at one of the earlier meetings for the examination of the situation created by Japan in Asia. These words are as true and as vital to world security now as then, indeed more so. I said:

"The Covenant and the Pact of Paris are the corner stones of the world edifice of peace that have been so laboriously erected in the years since the World War and if they crumble, the edifice collapses. For is it likely that the nations who witnessed this tragic collapse of the Covenant and the Pact of Paris at its first great test, with all its dire consequences throughout the East, would assemble quietly at Geneva to disarm? Would they not rather draw the conclusion that, after all, each state must rely on its own armed forces, and on these alone? Finally if we fail and the world is thrown back on suspicious nationalism, hostile alliances and a race in armaments, if the East is plunged into a state of turmoil, what chance have we of securing effective coöperation in connection with the financial and economic crisis that bears so heavily upon the world?"

"The crisis widens and deepens daily, almost hourly, and we are aware, all of us, that only far-reaching and close coöperation between the civilized nations can avert danger. However remote and irrelevant this disturbance in the Far East may seem to the West, engrossed in its pressing cares, the web of fate binds us all together and unless we can coöperate effectively in this grave emergency, we shall fail in disarmament, we shall fail to inspire any confidence in international security and order and we shall fail to grapple with the world economic crisis."

It may be that some may think that in making these statements and in painting this dark picture, I am carried away by indignation which few, however, but little acquainted with the facts, will regard as unrighteous. In any event, I am able to fortify my position by quoting similar views of emi-

nent statesmen, of other nationalities, whose territory may not be immediately involved but whose people have as ultimate a stake in the situation as have mine. To begin with I shall quote from the famous letter of Mr. Stimson when he was Secretary of State, addressing Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. His judicial words and restrained language should dismiss for all time the contention of some Japanese officials who wish to believe that the Nine Power Treaty was entered upon in ignorance of Chinese conditions and that recent alleged developments release Japan from all obligations to observe its stipulations.

"The program for the protection of China from outside aggression," wrote Mr. Stimson, "is an essential part in the harmonious steps taken for the purpose of aligning the conscience and public opinion of the world in favor of a system of orderly development by the law of nations including the settlement of all controversies by methods of justice and peace instead of by arbitrary force. The program for the protection of China from outside aggression is an essential part of any such development. The signatories and adherents of the Nine Power Treaty rightly felt that the orderly and peaceful development of the 400,000,000 people inhabiting China was necessary to the peaceful welfare of the entire world and that no program for the welfare of the world as a whole could afford to neglect the welfare and protection of China.

"The recent events which have taken place in China, far from indicating the advisability of any modification of the treaties we have been discussing, have tended to bring home the vital impor-

tance of the faithful observance of the covenants therein to all the nations interested in the Far East. It is not necessary in that connection to inquire into the causes of the controversy or attempt to apportion the blame between the two nations which are unhappily involved; for regardless of cause or responsibility, it is clear beyond peradventure that a situation has developed which can not, under any circumstances, be reconciled with the obligations of the covenants of these two treaties, and that if the treaties had been faithfully observed such a situation could not have arisen.

"That is the view of this Government. We see no reason for abandoning the enlightened principles which are embodied in these treaties. We believe that this situation would have been avoided had these covenants been faithfully observed, and no evidence has come to us to indicate that a due compliance with them would have interfered with the adequate protection of the legitimate rights in China of the signatories of those treaties and their nationals.

"In the past our Government as one of the leading powers on the Pacific Ocean has rested its policy upon an abiding faith in the future of the people of China and upon the ultimate success in dealing with them of the principles of fair play, patience and mutual good will. We appreciate the immensity of the task which lies before her statesmen in the development of her country and its government. The delays in her progress, the instability of her attempts to secure a responsible government were foreseen by Messrs. Hay and Hughes and their contemporaries and were the very obstacles which the policy of the 'open door'

was designed to meet. We concur with those statesmen, representing all the nations, in the Washington Conference who decided that China was entitled to the time necessary to accomplish her development."

VII

In conclusion it can not be said that the issue today which is clearly the choice of peace or war, of prosperity or destruction, has come as a surprise to the observant. More than ten years ago Dr. Hornbeck, now in charge of Far Eastern affairs in the Department of State, wrote in his work on contemporary politics: "If China can develop strength to defend her own integrity, the peace of the Orient may be preserved. If the *partition of China once seriously begins* nothing can save the Far East for the next several decades from being a theatre of aggressive conflict and political redistribution."

It is proper for me to recall that in the great emergency that overtook, and nearly overcame, the world in 1914 China entered the War to defend the position which she holds today,

that treaties and covenants are not scraps of paper to be tossed aside when their stipulations prove inconvenient. We hope and believe that this view will be upheld by the nations who have solemnly guaranteed the sanctity of treaties and whose leaders have on many occasions declared that the inviolability of these instruments is the hope of the world.

Come what may, China will never surrender an inch of her territory nor any of her sovereign rights under stress of military force which she condemns and is determined to resist to the best of her ability. This is the creed of my Government and of my people today. The treaties and the covenants to which I have referred are in our judgment the bulwark of peace and prosperity today, in the West as well as in the East, in Europe as in Asia. Should they fail us, however, I would be less than candid if I did not state that my countrymen will leave nothing untried to maintain their independence, to safeguard the honor of their Government and the integrity of their territory.



Is the Lid Off?

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

Virtuous heads shake over the nation's sudden embracing of strong drinks, gambling and destruction of censorship. Are we really in for a debauch?

IT WAS unbearable, and we bore it for a long, long time.

An oppressive stone lay on our vitals, and the sickness of restraint-too-long-endured swam in our bloodstream. A weirdly onerous morality encumbered our lives, and the fingerpost of restrictive prudery pointed out the way we should go. Censorship and Prohibition checked the normal outflow of our appetitive energy, and Puritanic sluice-gates diverted it into furtive channels, expensive to society and toxic to ourselves. In retrospect, we seemed to be moving through one of those harrowing nightmares that suffocate the dreamer beneath intolerable burdens of anxiety and guilt.

Then, almost without preliminaries, we felt the stone being lifted, the weights fell from our limbs. Hesitantly, as if doubting the testimony of our senses, we gazed about the American terrain. We saw the Eighteenth Amendment repealed so passionately and suddenly that even the whiskey manufacturers were startled and unprepared. The rest of us accepted our thrice-distilled blessings in the spirit of mirage-swallowers. "It is a demented vision, a date-palm dream," we told

ourselves as we stood before pyramids of polished glass and heard the gurgle of legal liquor. But scarcely had we accustomed ourselves to the sensations of sampling honest wine and lifting full-bodied beer to our lips, when we heard the clear accents of a United States District Judge telling us that it was no crime to own a copy of *Ulysses*. Persons who had acclaimed this masterpiece ten years previously, by paying forty dollars in Paris for a single copy, and were then obliged to smuggle it past customs officials like a baneful drug or pornographic postcard, could now buy the *Saga of Dublin* in any bookshop, read it in any library, and watch it find its own level among the literary productions of the age. Surely, a new yeast was at work in American life, and the joyousness of its leaven shone in our eyes and voices as we greeted each other in bookstores and cafés.

Then in April, 1934, with Prohibition scrapped and genius legalized, Governor Lehman of New York signed a bill permitting open betting on the race-tracks of the Empire State. True, bets had always been made in New York, and always will be made wherever blood and horses run, but it

required the loosening influence of the Time Genius to bring it out into the open, to make it a legitimate, tax-yielding activity. The aleatory instinct of human beings, hitherto classified as a crime, has in recent months managed to get itself recognized as a normal and not necessarily degrading outlet of human energy. Thus another Puritanic barrier—one of the oldest and highest—comes tumbling down, and the boundaries of personal latitude are again extended by statute amid general applause.

A more intimate yet very noticeable extension of this personal latitude is taking place in the advertising and sale of birth-control appliances. Now few persons are quite naïve enough to believe all the claims made for these marvelous devices; emphatically, the writer disclaims his intention of recommending even the best of them. The miracle is, not that they prevent conception, but that no one seems alarmed by their unabashed appearance in our midst. They now fill our drugstore windows and are advertised in our home-going magazines. Five years ago any drugstore window displaying these wares would have been smashed by ardent reformers trumpeting the high moral note, but today it's a regular over-the-counter business, with never a blush or even a preliminary purchase of toothpaste.

Other straws, and some good-sized lumber too, dash by on the rising wind of anti-Puritanism. The long fight to make divorce a private matter between a dissatisfied man and woman—some-what the equivalent of a surgical operation when other, milder therapy has failed—gains ground in every State in the Union. In Vermont, that granite-walled trench of conservatism, a man set on obtaining a divorce is no longer

obliged to go through the vile contortion of hiring a professional co-respondent. Either party can claim "intolerable cruelty" as cause enough for a divorce, as indeed it is. New York State, which shares with South Carolina the grim distinction of having the most archaic divorce law in the civilized world, came within three votes of passing a humane bill of divorcement this year. Only the maneuvers of a stubborn, reactionary Roman Catholic lobby held down the lid of revolt in the State legislature. But it was like trying to put a plug in Vesuvius. Next year, or the year after, the citizens of New York State will insist upon having a divorce law more nearly in consonance with the age.

Minor shivers of the anti-Puritan upheaval persistently jiggle the social seismograph. The nude human body grows commoner and less self-conscious both in life and art; anti-nicotine crusades are voluntarily dropped by discouraged reformers who can no longer convince anybody that tobacco is the original Shrub of Evil. Cock-fighting steps out into the open; censorship of stage and movies is pleasurably less rigid. Staid old Massachusetts entertained legislative proposals for a State lottery this year; police officers are rebuked by busy judges for bringing in "number players" and slot-machine gamblers. And even Mr. Voliva, apostle of the world's flatness, and archetype of the Ban Militant on All Forms of Mortal Pleasuring, finds himself unable to get elected to his own school board. Undeniably, a new spirit of liberalism walks abroad, and a freer temper flashes forth as the moldy tablets of the Puritan decalogue are smashed by well-aimed rocks of protest.

The two most conspicuous facts about this anti-Puritan protest are: (1) its be-

latedness, and (2) the whole-hearted enthusiasm behind it. If commentators are somewhat at a loss to explain why the United States waited so long to make a demi-volt in public morality, they are even more puzzled by the nonchalance of the demi-volters. Today there is almost nothing of guilt on the public conscience as it drinks, gambles and peeps into *Ulysses*. (As Judge John M. Woolsey pointed out, "Every grown person knows all the four letter words, anyway.") Apparently, nobody is suffering from those apprehensions of social ruin that were once the chief ammunition of Thunderers-in-the-Index. The concept of "sin" has quite completely disappeared from our lexicons, and we have somehow dared to assume publicly what we long ago decided privately—that love, alcohol and cigarettes are capable of a use and interpretation not necessarily linked with hell.

How did it all happen? And why, fellow-citizens, did it take so long?

II

The mysterious wrist-lock and full-Nelson by which Puritanism pinned the American people to the mat for three long centuries is one of the great puzzles of the Western world. Why an energetic race, taking possession of a new continent packed with material wealth, should have submitted for three hundred years to a guilt-ridden, tight-lipped morality imported by some starving Calvinists—and how the quavering voice of prudery and reform could so completely overtop the bellying lust of a pioneer people—these are questions that no social investigator has yet answered. I believe, however, that certain neglected aspects of American history offer broad clues that must be followed if we are to understand the

long reign of Puritanism and account for its contemporary crack-up.

It is fairly easy to understand why the original colonists of New England were a dankly moral crowd. English though they were, their theology came straight from Scotland, a land where a stinting diet of oatmeal, a bleak climate and no economic surplus to squander on alleviating joys had made of religion a gloomy hair shirt that kept neither soul nor body warm. Anti-papists all, they could not appeal to the maternal, comfortably upholstered Virgin to mediate between them and the gaunt wrath of God the Father; they had nothing but the Old Testament to ward off his angry chastisements. Prayer and procreation were their only outs; they were powerful in both, but from neither did they obtain the ecstatic relief that makes love and prayer the two happiest of emotional safety-valves.

All this melancholy furniture they imported to America, where for the first few decades they faithfully reproduced the barren existence they had left behind them. Bred in a philosophy of scant, they were spiritually geared to the early privations of Colonial life. But imperceptibly the new country began to creep up on them; its fish-crammed seas, its fertile fields, snug harbors and heavily timbered forests soon became sources of tidy profit; this profit quickly multiplied itself into surplus capital; fleets, mortgages, rum and slaves engaged this capital, and very shortly a few of our first New England families began to accumulate earthly riches in addition to those they were diligently storing up in heaven.

Another race might have laid aside heaven at this point, and gone completely Mammon. But not the Puritan, since, under a convenient interpretation

of his Calvinistic creed, he was not obliged to divorce profit from religion. Every Calvinist hoped and believed that he was among the number of God's Elect, and while no one could be positive, while on earth, of his Heavenly Election, it was very comforting to receive from God strong cash assurances that you were on His list. Such testimony enabled you with a clear conscience to carry on His work, whether by putting usurious thumbscrews on less godly men, or by trafficking in benighted heathen from the coast of Africa. This cashbox theology, which very sincerely made financial success the outward mark of God's presence in one's life, was the origin I believe of the "virtue for profit" motif that still dominates American morality.

But this Pharisaic, property-supporting code of the Eastern merchant was not the only morality being generated in America. As early as 1700 another type of behavior was coloring the crests of those pioneer waves that broke across the American continent. This "frontier morality" was a lustier, honester, more indigenous cult than Puritanism; it was a morality of men without women; of men, also, who were the overflow, the misfits, failures and rebels of the Eastern system. Having no property to entail or wives to fear, they drank, gambled, danced, fornicated, killed and chewed tobacco with a zest that one might have expected from sons living in the bosom of an opulent mother. Frontier morality was our first native American product, the purest culture we ever developed here, and only now are we beginning to refer to it with the nostalgia of men who didn't value a good thing when they had it.

To the mercantile East, however, the

ribaldry and license of the frontier camps was anathema—not only because it reeked of Beelzebub but (and this is much more important) it marked the beginnings of a powerful party of opposition, a democratic organism hostile to the Eastern oligarchy. It is extremely difficult to give this frontier party a local habitation and a name, for at various times its centre has been found in every State west of the Alleghenies, and its leaders have ranged from Andrew Jackson to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet it has a constant characteristic—it has always been composed of men with a strong agrarian bias and an active distaste for Eastern manners, morals and financial methods. Furthermore, it has rarely been in control of our Federal Government. Whenever it has succeeded in gaining control, shrieks of alarm were heard up and down the Eastern seaboard, and mingled with these patriotic noises was the shrill whinny of the Puritan at bay. When, for example, Andrew Jackson descended upon Washington in 1832, the mercantile East saw a democratic danger to be held sternly in check, an opponent to be discredited by every stainful means. Witness, therefore, the reception accorded to Jackson in the New England press. Warnings of danger to the Federal banking system were paralleled by descriptions of the licentious drinking, smutty stories and concubinage that went on among Jackson's henchmen. To the Puritan mind these things actually went hand in hand. Two of the unsolved problems in the life of my old grammar school principal (a Deerfield Puritan) were: how could a great statesman like Abraham Lincoln tell improper stories, and how could that otherwise blameless American character, Chief Justice White, chew tobacco?

III

As long as there was free land to absorb western emigration, American morality was divided into two mutually exclusive camps: the democratic, wide-open West, and the hard-caste, puritanic East. As the Eastern Puritans grew richer, the spiritual differences between the two regions grew more acute. External of dress, manner and diction emphasized these differences, but actually they penetrated much deeper into the realm of what was holy and what was not. Mark Twain, prototype of everything rugged in Western taste and morality, mortally offended Emerson and Longfellow by his "irreverence" at a Cambridge banquet; the irreverence consisted of putting selected lines of their poetry into the mouth of a wandering prospector, juxtaposing the verses so comically that the reader still falls off the hassock with laughter. But not the Cambridge audience; it sat frozenly, then walked out in silence. The Ordeal of Mark Twain was not, as Van Wyck Brooks suggests, that the age forced him to be humorous when he wanted to be a philosopher. His real tragedy was that Eastern prudery emasculated his frontier energy, and docked the native burliness of his wit until it became decorous enough for a Concord Lyceum platform.

This "Lyceum crowd," as Walt Whitman called them, practically canonized our Nineteenth Century culture, and certainly deodorized any uncouth odors wandering in from the West. Until the outbreak of the World War the Eastern mercantile moralists were firmly rooted in the saddle; when they yanked the bit we all gagged, and when they took snuff we all sneezed in unison. As the century turned and the

frontier flush faded, the reform elements were busy consolidating the triumphs of mercantile morality, pointing out with prideful truth that this code was putting plenty of cash into everybody's pocket. Doubtless the Iroquois medicine man used the same argument when the buffalo were running well, for it is the happy duty of all professional religionists to prove that their system alone can successfully propitiate the One, the True, the Fat-Producing Deity.

It has never been pointed out, I believe, that the chief reform eras in the United States closely coincide with periods of great material prosperity. The prudish cloaking of the human body, the wrongly-styled "Temperance Movement" and the axe-wielding crusades of vice-crushing evangelists, were the spiritual corollaries of the vast financial expansion that this country witnessed between 1890 and 1917. These were indeed good buffalo years; wages rose steadily and profits were enormous. It was also a time of unmatched prudery and Puritanism Triumphant. At one time things got so bad in the East that the curator of the Hartford Museum would not permit men and women to view the partially draped Greek statues together. In Malden, Massachusetts, a student could not obtain a copy of Fielding's *Tom Jones* unless he had a note from his doctor or teacher. That sweet innocuous picture "September Morn" was stoned as it hung in a Boston art shop, and Margaret Sanger was arrested in New York City for disseminating birth-control information. San Francisco prostitutes might, as late as 1910, prolong a moribund frontier morality by exposing their wares in uncurtained shop-windows, but in that year Committees of Public Morals

in New York and Philadelphia were pushing the girls deeper and deeper into back-street shadows. Even the great Canfield was put out of business, and when his famous roulette wheel stopped whirling, a mighty shout went up from the Puritan hosts: "Frontier Morality is dead, and its children are crushed beneath the Heel of Righteousness."

Frontier morality *was* dead, and apparently its children were destroyed forever. But actually now, what was happening to the millions of people whose ancestors had been the human surplus of the Eastern clerkaday world, the misfits and rebels of the mercantile system? As long as there was free land they could stretch their energies across it, but when the public lands were exhausted (around 1890) these restless elements of the population began to seep backward, eastward, into the cities. Here they met immigrant hordes flocking the other way; hard times and the grave labor troubles of the 'Nineties were the direct consequences. Significantly, too, the Democratic Grover Cleveland rose to power in these years, and for a time it seemed to the financial East that the "rabble" was about to have its day. But fortunately for the Eastern dollar-moralists and the Republican party, America discovered its new imperialistic policy just in time. World markets were found for American products, and for another thirty-five years there was Fat (and Fine Morals) for all.

This prolonged era of prosperity elevated Profitable Puritanism to such fanatical heights that it became a crime to sell cigarettes in Kansas or a copy of *Jurgen* in Boston. Then, to top everything, the manufacture and sale of alcohol as a beverage was prohibited forever within the borders of the United

States. This was the flood tide of Puritanism; higher the repressive waters could not rise, so they promptly started to ebb. From 1920 onward there was an accelerating decline in private morality; the "lost generation" had its innings, and under the influence of a post-War psychology, even nice women began to absorb gin and smoke cigarettes. Still, as long as prosperity continued, as it did for ten dizzy years of instalment buying, there was a disposition on the part of most Americans to string along with the Public Morality that was stuffing good money into our pay envelopes. So quite apart from what we did in private we continued to offer up public oblations to the gilded calf of Profitable Puritanism.

Not until the bad news broke in 1929 did we fully realize that our morality was printed on the same paper as our stocks and bonds. It was fine stuff while you could cash in on it, but something to write off if you couldn't. So we wrote it off. At the first general election after the crash, the resurgent elements of frontier morality washed over the land again, breaking the altars of the Grand Old Prudy gang, and smothering the advocates of no-longer-profitable-Puritanism under a tidal wave of that traditionally democratic beverage, beer.

It was a glorious victory, and to a long-submerged majority of our people, a mighty gratifying one.

IV

Is the lid off? Will the United States now proceed to enter upon an unrestrained debauch of drunkenness, gambling and sexual excess? Will street-walkers throng our thoroughfares, while uncensored films, literature and art excite our grossest longings? Jeremiahs

are not lacking to predict a hurricane of divorce, filth, drunkenness and venereal disease that will tear us loose from the sweet anchorage of sobriety and sweep us out upon monster-infested seas.

But for at least two reasons I believe that the American people do not intend to be swept from their moorings. In the first place, the indigenous code of *mores* that I have tried to describe under the name "frontier morality" is by no means a clear, unembarrassed thing. Although three centuries of contact with North American soil and climate have had a robust invigorating effect on our physiology, giving us urgent appetites and plenteous means of satisfying them, making us a true "new world" race comparatively free of medieval, European taints—yet there is something more than simple physiology at work among us. Our democratic batter contains a rich mixture of caste-consciousness, property-holding ideology, best described by that imported, much-abused term "bourgeois." Drilled in bourgeois doctrine, twenty million home-owners can not go permanently wrong—the banks holding their mortgages will attend to that! The fact that property is always holier than human life (else why should bank vaults burst with idle money, while human hearts burst with jobless despair?) is the best guarantee that Americans will permit no wholesale dumping of those moral restraints which are admittedly the safeguards of a profit-making, profit-taking society. Moreover, as the possibilities of profit return, there will be a partial recrudescence of the old Puritanistic spirit. Clerks will again be cajoled into believing that abstinence, or at least moderation, is the preferred path to the important money. "I want a clear head for the big deal tomor-

row," is about as effective an argument for virtue as the moralists of this world have ever thought up.

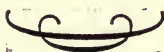
A second major reason why America is not likely to scrap its fly-wheel of restraint can be found in the new "adult responsibility" clause that is being written into the social contract. For under the pressure of hard times it seems that we are actually growing up—and permitting others to do so. The notion that a grown man or woman should be allowed to make his own moral choices and take the consequences is the index, I believe, of a recently developed maturity in our attitude toward our neighbor and ourselves. Now the acceptance of adult responsibility is the single severest trial that men are ever called upon to meet, and even in the best of cases it is achieved only with hesitation and many defeats. But we were weary of lingering forever on the borders of infantilism, taking our moral and psychic orders from knuckle-rapping school-marms, so we broke the ferule of school-marm morality and decided to make a few decisions for ourselves. It was a definite step toward the adulthood to which virile races and individuals aspire. But adulthood presumes responsibility, and it is this newly awakened sense of our responsibility to society and ourselves that will increasingly temper our passions and our lives. The experience gained in trying (and sometimes failing) to rule ourselves will eventually enable us to take the position that men are neither Circcean swine nor salvation-struck fanatics, but something infinitely less simple and better-balanced—organisms capable of slow perfection, yet subject to devastating and understandable relapses into their imperfect past. Also,

there is already current among us a suspicion that certain things in this world are, in and by themselves, not hurtful to health, happiness or profit. The Puritans represented alcohol, sex and playing-cards as devices of Evil, but today we regard them merely as three very excellent means of getting through the long and otherwise difficult hours between work and sleep.

There is a final aspect of present day latitudinarianism that compels our attention here. I speak of the shrewdly pragmatic attitude of the government, both Federal and local, toward the milling masses they have been called upon to govern. Our reigning administrators know that they are stoking a rickety social boiler, one that is hissing perilously at the seams as the internal pressure rises. Rather than lock the safety-valve and court a social explosion, our leaders are permitting the boiler to blow off most entertainingly. It is a standard device of wise governments, and one that never fails to bring relief. As taxes mount and governmental regulation of economic life increases it becomes necessary to loosen up the restrictions on the private lives of the populace. Human beings need slack somewhere and the likeliest, most effective form of slack is in their personal pleasuring. A glass of whiskey may never add a cubit to our moral stature, but it can prevent a mile-high blow-up, both personally and socially. Washington fully realizes that we are

headed for an era of rather tight economic restriction, and seeks to compensate for this restriction by loosening up on what used to be known as "personal liberties." It doesn't make the economic shackles less binding, but most assuredly it sprinkles a pennyworth of soothing talcum on the chafed, uncomfortable parts.

There is a whole school of malcontents who believe that the contemporary crack-up of Puritanism is merely the prelude to the complete ruin of our social system. It is impossible to assert definitely that such ruin can never overtake us, but a scrutiny of the American soul convinces me that our present condition is not one of decay. It is not our social system that falters now; it is Puritanism that withers and dies. It may jolt Americans to be reminded that Puritanism was once a philosophy of personal liberty, that its founders—Pym, Hampden, Milton—were men who gave to the English-speaking race its first notion of democratic self-government, and exalted the freedom of the individual in matters of faith and conscience. But this primitive Puritanism died long ago; embalmed in a barren theology, it lay like a sepulchral weight upon our lives for scores of years. We do not disintegrate spiritually when we now rise to throw it off and embrace a new morality, a stronger, younger one, native to our hardiest forebears, and indigenous to our rich American soil.



Mussolini Muscles In

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

Hitler's meeting with the Italian Fascist last month showed how completely Mussolini dominates European diplomacy today

ONE of the most deplorable consequences of the World War was the extension of the boundaries of the Balkans deep into the heart of Europe. The Balkans used to be regarded as a turbulent region in south-eastern Europe much addicted to staging palace revolutions, murdering kings in their beds, and waging petty though sanguinary wars. Everything in the world is said to exist for a purpose, and the Balkans existed to furnish an inexhaustible source of melodramatic inspiration to the composers of musical comedy and the concocters of Ruritanian romance. But since that fateful day in June of twenty years ago, when an assassination resulting from a sordid Balkan intrigue set in motion a series of billows that gathered volume as they traveled around the world until they became a tidal wave engulfing all humanity, it has not been easy to regard the Balkans in quite so complaisant a mood.

The end of the War saw the disintegration of the whole region of Central Europe formerly united under one sceptre in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The dominions of the Dual Monarchy were partitioned among no less

than seven different sovereignties. The ailment known as "Balkanitis," instead of being confined to a remote backwash of European civilization, has spread like a cancerous growth throughout the length and breadth of the Danubian basin. The boundaries of the Balkans, speaking in psychological rather than geographical terms, now march with those of Italy and Germany. Indeed, if Switzerland be included—and in an article contributed to the June issue of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* I pointed out how far Balkanizing tendencies had progressed in Switzerland—we may even say that the Balkans border upon France. As thus defined, the Balkans comprise ten states. Six of these—Jugoslavia, Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria, Greece and European Turkey—form the Balkans proper, and the other four—Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland—are states of the upper Danubian basin that have become Balkanized by the War and its aftermath.

It is widely recognized that this Balkanization of so large a part of Europe sadly complicates the task of maintaining peace. It has erected a well nigh impenetrable network of tariff

barriers that strangle the trade of the whole region. It has created hundreds of miles of new frontiers that have to be policed and fortified. It has multiplied the number of danger spots where those "incidents" may occur that lead to war.

What are the underlying factors that predispose a region to this ailment? Balkanitis is a disease likely to afflict any part of the world where there are a number of petty states suffering from economic backwardness and cultural immaturity, lacking a firmly established consciousness of national unity, and bedeviled by an insoluble complex of stubborn little racial groups whose linguistic boundaries are so hopelessly entangled with one another that they can not be made to coincide with any political boundary that could conceivably be devised. In both the Balkans proper and the upper Danubian region, the causes that led to this condition were similar. For hundreds of years the Turkish Sultanate and the Habsburg Monarchy had borne sway over territories containing many diverse national, ethnic and linguistic groups. Each imperial system, by establishing a common sovereignty over the subject nationalities, had obliterated their traditional boundaries. During the centuries that elapsed there were continual migrations of population within each empire. One group would gradually and almost imperceptibly infiltrate into the region inhabited by another. But unhappily, though the various groups became inextricably interwoven geographically, they continued to maintain a rigorous exclusiveness linguistically, culturally and socially. With the spread of nationalistic sentiment in the Nineteenth Century, the subject peoples became conscious of their individuality and de-

manded their liberty. Under the pressure of nationalistic uprisings, the Turkish Empire crumbled brick by brick over a period of a century. The Habsburg Empire managed to hold together until the end of the War, but in 1918, like the one-hoss shay, it went to pieces all at once. When the subject nationalities of these two empires gained their independence and sought to go their separate ways, they could not agree where the boundary lines between them should be drawn. Those who had overflowed their original limits naturally wanted to incorporate into their new states all the territories in which they now had or claimed a majority; those whose ancient territories had suffered encroachments insisted upon restoring the historic frontiers of five hundred or a thousand years ago, regardless of present conditions.

Differences of this kind always make for trouble. The tragedy of the situation is that no matter where the boundary line is drawn, there will always be a disaffected group yearning to move the frontier a few miles in this direction or that so that they can belong to the country they regard as their own. And despite the excessive number of petty states already in existence, there are still unhappy minorities like the Macedonians and the Croats clamoring for independent states of their own. It is out of such a complex of thwarted aspirations that wars are born.

II

It would not be so tragic if it were possible to insulate the Balkan region and to localize the wars that inevitably flare up out of this seething broth of humanity. Then the rest of the world could cry "A plague o' both your houses!" and forget about it. But un-

fortunately the rival ambitions of the great powers bordering on the Balkans, who see in the turmoil only an opportunity to extend their influence and sometimes their territory, have prevented the successful consummation of a policy which could be put into effect only by the voluntary coöperation of all concerned. And so the old game continues its dreary round. Some great power takes under its wing a bloc of two or three states. At once their neighbors are alarmed. They hasten to place themselves under the protection of some other great power, which is only too glad to assume the rôle. Rival systems of alliances are built up. There is a long period of increasing tension and a sudden crisis. After a frantic scurrying to and fro of diplomats, a disaster is averted, or at any rate the ensuing war is successfully localized. Peace is eventually restored. Then comes another period of increasing tension. The sequence is repeated again and again. Sooner or later there is sure to be a slip. Two great powers, which may have no direct quarrel with each other, find themselves locked in a life and death struggle in order to "defend" the rights of their little protégés. Each big power has its friends and allies and drags them in after it. A world war is on.

The cardinal importance of the Balkan question may perhaps be better appreciated when we recall that almost every European war of the last sixty years has originated in the Balkans. The list is worth repeating: the Russo-Turkish War (1877-78); the first Greco-Turkish War (1897); the Italo-Turkish War (1911-12); the first Balkan War (1912-13); the second Balkan War (1913); the Great War (1914-18); and the second Greco-Turkish War (1921-22). It is true

that only one of these seven conflicts turned out to be a world calamity, but most people feel that it was one too many.

The game of the great powers which are busily engaged in building up blocs and maneuvering against each other in the Balkans has been in full swing ever since the end of the War, and it now seems to be approaching a major crisis. As the chances are nine out of ten that the next European war will start somewhere in the Balkans, it may be worth while to review the events that are leading up to a climax that may have momentous consequences.

The three great powers that are today fishing in the troubled waters of the Balkans are France, Italy and Germany. France got in on the ground floor right after the War. Her most brilliant coup was the formation of the Little Entente, consisting of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia. These nations had all profited enormously at the expense of the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire; and they therefore had a common interest in keeping the rumps of Austria and Hungary weak, and in seeing that they did not become too friendly with each other or with Germany. This fitted in nicely with France's project of establishing a *cordon sanitaire* around Germany. For years France was without a rival to challenge her hegemony in the Balkan and Danubian regions.

For a decade and a half Germany and Italy were unsuccessful in their attempts to make inroads upon the French position. Germany, of course, was fast bound by the peace treaties. Her attempts at penetration, which invariably took the form of seeking an *Anschluss* or political union with Austria, were consistently balked by France and the

Little Entente. In 1919, Austrian sentiment showed itself to be very definitely in favor of *Anschluss*, but the project was specifically forbidden by the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain. Again in 1931, Germany and Austria negotiated an agreement to establish a customs union between them, but they were obliged to back down. In 1933, Adolf Hitler, himself an Austrian by birth, became Chancellor of the German Reich. The campaign for *Anschluss* was resumed with redoubled vigor. But to his discomfiture, the German dictator found himself faced by a far more resourceful rival. Austria became the scene of a head-on collision between Hitler and Mussolini.

III

Italy had regarded France's hegemony in Central Europe with ill-concealed jealousy. For a long time Italy was unable to make any headway with either of the two main groups—victors and vanquished—into which these nations were divided. From Austria Italy had taken South Tyrol and other territories, and this fact, combined with the bitter memories of a traditional enmity and a recent war, for many years precluded the possibility of any *rapprochement*. At the same time Italy, though one of the victor powers, was unable either to share or to challenge French influence over the Little Entente because of her bitter quarrel with Yugoslavia over the distribution of the spoils taken from Austria. Both countries had claimed Trieste, Fiume and Dalmatia. In the secret London Pact of 1915, Trieste and Dalmatia had been promised to Italy by Great Britain and France as her reward for joining them in the War against the Central Powers; and Italy

subsequently laid claim to Fiume as well.

These demands were in keeping with Italy's long-standing ambition to turn the Adriatic Sea into an Italian lake by securing control of the coast line opposite Italy. The Dalmatian coast possesses a vast number of inlets, harbors and islands, which form a network of ideal submarine nests, while the Italian shore facing it is almost devoid of natural harbors. In consonance with her design, Italy had already before the War spread her tentacles into Montenegro and Albania, which form the continuation of the Dalmatian coast southward.

At the Peace Conference, however, President Wilson vigorously supported Yugoslavia's claim to Fiume and Dalmatia. Hot tempers were further exacerbated when the fiery D'Annunzio, at the head of a private army of adventurers, seized Fiume in September, 1919. Although his action was disavowed by the Italian Government, Italy and Yugoslavia on several occasions seemed to be on the verge of war. Late in 1920, when it became evident that President Wilson was about to fade from the international scene, Yugoslavia expressed a willingness to compromise. Accordingly, the two countries signed the Treaty of Rapallo in November, 1920. By this settlement, Trieste went to Italy and Fiume became a free city. Dalmatia was allotted to Yugoslavia with the exception of the seaport of Zara. In virtue of its predominantly Italian population, this town was successfully claimed by Italy, who thereby assured herself of a foothold on the Yugoslav coast.

Despite the concessions made to her demands, this settlement was regarded by the more extreme Italian national-

ists led by the Fascisti as a diplomatic defeat. Italy was to meet still another setback at the hands of Jugoslavia. Italian relations with Montenegro had become peculiarly intimate in 1896 through the marriage of King Victor Emmanuel (then Crown Prince) with Princess Elena, daughter of King Nicholas of Montenegro. The high hopes kindled thereby were destined to suffer grievous disappointment at the close of the War, when the Montenegrins, to Italy's great disgust, voted for union with Jugoslavia, and King Victor Emmanuel found himself saddled with the duty of extending hospitality to an unemployed father-in-law.

In Albania, too, things did not go so well. Italy had proclaimed a protectorate over that country in 1917, but the declaration was subsequently retracted in the face of combined Albanian and Allied opposition.

IV

Such was the situation when Benito Mussolini took the reins in 1922. The Fascisti bitterly castigated the politicians of preceding Italian régimes, whom they branded as *rinunciatari*, for having neglected Italy's interests when the decisive steps were being taken in the peace settlement. Mussolini immediately set about remedying the situation in his characteristically energetic fashion. In 1924 he compelled Jugoslavia to agree to a revision of the Treaty of Rapallo whereby Fiume was annexed to Italy. In 1926 he negotiated the Treaty of Tirana, a pact of mutual support and coöperation, with Ahmed Zogu, the Mohammedan President of Albania. This caused a hostile reaction in Jugoslavia, and for a time diplomatic relations between that country and Albania were severed. Albania retaliated

by signing a defensive alliance with Italy in 1927. In the following year Ahmed Zogu, assured of Mussolini's support, proclaimed himself King of the Albanians.

Looking farther afield, Mussolini next established close relations with Bulgaria. As one of the vanquished nations, and one which had suffered a loss of territory to both Jugoslavia and Rumania, her feelings for the Little Entente were far from cordial. She proved receptive to Italian influence, which was further cemented in 1930 through the marriage of Princess Joanna of Savoy, daughter of the King of Italy, with King Boris of Bulgaria.

So far, however, Mussolini had not scored any very startling coup. Albania and Bulgaria, with a combined population of only seven million, were but a paltry counterweight to the three members of the Little Entente, which boasted an aggregate population more than six times as great. Any alignment that was seriously to rival the Little Entente required the adhesion of Austria and Hungary, and this was long out of the question. Austria, in fact, looked to Germany to back up her claims against Italy. As late as 1926 there were bitter verbal clashes between Italy and the two Teutonic powers. German politicians and newspapers made vigorous protests backing up Austria's complaints against the harsh methods Mussolini was using to Italianize the German inhabitants of South Tyrol—or Upper Adige, as the Italians have rechristened it. Some even went so far as to advocate a boycott of Italy. It was in reply to this agitation that Mussolini gave utterance to his famous invective against Germany. "We are sufficiently insolent and explicit," he cried, "to substitute a new formula for

an old one, namely, this one: we exact the payment of two eyes for the loss of only one eye and of a whole set of teeth for the loss of only one tooth!"

Later, however, relations with Germany were somewhat improved when Mussolini began his policy of pin-pricking France by harping upon the necessity of conceding Germany the right to rearm on a basis of equality with other nations. In the early part of 1933, when Adolf Hitler seized power in Germany, there was much grandiose talk of the impending formation of a Fascist International by Germany and Italy. An alliance with Italy had long been a cardinal aim of Hitler's foreign policy. To facilitate the attainment of this end, the Nazi spellbinders had received orders to forget all about the wrongs of South Tyrol. Mussolini welcomed Hitler's advances. He was flattered by the success of one who had undisguisedly imitated his methods, and gratified by Hitler's complaisance on the South Tyrol question. Rumors were bruited abroad that the two dictators were contemplating a joint hegemony of the European Continent that would throw France and Russia into the shade.

All these hopes were rudely shattered when Mussolini discovered that Hitler was willing to renounce South Tyrol only as the price of securing Italy's consent to Austro-German union. To this plan Mussolini is unalterably opposed. From the Italian point of view, the greatest benefit of the War had been the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Italy's hereditary oppressor and foe, whose population of fifty million had overhung Italy's Alpine frontier like a vast glacier that might at any time melt into an overwhelming flood. Italy had entered the War in order to remove that menace,

and had succeeded. Would she now be content to see, through the union of Austria and Germany, the Habsburg Monarchy replaced as her neighbor by a still greater German Reich of seventy-three million people—nearly double Italy's population? Hitler might promise to forego South Tyrol today; but after he had effected his union with Austria, what then? How long would he abide by his pledge? Moreover, would not the augmented German Reich, finding itself removed by only fifty miles from access to the Adriatic, begin to hunger for the return of some former Austrian territory in order to have a corridor to the sea at Trieste, just as Poland had obtained a corridor to the Baltic at Germany's expense? No, the *Anschluss* project was unthinkable, and Mussolini soon made that clear. In the early part of 1934, when the Nazi threat to Austria's independence loomed largest, it was even rumored that orders had gone forth to prepare the Italian army for action in the event that Hitler should seek to engineer a *coup d'état* in Austria. Fortunately for Mussolini, the Austrian reaction to Hitler's dictatorial methods played right into his hands.

V

The Fates, or Norns, or whoever they be that prescribe the actions of men, must have a strange liking for irony. Only so would they have ordained that the accession of a son of Austria to the supreme rulership of Germany should have been the decisive factor in turning the sentiment of Austrians against the thought of union with their blood brothers in Germany. Only so would they have decreed that Italy, after having done her utmost to push the Austro-Hungarian Humpty Dumpty off the wall, should have feverishly begun to

marshal all the king's men and all the king's horses, or rather their equivalent in the person of *Il Duce*, in a desperate effort to put the pieces together again. Yes, indeed, the world is out of joint; but it probably never occurs to Mussolini and Hitler to ask themselves whether they were really born to set it right.

Hitler's proscription of the Social Democratic party and his brusque treatment of the Roman Catholics estranged the sympathy of the corresponding groups in Austria. The Austrian Socialists, who had been among the foremost advocates of *Anschluss*, were completely alienated. The Roman Catholics, who had never been more than lukewarm at the notion of union with a predominantly Protestant country, went into active opposition and became the backbone of Chancellor Dollfuss's Fatherland Front, which derives its eclectic inspiration partly from Roman Catholic Clericalism, partly from Italian Fascism, and partly from a revival of Habsburg monarchist sentiment. Only the Austrian Nazis, representing a third or more of the population, remained loyal to the *Anschluss* idea. The Austrian Government, fighting for its very existence against the Nazis, naturally followed Hitler's example in sinking the South Tyrol question in order to win Mussolini's support.

By the middle of 1933, Austria had become the battleground for the three great powers interested in furthering their influence in the Danubian region. Germany suborned the Austrian Nazis to engage in a fanatical and often violent agitation; Italy subsidized Dollfuss; and France lent her moral support to the Socialists—of course not because of any love for the tenets of Marxism, but simply because the Socialists were fight-

ing to keep both Hitler and Mussolini out of Austria, and this coincided with French policy.

Step by step, Mussolini began to squeeze his two rivals out of Austria. The Austrian Nazi party had already been suppressed in June, 1933, and the Italian dictator now egged on Dollfuss to proscribe the Socialists. French diplomatic pressure, discreetly applied, kept the Socialists safe for several months. However, on February 6, 1934, bloody riots broke out in Paris, plunging France into a grave internal crisis of so acute a character that some observers predicted it would end in revolution. For several days the French Government was too preoccupied with domestic troubles to pay much attention to foreign affairs. On February 12, by a strange coincidence, the Austrian Government launched an attack on the Socialists, and, after a sanguinary battle of several days' duration, succeeded in suppressing and destroying the party. Mussolini's first objective, that of breaking up the forces that might become centres of German or French influence in Austria, had been attained.

Mussolini's next step was to win over Hungary to the bloc he was seeking to build up in Central Europe by encouraging her to enter into closer relations with Austria. There was, of course, the long tradition of Hungary's intimate association with Austria as the junior partner in the Habsburg Dual Monarchy. This connection had been rudely broken in the revolutionary upheavals of 1918. The action of the Allied powers in transferring Burgenland Province from Hungary to Austria on the ground that it had a German majority had sown the seeds of discord between the two countries. Although this loss was but a trifle compared with the other territories

which Hungary had been compelled to cede to the Little Entente powers, it served for many years the useful purpose of keeping Hungary and Austria from uniting against their rivals—a result probably not unanticipated by the Allies when the transfer was decreed.

Hungary's foreign policy is dominated by a single idea which can be summed up in one word—revisionism. She is willing to ally herself with any power that will help her to effect a revision of the Treaty of Trianon and a return of at least part of her lost provinces. The agitation of Germany and Italy for revision was watched by Hungary with eager expectation. General Gömbös, the Hungarian Prime Minister, made a point of keeping on good terms with both Mussolini and Hitler. He was somewhat disconcerted when signs of coolness between the two great men made themselves manifest and he found it necessary to choose either one or the other. Mussolini's success in outwitting Hitler in Austria and the petty annoyance caused by Nazi agitation amongst the German minority in Hungary decided Gömbös to throw in his lot with Mussolini.

VI

The organization of the Austro-Hungarian bloc under Italian tutelage assumed formal shape when Dr. Dollfuss and General Gömbös foregathered with Signor Mussolini at Rome on March 17 and drew up three treaties—one political and one economic protocol signed by all three parties, and one economic protocol applying to Austria and Italy only.

The political protocol pledged the three powers "to agree among themselves on all problems which particularly interest them and on those of a general nature in order to pursue . . .

a common policy directed to promote effective collaboration among European States, particularly among Italy, Austria and Hungary. For this purpose the three governments will proceed to common consultation whenever any one of them considers it desirable."

The economic protocols were designed by Mussolini for the purpose of attaching his two clients to him by giving them the trade outlets they so badly need and have not heretofore been able to obtain anywhere else. They established general principles of coöperation which were worked out in detail by eight supplementary interlocking accords signed on May 14. The salient provisions of these economic accords may be summarized as follows: Italy and Austria contracted to purchase a specified quantity of Hungarian wheat at a price above the prevailing market rate; Italy and Hungary agreed to grant lower tariffs to exports of Austrian manufactures; Austria and Hungary promised to use the Italian ports of Trieste and Fiume as far as possible in their foreign trade (a measure calculated to divert traffic from the German port of Hamburg, which is already suffering from the depression and the Jewish boycott); and all three countries pledged themselves to promote trade generally among themselves by a system of reciprocal tariff concessions.

Although the protocols were significant of the trend of Italian policy, they were not very startling in their formal content. Ostensibly, they were directed against no other power; indeed, the pious hope was even voiced that Germany, the Little Entente and any other countries that were so inclined would see their way clear to adhere to the pacts. But the spirit underlying the agreements was revealed quite frankly

by Mussolini in an address delivered on March 18—the day after the signing of the protocols—before the Quinquennial Assembly of the Fascist Party. Mussolini made it clear that it was Italy's policy to prevent Austria's absorption by Germany and to support Hungary's claims to treaty revision at the expense of the Little Entente. "Austria may be assured she can count on Italy at all times," he declared. "No effort will be spared by Italy to assist her. . . . Hungary has asked for justice and for the fulfilment of promises that had been made to her. She has been terribly mutilated and millions of her people live in foreign lands. Italy has supported and will continue to support Hungarian aspirations. Hungary deserves and will have a better place than has been reserved for her hitherto." This speech, taken in conjunction with General Gömbös's subsequent statement that Hungary could not enter into political compacts with any country that did not admit Hungary's right to treaty revision, made it patent that Mussolini's bloc was actively directed against the Little Entente, and, in the sense that it was intended to serve as a buffer against any extension of Nazi influence in Austria, against Germany as well. In Yugoslav circles especially the reaction was one of alarm, for they suspect that Mussolini's ardent championship of the claims of Hungary is simply a pretext for furthering his own design of acquiring Dalmatia for Italy.

VII

As the situation now stands, therefore, we see most of the nations of the Danubian and Balkan regions arrayed against each other in two rival blocs, each under the patronage of a great power. Under France's tutelage are the

three states of the Little Entente, with a combined population of forty-seven million. Under Italy's protection is a four-power bloc composed of Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Albania, with a total population of twenty-three million.

So far Germany has been unsuccessful in building up a bloc of her own. General Göring, the Prime Minister of Prussia, made a good will tour of the Balkans on behalf of the German Government in the latter part of May, in the course of which he visited Yugoslavia, Greece and Hungary; but he apparently brought home no bacon. His original itinerary included Rumania, but this country was omitted when her Government intimated that a visit from Göring would prove embarrassing.

The establishment of Mussolini's influence over Austria and Hungary at one blow deprived Germany of her two most logical allies. Mussolini's coup, coming almost simultaneously with Soviet Russia's *rapprochement* with France, reminded Hitler that he was treading upon ground that still shivered with the reverberations of 1914. Germany lost the last war because Italy, after weighing the bribes that both sides were willing to offer her, threw in her lot with the Allies instead of the Central Powers, thus completing the iron ring that France and Russia had forged to hem Germany in. If Hitler were to persist in his designs upon Austria, he would be likely to make Mussolini's fear of Germany outweigh his jealousy of France. Should Italy join a Franco-Russian bloc aimed at Germany, the eagle of Prussia would be caged before she had a chance to try out the new pair of wings with which Hitler has equipped her. All his dreams of world power would come to naught. It is ob-

vious that he would be prepared to pay almost any price to avert such a diplomatic disaster and to keep Mussolini favorable to the notion of German military equality. So he decided to follow the example of that German King of nine centuries ago who, when excommunicated and threatened with deposition by an inexorable Italian Pope, made the journey to Canossa to pay the price of his reinstatement into grace. On June 14, 1934, the German Chancellor, using a somewhat more modern means of transportation than his predecessor, flew by airplane to Venice to win the favor of an Italian dictator who has inherited the mantle of authority worn of old by the popes. Pope Benito did not make King Adolf wait barefoot in the snow for three days, but he demanded his price and Hitler paid it. Hitler renounced his most cherished ambition—to unite the land of his birth with the land of his adoption. Beneath the smiling countenance with which he greeted Mussolini, his resentment must have been bitter—all the more bitter because he dared not display it openly. His heart can not but deny the pledge framed by his lips—and Mussolini must

be shrewd enough to sense that in the long run it is a man's heart that determines his actions, and not his lips. Should the opportunity ever present itself to Hitler to renege on his pledge with safety—but such conjectures belong to the future.

It is not at present possible to assess all the consequences of Hitler's *rapprochement* with Mussolini. It opens a new chapter—and needless to say, an ominous one as usual—in the extremely involved network of intrigue that has fouled all the diplomatic fishing-lines of Europe ever since Hitler strode upon the scene. Even Mussolini does not seem to be overconfident of the outcome; as he stood, side by side with Hitler, on a Venetian balcony, he explained to the throng of Italians gathered below the significance of the historic meeting; and with a quotation from his speech we may fittingly close.

"Let it be said again," he shouted, "Europe is faced by a terrible alternative. Either she can achieve a minimum of political understanding, of economic collaboration, of social comprehension, or her doom is irrevocably sealed!"



Louisa, Lady Whitney

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A Story

WHENEVER I go to England for any length of time, I make it a point to spend a week-end with my friends the Parkers, who live in Wiltshire. It isn't easy for a Frenchman to understand how pleasant and self-contained life can be in the rural districts of England. Wiltshire is such a lovely place, all sand-hills and chalk-cliffs and grass and gardens, and the nicest little country-houses, and the nicest people, retired army officers and farmers who don't have to farm, and diplomats who aren't on parade. They read a little, and they ride a little, and they visit the antique-shops of Bath, and they grow flowers. Such things occupy them; they smile at those who lead fuller and more foolish lives. My friends the Parkers are only two hours' train-ride from London; they've never been there since the Armistice. That's not easy to believe, is it?

What is it that makes their days so peaceful and so happy? Well, I think that it's a sense of beauty. The Parkers, for instance, collect a sort of dull, greenish-blue glass, Waterford glass, I think it is; they buy landscapes, or new bits of old furniture; they restore a panel in the wainscot. And all their friends are just like them. They'll call upon each

other to admire some fresh acquisition, some novel arrangement of the old, a walk that's just been flagged or tiled, a curtain, a drapery that's new. They're weighty judges, though they're kind; they can tell that a few inches of lead molding have restored a window to its old perfection. Gravely they nod, and approve, and even the stranger is as breathless as his hosts, and as relieved. Throughout all Wiltshire the good news spreads: "Reggie has completed his library; it's just right. . . . Mrs. Parker has finished the embroidery for her sofa-cushions. The colors are an awfully good match." To me, their seriousness, their preoccupation with pleasant trifles is rather delightful, after the melodramatic ardors I'm used to at home.

One morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Parker said something about a Ted Grove, who'd be dropping in that afternoon.

"Really?" said Colonel Parker. "I'm glad of that. Nice chap, Grove," he said, to me. "You'll find him interesting."

Now I've known the Colonel for a long time, and the worst way to get a story out of him is to ask him questions. So I nodded. After lunch, I had a letter to write, and when I rejoined my hosts upon the lawn, there was a fine hearty

old gentleman talking to them. His gay, youthful eyes and his fresh color mocked the snowy whiteness of his hair. It's often so, with elderly Englishmen; youth never seems quite to leave them. I thought him about sixty, and was astonished later to learn that he was close to seventy-five. "Sir Edward Grove, our neighbor," Mrs. Parker said, and we shook hands, and then the conversation I had interrupted was resumed. It seemed they'd been discussing the method of cutting boxwood hedge during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Mrs. Parker belongs to a species which in England is numerous and exuberant. She is a gardener. She knows the Latin names of flowers, and their ways, and how much sun is good for them. No one is more skilful in planning borders of bright blossoms, so that from spring to autumn a path may have the colors of a Chinese rug, vivid, and fading, and yet of a pattern always. When she walks in a garden, she looks about with the shrewd eyes of a doctor entering a sick-room, or a captain making a barracks-inspection, and alert for errors. Throughout Wiltshire, she's the acknowledged authority on roses. People write to her anxiously, and she replies, and she spends many a morning in such correspondence. An open seed-catalogue is beside her, and she flutters its pages and wrinkles her brows seeking to judge what sort of design, what flowery cluster will at once express the personality of her friends and at the same time suit them best.

Having finished with boxwood, they continued with peonies, and then with tulips, and were about to go into the matter of flower-borders. Meanwhile, I was doing my best to show an intelligent interest in these horticultural matters. Sir Edward Grove, doubtless satisfied

at least of my good intentions, said to Mrs. Parker. "Do you think he'd care to see Lady Whitney's garden?"

"I'm sure he should," she said.

"Good! You'll be over a little later, then. Look here—if you'll excuse me, suppose I run along, then, and let her know you're coming. You see, of course—none of us are as young as we were—the least little surprise puts her off, a little."

"Of course," said Mrs. Parker, and smiled at him.

We accompanied him across the fields to a little gate which opened on a golf course. "Cheerio!" he said. "Twenty minutes or thereabouts? Cheerio!" And we watched him swing away with fine long strides, his white head bare to the sun.

"We'll give him a few minutes, shall we?" said Mrs. Parker. We went back through the fields to a bench on the lawn. "I think perhaps I'd better explain—Lady Whitney—to you," she said, and looked at her husband.

"That's a long story," said the Colonel. "Hardly have time."

"Well, you'll help me—Lady Whitney is ninety years old. . . ."

I murmured something. It doesn't matter much what one murmurs, in such circumstances, if the lady has decided she's going to tell you something.

This is what she told me, as we sat there on the lawn.

II

"Can you imagine, a woman who was born the year of the coronation of Queen Victoria—Louisa Cooper, she was, good County family, and all that. There were three girls, all quite beautiful, but Louisa was the loveliest. Her mother's mother was born in Scotland,

but her own mother was County, too. Well. Some said that Louisa's elder sister, Diana, had the more classic features. Diana was afterwards Duchess of Surrey. It's true that Louisa's nose is a little aquiline, but her eyes are so big and blue, and it's easy to see that she must have had a perfect figure. And when women agree that a woman is beautiful, well, then, so she is. And among all the women of her generation, her reputation as a beauty still survives. From the moment when she was presented, she was the toast of the town.

"London was surprised, and perhaps a little sorry when at nineteen she married Lord Whitney. He was at least fifty, and a widower. The marriage was arranged by her father, who was—well, like quite a lot of County fathers. Doubtless he considered it a brilliant match. The Whitneys were the very best people in the County, and they were tremendously wealthy, too. Many of Louisa's friends (my mother was one of them) had some idea that she would find interests other than her husband, before long. They were wrong, though no woman had more chances. She was awfully attractive to men, always. At the Court, Lady Whitney had a place that was all her own. Queen Victoria was as fond of her as if she'd been her daughter; the Queen had so much maternal affection—she displayed it even toward her parents. And the German Emperor invited Louisa to Compiegne every year, and they used to call her '*Die hubsche Engländerin*'—the nice Englishwoman. In Vienna, which used to be full of raving beauties, they'd turn around in the street to look at her.

"Lord Whitney was a possessive husband. He didn't want her out of his

sight, even when he was hunting or fishing. In the shooting-boxes of Scotland, he expected her to come to dinner in jewels and an evening-gown. Oh, in some ways he was good enough to her. He showered her with gifts. She had a taste for paintings and she'd only to admire a picture and he'd get in touch at once with all the art-dealers in the world. There are some splendid Italian primitives hanging in Whitney House. Oh, yes, he gave her everything—everything except freedom, and romance, and the society of nice young men.

"The thing that's so astonishing is that she didn't seem unhappy because of his jealousy, or his exactions, or his—well, stodginess is not too strong a word. I've said that she was partly Scotch. Perhaps that gave her certain religious scruples, or a sort of militant Protestantism. She lived, according to her husband's wishes, in the very centre of the smartest set; she never belonged to it.

"You've heard of Dr. Cummings? He was a clergyman, and rather famous in his day. He was preaching in London concerning the prophecies of the Apocalypse, which he professed to be able to interpret. For example, he announced that the New Jerusalem would come in 1867. Lady Whitney followed his sermons faithfully. They tell that just as other women invite their friends to meet them in their boxes at the opera, she'd ask her friends to share her pew in the little church at Crown Court. You'll remember a passage in the Apocalypse, about a woman. 'All shining with the light of God.' When Dr. Cummings came to that verse, many a man in his congregation must have turned to look at her.

"When she was thirty-five, her hus-

band had a stroke of apoplexy. It left him a helpless invalid. It's easy to believe that such a woman, having a little more freedom, should be courted by some of the brilliant men of her time. She'd smile at them, and shake her head, and tell them that her husband's condition imposed still greater obligations upon her, and that she meant to devote herself to her children. There were four, and three of them were boys.

"At her home, she'd receive a few friends only, and these the dearest ones. Among them was Mr. Disraeli, who'd call upon her almost every day on leaving Parliament. He wrote to her, as he did to Lady Bradford, letters that were intimate, and fantastic, and full of melancholy.

"When Lord Whitney died, of course every one thought she'd lose no time in getting married again. But that's just what didn't happen. Was she considering that her children might be less happy if she gave them a step-father? Was she encouraged to accept her widowed state by the example or the advice of the Queen? Such things we can't know. The fact is that she rejected some of the most eligible men in England.

"When Lady Whitney wasn't far from forty, her friends began to notice that she was receiving marked attentions from a young lieutenant whose name was Grove, Edward Grove. He was a fine sportsman, a crack shot and a wonderful rider, and everybody seemed to like him. He was fifteen years younger than Louisa, and in those Victorian days, almost any other woman would have been inviting serious criticism. But Lady Whitney was above reproach. One might think, and perhaps many did, that her interest in

him was almost maternal. The truth was that they were mad about each other.

"Sir Edward has often told me that, when he received the offer of a post in the Soudan, Lady Whitney implored him to accept it. 'You mustn't stay here,' she said. 'I can't marry you, ever. It wouldn't do for my sons to have a step-father scarcely older than themselves. You yourself would be awfully sorry, in a few years—I'm quite sure I love you; you're sure, too. It's just because I do that I mustn't hold you. This post in the Soudan is one of the most important that could possibly be offered to an officer of your rank, and your years. I'll never forgive you, if you decline it. When you come back again, you'll see. It's just Indian Summer, with me, dear—and it's been so nice. But wait until you see what hardships and responsibilities do to your illusions. A few years from now, we'll be able to look at each other sensibly and calmly, yes, and with affection too. But now, it's best for you to go.'"

Colonel Parker looked at his watch, and smiled.

"And it's best for us to go, too," he said. "We were to give Grove a quarter of an hour; it's twenty minutes since he left, and it will take us that long again. You can tell the rest of it as we go along."

We walked through the fields and out the little gate across the golf course. It was a week-day, and there wasn't a soul to be seen. In the distance, Whitney House nestled among the huge trees like a palace in a fairy tale. The sun was hot above our heads, and we went slowly.

And Mrs. Parker told me a little more, about Louisa, Lady Whitney.

III

"Jack could tell you better than I can about the military situation in Egypt before Kitchener's victory. However, the details don't matter such a lot, and I'll get all mixed up, if I'm not careful.

"The important thing is this, and no doubt you yourself know all about it: the country west of the Nile and beyond Khartoum was very dangerous. It wasn't well-mapped, and it was full of fanatics and trouble-makers. And, of course, it was a time when all the great European powers were squabbling over the division of Africa like a lot of greedy children. The territory of which I'm speaking was coveted by your country, by our own, and even by Belgium, to whom, if I'm not mistaken, we had ceded a province that never really belonged to us.

"Grove, with a mere handful of men, had orders to occupy a region that was scarcely smaller than Scotland. His task was all the more difficult because it was only semi-official. Mr. Gladstone governed England, then, and Mr. Gladstone was bitterly opposed to imperialism. But a Cabinet isn't necessarily all of the same mind, by any means. There were some of the Ministers who considered it highly important to anticipate a possible French advance which would cut off communication between Egypt and southern Africa (and you'll remember that Marchand business, and it proves how right they were).

"It was one of these imperialistic Ministers who had taken young Grove aside, when he was starting for the Soudan, and told him just what he was expected to do. It was the sort of duty which was certain to be delicate, and

Grove's position was bound to be—well—ambiguous. His instructions were verbal, you see, and given privately to him by the Minister in question. And it's quite possible that Lady Whitney knew all about it, beforehand, because of her intimacy with the Queen, and because of her friendship with many of the influential men in both Houses.

"All this may seem a little involved but really it isn't. Grove was being sent to do definite things in the Soudan, under definite orders. But he had nothing in writing, and if he failed, his orders might be repudiated.

"Of course, our method during the Nineteenth Century was frequently just that. It's cruel, yes, in a way; it's hard on the individual. The Government would send men into danger for the sake of new provinces or new dominions. If they succeeded, very well; they'd be rewarded for their daring and the territory they had seized would be formally annexed. But if they'd fail, or if the Continental powers made too much fuss, then they'd be disclaimed, discredited, abandoned. It's to our honor that we've always had men ready to play a game as rough as this.

"So young Captain Grove was doing what Francis Drake had done, and what Chinese Gordon was to die doing, later on. You see?

"A year went by, and two years.

"At first, Lady Whitney would hear from Grove week by week. Then, as he was advancing into the wilder regions, his letters became less frequent. . . .

"One day, the *Times* published a little article some ten lines long, stating that the company commanded by Captain Grove had fallen into an ambush near Tawaihna, that Lieutenant Winkler and four men had been killed,

and that the survivors had taken refuge in the little village of Fogo. They had fortified this place as best they could, and were withstanding siege by a rebel native tribe, the Zobeir. This intelligence was brought in to Khar-toum by a soldier disguised as a native, and Grove's dispatch was to the effect that there was food and ammunition to last two months. But the dispatch was already three weeks old. The situation of Grove and his men seemed to be critical indeed.

"Now, you'll remember what I was saying before about the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone hated the idea of foreign conquest, and he spoke of these fanatical Soudanese as if they were some of his pram-pushing constituents. However, there were also Ministers who were more imperialistic than Beaconsfield had ever been.

"One of them had given Grove his instructions. I won't name him; suppose we call him Wilkinson. To him, young Grove was only another pawn to be pushed forward more or less cynically across the African chess-board. If things didn't go as well as they might, well, there'd be other young men to send. Still, Wilkinson did speak before the Cabinet of the urgency of Grove's case, and asked them to send a relief expedition. But Mr. Gladstone slapped the table with the big hand that cut down trees at Hawarden, and declared flatly that he wouldn't send even a corporal's guard against the honest citizens of the Soudan who had done nothing but defend themselves. So Wilkinson knew that the game was up for Grove and his aides.

"But the unfortunate thing for Minister Wilkinson was that a woman had read that little article in the *Times*, a

woman well-informed concerning the affairs of state, and one who knew what fate was theirs who fell into the hands of the Dervishes.

"I don't know if you can quite understand how hard it was, how dangerous for her reputation, in those Victorian days, for Lady Whitney to take a hand in this. This young man's name had already been whispered in connection with hers. She knew that.

"With you French, it's so different. It's rare, in France, that a mere sentimental adventure can ruin a political career. With us, even today, in the post-War time when one dares to write anything, to say anything, and to do a little more than one will write or say, I doubt whether a public man could survive a scandal. Imagine what it was like in Queen Victoria's time. Think of Dilke, think of Parnell. As for the woman in the case, it was still worse for her. I don't believe that the Victorians were any better than we are. But they were careful of appearances, and if they were caught, woe betide them!

"You see what it was Lady Whitney was risking—the favor of the Queen, of the Court, of her children. She shrugged, and made her decision.

"Wilkinson was delighted to give her an audience.

"No one knows exactly what took place at that interview. Imagine the scene—the Minister cold, polite, a seasoned diplomat; Lady Whitney, outwardly sedate and calm, and only the flash of her big blue eyes to show that she was fighting for her lover.

"I'm not quite sure that Grove himself knows exactly what was said. There they were, Wilkinson and this beautiful woman measuring swords, keeping their veil of politeness, of good manners. She knew a great many state se-

crets, that is sure, and one of the most influential editors in London was her friend. Perhaps she threatened Wilkinson—but no: a great lady never threatens. What she may have said to him is: Mr. Wilkinson, I know this, I know that; there was this conversation, at Whitney House; there was this letter, this memorandum, which was shown to me. . . .

"Then doubtless Wilkinson, who was an orator, painted a picture of public scandal and its consequences, as she listened, grave and detached and untrembling. Her decision was made; nothing he could say would change it. Either Wilkinson would move heaven and earth to save Grove's life—or else—or else many a reputation would topple in the dust. . . ."

IV

"It ought to be said," interrupted Colonel Parker, "that this—uh—this Wilkinson wasn't really opposed to her idea. Grove was his man, you know, and he'd already done what he could for him. No doubt, while he was talking to Lady Whitney, he was wondering whether the fact that she was interested in Grove wasn't enough to make him reopen the matter. She was a very powerful woman, you know. And it's like a woman to imagine a lot of melodrama, and all that. Of course, it's true that she did go to Wilkinson."

"She went to him, and that night Wilkinson went to Gladstone. That's so, isn't it, Jack? He went, and threatened him with a noisy resignation and a statement to the newspapers, if orders weren't sent to Cairo immediately to send an expedition after Grove. It was a time when the parties were nicely balanced, and a resignation might make a whole new election necessary.

. . . I shouldn't insinuate all this, perhaps. . . . However, a few days later, a number of little gun-boats left Khar-toum. There were various consequences of this, but one of them was the rescue of Grove's company.

"He returned to London a hero. Wilkinson was a good sportsman; he saw to it that Grove got the D.S.O.—a decoration that's rare enough for a Captain of thirty. Society speculated as to which of that year's débutantes would catch the dashing young officer. The young girls made quite a lion of him. The War Office and the Viceroy wrangled over him—he became—but there he is, look, opening the little gate by the orchard. . . ."

"Can't you tell me what happened? Did he marry? Or was he faithful to Lady Whitney?"

"He's been faithful to her for forty-five years, although she's never consented to marry him."

I'd have liked to ask another question, but Sir Edward Grove might have overheard.

"Well!" he said. "I suppose it was Parker who delayed you Lady Whitney's waiting for you, in the park. He turned to me. 'Wait till you see how lovely she is,' he said.

The young enthusiasm in his voice was touching; he had the proud and bashful air of one who presents his fiancée to his friends. Mrs. Parker looked at me and smiled.

We went in at the little gate and walked slowly up a path fringed with linden-trees. There we met a lady, tall and slim and straight and gracious, who was wearing one of those big straw hats one sees in Winterhalter's pictures, and leaning on a cane so tall it might have been a shepherd's crook. Her black dress was relieved by a little

pattern of white flowers. She walked slowly, and with dignity and grace. No one could ever fail to notice her, or to admire her. Her voice was clear and sweet, and had no feebleness. Learning that I was French, she began to speak of the Emperor Napoleon III, and of Gallifet, whom she knew well, and then of William II.

"He was an awfully bad little boy," she said. "How he used to annoy poor dear King Edward."

"You knew King Edward, Madame?" I said.

"Well, I taught him to dance," she said. "He was quite diligent. He'd count out loud: one, two, three, one, two, three."

"Here's the tree I was telling you about," said General Grove. The Parkers went forward a pace or two with him.

"You've been talking to Ted!" said Lady Whitney. "Isn't he clever? Ah! There aren't any men like him, nowadays."

In her turn, she'd spoken these words with an enthusiasm quite fresh and youthful. Beneath the fringe of her white hair, her beauty still was blazing, and her blue eyes were bright, though they seemed to me brave rather than kind.

"Lady Whitney," said Mrs. Parker. "I do think your linden-trees need pruning."



The Silver Cart Before the Horse

BY H. P. LOSELY

Congress in its last bit of legislating on money overlooked some exceedingly vital aspects of the silver situation

IN THE battle of gold against silver for money, I am a neutral, as neutral as the Irishman in 1914—I don't care who licks the depression. For the insignia on my arm is neither golden cross nor silver crescent, but the cogged wheel of interlocking industry. And industry is worn to exasperation with the swashbuckling tactics of the two petty barons under their gold and silver banners, who between them produce for each family in the world less than a paltry ten cents' worth of metal a month, yet arrogantly dictate our financial destinies.

The political silver parade has unfortunately enlisted under its standard much narrowly selfish support. One sees the pennants of insatiable mining communities, of greedy speculators, of dishonest inflationists and even of misguided farmers. The propaganda became so clamorous that Neil Carothers sarcastically suggested, as a measure of national economy, that all the silver lobbyists be gathered in a corner and bought off with a lump sum; the words "and then drowned" were missing, but the venom was there. Unfortunately, any such recognition of the nuisance value of noise would be a premium on recurrent pandemonium.

Certainly, the Silver Purchase Act of 1934 provides neither a lump-sum lolly-pop, nor a final judgment of the merits of silver for currency. It seems rather an astutely devised measure for testing the market and, so far at least, the market itself reflects the opinion that its powers will be used with elaborate caution. So much so that we are likely to hear silver-tongued orations for months to come. Like a dethroned monarch, the white metal has its adherents who conspire to restore it to its "rightful place" and gain by the restoration.

Yet in spite of all the false claims made, it would be of immense benefit to the world, and especially to the relations between East and West, if the long-debated position of silver could be convincingly settled. As any arbitrator knows, no dispute is ever peaceably and permanently settled without considering the merits of any and all claims, even when the claimants advance meretricious arguments along with meritorious ones. We might make more progress by adopting that attitude, and in searching for a reasonable and acceptable solution of the silver question might find some important factors hitherto overlooked.

II

It will presently be evident that my conclusions are in favor of placing some of the monetary load on silver—making silver do something for us, rather than “doing something for silver.” But lest I be suspected of heretical doctrine, let me at once restate, in a way that can be easily grasped, the simple facts which make gold the superior medium of international exchange.

Gold attained its place by intrinsic merit. Its high value was achieved by virtue of an insistent demand for it for a wide-spread use in the arts, by book-binder and dentist, by pen-maker and jeweler. That exceedingly clever protagonist of British interests, John Maynard Keynes, only two years ago was calling gold a worthless rascal and barbarous relic; somehow one felt reminded of the old fable of Maître Reynard who wanted grapes but discoursed on the dangers of stomach-ache. Yet no intricacies of calculus are needed for the plain demonstration that in 1931, long before we went off our old standard, monetary demand for gold had added only about twenty per cent to the value of the metal. The normal demand for gold as a commodity can only be satisfied by working some of the high-cost mines.

It was the high real value of gold, together with its availability in reasonably sufficient quantity, its quality of permanence and its adaptability to coinage, that made it the most suitable *tangible* medium for settling payments—and it still retains that position.

Gold has a decided margin of superiority over silver in that respect. That is evidenced by the comparative shipping charges; for example, Anglo-

American shipping cost is only one-fourth cent per dollar for gold, but three-fourths cent for silver; storage and trucking costs are even more favorable to gold. That may seem a small margin, but it is just by such small competitive advantages that commercial supremacy is gained or lost. It is because of that one-half per cent economy in moving balances that gold displaced silver in international business, and for the undisturbed transaction of that business there is no better available mechanism than a money unit of fixed gold content.

Now it has been widely asserted that we can not have a dollar of fixed gold content and also of constant purchasing power. That is an error perpetuated by repetition *ad nauseam*. People looking for a scapegoat were all too easily convinced that a shortage of gold was at the root of our troubles. The fact is that we can have a gold dollar of fixed weight and constant value, providing we are willing to take the necessary measures to balance supply and demand for the metal at a given cost level. And since the whole magnitude of the gold mining business is in the order of twenty-five cents a year per caput, or about one part in three thousand of our national productivity, we could well afford to concede some “new deal” method of dealing with it, so as to stabilize the value of gold. About two years ago, I suggested in the REVIEW graduated excise taxes on gold used in the arts as one necessary step in the management of the demand for the metal.

However, it is not incompatible with adherence to the ideal of a fixed gold standard to admit that monetary demand for the metal may at times become devastating, and that a relief

valve might help to keep the pressure below the danger point. Some four years ago the late Harrington Emerson pointed out that, with the exception of our money-standard metal, every commercial commodity has one or more alternates. If there is a short wheat crop, we can make bread out of rye, or even potatoes. Every coal dealer now knows that oil is also a fuel. Wool is preëminent for warm clothing, but we have not quite abandoned furs and skins, and have even added artificial leather.

It is only in our management of money standards that we have granted a monopoly to a single commodity, and so placed our price system at the mercy of geological accident, as well as financing accidents. In the final analysis, the real case for silver as an auxiliary medium rests on a statistically demonstrable basis—as a help to manage the demand for gold and keep that demand within the available area of supply at a stable cost. Even under normal conditions, it is likely in the proximate future that the secular growth of demand for gold, left to itself, would drive the cost into a new range of high prices.

III

There was recently an important bridge in Mr. Mellon's bailiwick which needed repairs and adaptation to heavier loads; it was at first thought that the bridge would have to come down and be replaced by a new structure. Had traditional methods been used, that is what would have happened. But in the home of aluminum, some one had the bright idea of reducing the dead-load by taking out some of the heavy steel members which carried the roadbed and replacing them with light

alloys. The bridge was so saved and its useful life has been extended for at least another decade.

If we can similarly recognize that the load on the golden bridge which carries our commerce and finance is getting beyond the safety point, we may well follow advanced engineering practice and see if some bold thinking will save it. I do not concede the need for us to await any international agreement on bimetallism; indeed, with the present temper of intense nationalism and disregard for international obligations, one could place little reliance on such a system. What has not been noticed is that our own metallic position in the United States offers a special and peculiar opportunity for a limited domestic bimetallism.

Apart from our ample stock of gold, we rank high enough in our per caput production; even though we only produce one-tenth of the world's new gold, we have only one-fifteenth of the world population and are accustomed to a wide use of paper accounting. Our silver resources are, however, much greater than those of gold, and could be made more valuable to the nation as a whole.

As the essential advantage of gold over silver depends on the low shipping cost of the metal, it is evident that its superiority is of little importance for *domestic* transactions which, under a secure government, can be liquidated by paper accounting, without actual movement of metal. What we do need is *full value* behind the paper. We have at present more gold than we really need and would do well to release some of it in a trade with others who are in greater need of it. Certainly, if some of our money base can be equally well provided by silver as by gold, then our

impounding of an excessive part of the world's monetary supply for domestic use is not merely selfish, it is not even intelligently selfish.

Of course, if we had a Utopia, where every one understood money and adhered to principles of strict financial integrity, we could manage all our domestic transactions with paper money correlated to bona-fide commercial operations. The Federal Reserve note, issued only against full value of commodities in transit and retired on completion of the transfer, is perfectly honest money; the additional legal reserve of gold is a safety factor against the occasional failure of the transaction to go through as expected. But a silver certificate for one dollar issued with no more backing than forty-five cents' worth of silver at the market is dishonest money. We should insist at all costs on full value behind paper in circulation.

IV

Suppose that we do wish to use silver to a wider extent for backing currency, without questioning the dominance of gold in the international field as the ultimate standard. What is to prevent our doing so? There is really only one valid reason: the instability of its market value, relative to the standard metal. Can that be remedied, at least within our own boundaries?

Popular opinion, judging by general rules rather than particular circumstances, assumes that the price of silver is simply the result of the much-misunderstood law of supply and demand, so that there is nothing much one can do about it except let nature take its course—the one thing civilization never does, because it never can afford to. Mr. E. L. Bernays, past master in the art

of influencing public demand, has a far sounder concept of economic law than some of our professional but stiltedly conventional economists. Demand is no more a fixed quantity than is the size of a penny balloon; it can be puffed up or deflated.

The silver-for-money advocates in Washington have lacked understanding and put their cart before the horse. They want to use silver for money to take it off the market, and so make it ostensibly more valuable. That is a strategic mistake. We had confidence in gold because we knew it could be fed out to the arts and used up. But under our recent management of silver, we have piled up an unmanageable surplus; the lack of confidence as to its future value is the logical and natural result. The very first essential to engender confidence in silver as the basis of money is a manipulation of demand to demonstrate that the silver on hand can actually be used up. That demonstration need not go to the extent of consuming all the supplies, but it must go to the extent of showing that all new silver can be turned into consumption channels. That is simply the elemental common sense of the pawnbroker who declines to lend on unsalable merchandise.

What have we to dispose of in our territory? Our conditions for disposal of silver as a commodity are exceptionally favorable if properly handled. Inasmuch as three-fourths of our new silver is the by-product of lead, zinc and copper mining, our maximum output comes just at the period when the capital-goods industries are flourishing, that is, when general purchasing power is at its highest. Under such peak conditions, we may extract as much as 60,000,000 ounces a year, while under

depression conditions, the output may recede below 20,000,000 ounces.

In the prosperous times, when we mine 60,000,000 ounces, it has been estimated that as much as 20,000,000 ounces go to Rochester to be dissolved in nitric acid. Eastman's "you push the button, we do the rest" popularized photography, then Edison added his cinematograph, so that an outlet for silver unknown a century ago now may take a third of our domestic silver output. There are other industrial uses pending, but we do not need to wait for these to provide our outlet. Our congressional silverites need only exercise a little commercial judgment, instead of chasing rainbows. Not long ago there was an excise tax placed on sterling-ware, but no tax levied on plated-ware. The silver States might well inquire whether their representatives were asleep at the switch! A reversal of that arrangement would make it possible to sell well over one ounce per family annually in the form of sterling table-ware, and so dispose of most of the rest of our domestic output. The present consumption of brass for flat-ware is many times that amount; with a well-planned, tax-free marketing of sturdy sterling-ware, Mrs. Consumer would get much more satisfaction and better real value for her money than is possible with plated-ware. In addition, there is a growing consumption of silver for jewelry, which might eventually be further stimulated by excise taxes on gold jewelry.

Under such a management of silver, we would have nothing left of our own current production to use for money. The Treasury would, however, find it very easy to exchange some of its huge hoard of gold for silver and in due

course make a profit on the transaction. It could then issue silver certificates in dollar denominations, redeemable at the market price for silver; fully covered by silver bullion, they would constitute perfectly honest money.

Of course, the Treasury would have to protect its position by placing a tariff on silver, incidentally getting a revenue from silver purchased abroad for consumption. Unless a silver shortage developed, it should maintain an excise tax on plated silverware, and further to strengthen its position, it should be empowered and instructed to levy a mining royalty on all silver mined, in proportion to the price of silver—designed to provide a brake on excessive production and to return to the nation a share of the value created by protective legislation; such royalty could of course be paid in silver to add to the bullion reserve.

V

Given such a threefold method of control—tariff to prevent unwanted influx of the metal, precious metal excise taxes to promote silver consumption and conserve gold, mining royalties to control volume of direct silver extraction—the Treasury would have the means at hand to hold the market value of silver at any reasonable ratio to gold—and allow the market to demonstrate what is reasonably feasible.

What that ratio finally should be involves factors far too lengthy to discuss here, but it should probably be nearer thirty to one than the present ratio of about seventy-five to one. But if conducted on the basis of demonstration, instead of attempting a fiat and fictitious declaration of unproved value, the change would be a gradual one.

One can not, however, leave this question of ratio, without touching on a fallacy which has been revived. Professor Warren, in his discussion of prices, has frequently stated that "the price of wheat is the ratio of the supply of wheat and the demand for it to the supply of gold and the demand for it." That piece of perfect mumbo-jumbo is mentioned, because it leads directly into the old sixteen-to-one argument of the silverites. As far as actual supply and demand go, they are necessarily equal—what supply and demand conditions do is to determine the price at which they balance. But if the two are equal, then Professor Warren's formula would lead to the statement that prices are proportionate to relative volume. That was the plea of Bryan's days, that since world production of silver, in the long run, is sixteen times that of gold, equity demanded a sixteen-to-one ratio of gold to silver. The farmer, who knows more about soil mining than metal mining may be deceived by that statement, but he would hardly concede that the price of wheat should be so determined. World production of wheat is about 4,300,000,000 bushels; with a gold production of 20,000,000 ounces, that would make an ounce of gold worth some 200 bushels, or a price today of about seventeen cents a bushel! The cotton farmer would be equally pleased with the result of balancing 25,000,000 bales, or say 12,500,000,000 pounds of fiber against some \$800,000,000 gold—about six cents a pound for cotton under our new standard!

Relative volumes have nothing to do with price. The going price of a product is usually determined by the

cost of the marginal producer. In the case of gold, the problem is relatively simple; but in the case of silver the problem of price is immensely complicated because nearly all the white metal is produced willy-nilly as a by-product. Instead, therefore, of being able to attack the problem by examining production costs, it must be attacked by determining marginal utility in consumption, and that is spread over many different items.

Since the very nature of that problem will require a long time to demonstrate what the relative value of silver really is, we can not hope to establish a permanent ratio in a hurry. That does not, however, preclude an early improvement in the price of silver, sufficient to justify a moderate use of the Treasury's authority to purchase silver; more than that should not be expected. There may be a quarter billion ounces of purchasable bullion in existence; there would be no sense in rashly bidding up the price to a level far above its real value. If we want to use about two billions of silver in our monetary reserve, that will have to be very slowly accumulated; the world's gold reserves have taken centuries to build up and now amount to about fifty years' consumption in the arts.

James P. Warburg pointed out last November, that to invent a new monetary system, better than any the world has ever known, in the course of a few weeks is practically impossible. To build up silver reserves equal to some thirty years of our own consumption is equally impossible in less than a generation, without destroying the very consumption which gives silver its value.

The Permanently Unemployed

BY HENRY CARTER

What is to be done with the millions of workers for whom there is no chance of employment even if we return to 1929 prosperity?

FOR the past several weeks—or months—signs have not been lacking to assure us that economic recovery is definitely in progress in the United States. Perhaps most revelatory of the fact of recovery is the growing chorus from the business community that governmental restraints be withdrawn in order that business may be free to complete the restoration of prosperity according to its own lights and in its own manner. One has only to contrast this attitude with the helplessness of business a twelvemonth ago to conclude that a major change in conditions has taken place, one which may be described as constituting a fair measure of recovery.

It is generally agreed that the economic collapse and depression of the past four years were fundamentally due to the dislocation and curtailment of the purchasing power of great sections of our population. Their inability to buy the products of our farms and factories led to the destruction of the price level and the disappearance of profits, which in turn threw unprecedented millions into unemployment, thus further reducing their purchasing power, in the vicious spiral of depres-

sion. To reverse this spiral and to increase and spread purchasing power was the task imposed upon the Roosevelt Administration, and to that end its energies have been devoted with no small degree of success. Prices have risen, production has increased, three million people have gone back to work, profits are once more coming in sight, there is ground for optimism and encouragement.

Nevertheless, the depression has inflicted on our social and economic structure injuries and changes no less far-reaching than those of a prolonged war, and it is to a different world and to fundamentally altered conditions that recovery is returning. During the lean years we have had to draw heavily on our savings and on our credit, individual and national; the foreign trade upon which our agriculture was so largely dependent must be rebuilt from the bottom up, a work of years with little prospect of its regaining anything approaching the peaks of the War and post-War decades. More ominous yet is the existence in the United States of an army of unemployed variously estimated at eight and a half to eleven millions, nearly a

fifth of our working population, and the further prospect that of these millions less than half can hope to be re-absorbed into private industry even after recovery, thus leaving an alarmingly large number who will be permanently and directly dependent on governmental action for their support. Indeed a distinguished British journalist recently commented with more than a little truth that the most significant effect of the depression upon the United States is that it has saddled the country with permanent unemployment as a political problem of prime and paramount importance. One might go further to say that the test of recovery will be the extent to which it reaches these masses and furnishes them with purchasing power, for without a general and wide-spread buying power to sustain it recovery—and profits—will be limited, onerous taxes will continue or increase, and a dangerous body of discontent and suffering will remain with its inevitable threat to the social and political structure of the United States. Unemployment, while a symptom and a result rather than a basic cause of depression, affords the tangible measuring rod by which the level of fundamental factors may be read. On it will be marked the success or failure of our economic and political institutions in providing purchasing power for the whole nation, namely recovery for all as contrasted with a treacherous and unsubstantial prosperity for the few.

II

Curiously enough, no one knows just how many unemployed there are or how many there have been during the depression years. The Department of Labor does not know, nor does the

newly established United States Employment Service, nor the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Statistics are in course of preparation but the data on which they are based are fragmentary, incomplete, chaotic, often misleading, and are derived rather from comparative figures of employment than from any systematic census or registration of the unemployed. Unofficial estimates of considerable value have been compiled by the American Federation of Labor, the National Industrial Conference Board, and individuals such as Colonel Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company and Dr. Kreps of Leland Stanford University. While different methods have been used in computing these, they all agree that unemployment at its peak in March, 1933, was between thirteen and fourteen millions, the National Industrial Conference Board report showing 13,200,000 as compared with the American Federation of Labor's figure of 13,689,000. It seems certain that it was not less than this level and in the opinion of some observers it actually ran as high as 16,000,000.

The passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act provided the impetus for the reemployment in industry of approximately three million during 1933, principally through the device of limiting the hours of labor and compelling the spreading of work at what was hoped would be purchasing wages, although the subsequent rise of prices and in the cost of living has tended to reduce the purchasing power thus produced. Apparently on the theory that the reemployment of one man in productive industry involves the reemployment of another man in the so-called service industries such as transportation and retailing, the Na-

tional Industrial Conference Board has recently estimated the unemployed in February, 1934, at 8,610,000, with which Colonel Ayres's figures, computed on a similar basis, appear to be in accord. The American Federation of Labor, on the other hand, does not believe this formula to be reliable, particularly at a time when production and distribution are still under normal, and estimates the unemployed in February, 1934, at 11,374,000, a figure which would appear to be corroborated by the Secretary of Labor's report of February 12, 1934, which shows a gain in employment of less than three million over last year's low. While it is difficult to be dogmatic, factors such as the growth of total population and the increasing number of those whose savings have become exhausted and who must now depend upon being employed for a living, would appear to give credence to the estimates of the American Federation of Labor in preference to those of the National Industrial Conference Board: for practical purposes it would seem reasonable to assume that the actual number of unemployed at the present moment is close to 11,000,000.

It must be said at once that a certain number of these would presumably be unemployed even in the best of times. In the so-called normal years of 1925 and 1926 there were one and a half to two million unemployed, and in the boom year of 1929 this figure rose as high as three million according to generally accepted estimates. Of this number seasonal and technological developments in industry accounted for perhaps 1,500,000, which would appear to constitute a normal number of temporarily unemployed persons, the other half representing superannuated

workers and other unemployables who could no longer find jobs to which they were adapted. Since 1929 the improvement of technological devices and methods in industry has increased the potential of productive industry by possibly ten to fifteen per cent; the physical and psychological effects of the depression and of the long lay-offs have added to the number of permanently unemployable; and it would not be far wrong to estimate the total of persons who would in normal times be permanently or temporarily unemployed for these reasons at 4,000,000. This would still leave 7,000,000 employable persons to be reabsorbed into permanent employment. The question is, can it be done? On the answer depends the ultimate fate of this Administration and its successors.

In spite of the three million or so re-employed since March, 1933, private industry, to reach the 1929 levels of employment, would, according to the employment figures of the Department of Labor, have to furnish yet another four and a half million jobs. The enormity, if not the impossibility, of such a task need only be stated to be apparent. To accomplish it would require an increase of a million in the durable goods industries, and half that number in consumption goods industries, plus another million in the building trades, and perhaps two million in the field of service industries. Assuming that such a programme is eventually possible, there would still be a residue of 2,500,000 employable persons, in addition to the 4,000,000 unemployable or temporarily unemployed, even when recovery to 1929 levels is attained. Actually private industry will have done well if it can reabsorb a million workers in the course of the next

six months; thereafter its ability to re-employ becomes too problematical for useful speculation. On this showing, the number of unemployed six months from now is substantially certain to be not less than 6,500,000 and is much more likely to amount to nine to ten millions. For these adequate provision and purchasing power must be found if fresh economic depression and possible political disaster are not to ensue. With the resources of private charity for relief practically exhausted, and those of local and State governments nearly so, it is clear that the brunt of this burden will fall inevitably upon the Federal Government, nor can the Government refuse it without imperiling its existence.

At present the President's emergency programme is providing for about half of the 11,000,000 now unemployed. Three hundred thousand men are being employed in American forests by the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the Public Works Administration is affording work for a similar number, which will be approximately tripled during the coming year. The work projects initiated and supported by the Civil Works Administration are still employing some two million on part-time work. In these categories about three million people are being provided for *temporarily*. Besides these, 2,700,000 families are reported as on direct relief, and the indications are that this number is increasing rather than diminishing in measure as savings become exhausted and hope of jobs in private industry fades. Over and above these remain more than five million unemployed for whom no present provision is being made, either by government or by recovery in private industry. It is not a reassuring

picture; yet it is the one which will dominate the social and political scene for years to come.

III

For unemployment and its attendant problems there is, seemingly, no panacea. Neither Great Britain nor Germany, which have suffered greatly in this respect, have found one, nor has the United States, as it enters upon the problem which has challenged the older industrial nations for the past fifteen years. Even though private industry in its recovery returns to 1929 employment levels, it will still fail to provide occupation and purchasing power for 6,500,000, for whom, nevertheless, provision must somehow or other be made. Emphatically the tradition and sentiment of the country is against a dole system with its ugly political and social implications, even assuming that we could stand the financial burden. Yet permanently reduced purchasing power for any such number as this can only sap the foundations of recovery and produce a load of taxation for doles and relief which would eventually crush private enterprise. Clearly, broad measures and bold steps are the order of the day if unemployment and the threat of depression and collapse are to be kept within bounds.

The attack will have to be made on not one but many fronts. Unemployment insurance for those temporarily out of work as a result of seasonal and technological changes in industry is at present much discussed and may become the subject of general legislation within the near future. Its utility and social justification seem unquestionable, but its effects would not reach more than the one and a half to two million employables who may reasonably be expected

to be temporarily jobless in the course of the normal operation of our economic system. However it affords a much needed means of relieving the usual and inevitable stresses in industrial employment, and by maintaining purchasing power on a broad scale would directly benefit productive enterprise. As such we should not hesitate over its adoption.

Old age pensions would likewise serve a useful purpose by reducing the number of those seeking gainful employment. While their general adoption might well be urged on humanitarian grounds, their economic advantages are no less compelling. Industry would be cleared of superannuated workers and its efficiency increased to that extent, while the continued purchasing power afforded by pensions would materially assist in maintaining the necessary market for agricultural and industrial products. Estimates suggest that through this means a million and a half or more workers could be retired from the ranks of those dependent on employment. Old age pensions have been used to advantage in Great Britain and elsewhere, and it is not too much to hope that as their economic benefits are grasped the necessary legislation will be forthcoming.

Another method of restoring purchasing power to those now unemployed consists in getting families back to the land. Our overproduced commercial agriculture offers no openings for the unemployed, but the policy of reviving subsistence farming, accompanied by the decentralization of industry from overgrown manufacturing centres and the establishment of local part-time industries, is being actively pursued by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the subsistence farming projects of

the Public Works Administration, and is implicit in schemes such as the Tennessee Valley and Columbia River developments. It has already engaged the interest and support of industrialists such as Henry Ford, who may indeed be regarded as a pioneer in this field of social planning, and it may in time attain impressive proportions. Of necessity it must be a slow and gradual process, the results of which will become tangible only over a period of years, and estimates as to its possible extent are meaningless. Its immediate effects upon present unemployment are in the nature of things negligible, but its potential bearing seems unmistakably desirable.

The measures thus far cited, however helpful in themselves, would nevertheless still leave two to three millions of employables for whom neither industry nor agriculture can, even in prosperity, offer a livelihood, yet for whom provision and purchasing power must be found if we are to have a healthy and sound economic and social structure. It seems fair to say that these want jobs, not doles. Unquestionably the most popular and successful measure of relief thus far has been the Civil Works Administration, which offered jobs, temporary though they were, at a living wage. The Civil Works Administration was an emergency project on a temporary basis and as such has been discontinued, but the need for the activities it fostered, and for the occupation and purchasing power it extended, has if anything increased since it began cutting its payrolls. Because private industry, dependent on profits for existence, can not hope, even in the best of times, to take up this section of the unemployed, does it follow that it is impossible for the Government to find socially useful and economically valuable work for these two or

three millions? A glance at the contemporary scene shows that it is not. Already the Government has at work 300,000 CCC workers, whose activities over a period of years will replace the depleted but immensely valuable forest and timber resources of the nation. Then too, there are 270,000 workers in Public Works Administration projects, and there will be more. Besides these the Government was recently employing over four million CWA workers on a temporary basis, and is still, directly or indirectly, employing two million of them. These are engaged in a variety of projects and services of definite and permanent social utility which constitute demonstrable additions to the economic wealth and well-being of the country: measures of flood control and prevention of soil erosion, public health activities such as malaria control, eradication of agricultural pests, maintenance and improvement of public property, educational and cultural projects. Such a list of desirable public undertakings and services is capable of indefinite expansion and offers a new and permanent field for almost unlimited employment. Supplemented by a suitable programme of public works construction, road building, erection of low-priced housing, and the like, the realm of public services affords the opportunity of dealing with unemployment and low purchasing power in quarters which the recovery of private industry can never hope to reach, and through its expansion in slack times can forestall or cushion the otherwise inevitable effects of depression. We already have these public services as a temporary measure: the desirability and the outright need for making them permanent would, in the light of the total problem, seem apparent.

IV

Unemployment insurance, old age pensions, public works, assistance to subsistence farmers, public services, all these would cost money, a lot of it. Estimates as to the total probable cost must necessarily be of the roughest sort. During the present emergency we are spending \$3,300,000,000 on public works; in the past year the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, including its CWA activities, has expended \$1,600,000,000, providing for an average of about 3,000,000 families either through work or direct relief, and it is preparing to spend another \$1,200,000,000 in the course of the next eight months, with the possibility of spending considerably more if necessary; the Civilian Conservation Corps is spending at the rate of \$350,000,000 a year and giving work to 300,000 men. The total of expenditure for the next twelve months for these purposes will come to not less than five billions and may be nearer six billions. This figure, however, is not as alarming as it sounds. In normal times our national bill for public works, Federal, State and municipal, amounts to about two billions a year, and in 1929 nearly a billion was spent in various forms of private, local, State and Federal relief as a matter of course. With the depression these expenditures have devolved almost entirely upon the Federal Government, a fact which tends to exaggerate their apparent position in our national economy. With the completion of the PWA programme the annual bill for relief would drop to less than three billions at the present rate of expenditure.

Approaching it from another angle, it would seem reasonable to estimate the annual cost of supporting an unem-

ployed individual, whether by unemployment insurance, old age pension, work or direct relief, at about \$500. On the basis of six to seven millions permanently unemployable in private industry that expenditure would work out at three to three and a half billions a year. It would accordingly not be far amiss to set the probable cost of such social legislation at three billions annually. How this would be raised and administered raises questions beyond the scope of the present article. Senator Wagner believes that his proposed five per cent Federal tax on payrolls would bring in two billions or more a year in reasonably good times; other authorities are less optimistic and estimate the probable yield at about half that amount, and it might be necessary to levy a moderate profits tax to supplement this sum. Business, of course, would groan at the prospect of such taxation, but it should remember

that the money thus raised would, through the expenditures of its beneficiaries, be poured immediately into the channels of trade, thus creating and stimulating an increase of business activities and business profits. Three billion a year, while a large sum in itself, represents a very small percentage of our normal national income, and in the long view would not appear an excessive price to pay for assurance against a repetition of the depression years and against the political dangers of prolonged and widespread unemployment.

In spite of recovery the problem of unemployment will still confront us. We have a people who want not charity or relief but jobs, useful jobs at purchasing wages. If industry can not furnish enough of these—and it can not—the unemployed will look to the Government. There are ten million of them and they can vote.



A Southern View of Northern Reformers

BY ARTHUR STYRON

Northerners who feel indignantly superior over such things as the Scottsboro trials should know what the South thinks about their attitude

BORN and reared in a small Southern town, I gained my first impression of the North from a small group of determined Yankee reformers and agitators who had descended upon us to improve our community. They were regarded with not a little awe by the puzzled townspeople, who spoke of them as "Yankee ladies" or "gentlemen," or simply as "Puritans"; and I remember how we used to watch them (behind closed shutters, since politeness was an essential) as they passed along the street, probably looking, like the Red Queen, for something of which to disapprove. There were five or six ladies who taught in the Negro schools; one or two Protestant ministers who preached in the Negro churches; a few minor "intellectuals" who were interested in a Negro newspaper; and of course a number of Republican politicians who, as practical and acquisitive men, had little use for their more idealistic colleagues except in so far as the latter's single-minded idealism served to give a good reputation and a "progressive" flavor to the

political régime then culling rich profits in the South. Altogether these reformers and politicians constituted, with the younger Negro element, the standard-bearers of the flag and the staunch defenders of the Union: a little Republican oasis in the unreconstructed Democratic South. With the local whites they held no intercourse, not merely because Southerners were loath to associate with whites who mingled intimately with Negroes, but because the reformers themselves welcomed ostracism as enhancing their martyrdom.

Not altogether wrongly perhaps for that day, the South associated the doctrines of these reformers with the general sentiment in the North. When fifty women and children were murdered in cold blood in the Nat Turner Rebellion in Virginia, had not the Northern press generally applauded? Was not John Brown eulogized there for murdering some white boys in Kansas and for attempting to incite a revolt in Virginia that must have resulted in the massacre of hundreds of white men, women and children? Did not Virginia have to

threaten to send troops into Ohio should the latter State's citizens attempt a rescue of the murderer? Had not a delighted Northern public hailed Emerson's religious caricature that the fanatic had made the Gallows as glorious as the Cross?—and Daniel Webster's son led his Massachusetts company to the "martyr's" grave to sing *His Soul Goes Marching On*? Had not President Lincoln and the entire House received and honored the vicious English reformer Thompson? Had not the North generally approved of the Republican party's barbarous "Reconstruction policies"? Now, still living fearfully in the retreating sinister shadow of that nightmare, Southerners very naturally asked one another if the North would not again applaud if their reformers and agitators should succeed in arousing the blacks against the whites in a bloody race-war in the South. And, as subsequent events proved, they were entirely right about the reformers and half-right about the North.

II

Now, the North—probably because of a more ingrained Puritanism—has always been a fertile soil for breeding reformers, some three or four hundred reforming societies having been organized there (chiefly in New England) in the Nineteenth Century; whereas the South, for the same reason that she was anti-Puritan in pre-Colonial days, has always been strongly anti-reformer, and so far as I know has never organized a single improving society to interfere, with what she regards as atrociously bad manners, in the local affairs of other people and other communities. In the sense, however, of not being "progressive" by repudiating anachronisms, and in providing a prob-

lem to which reformers with characteristic single-mindedness assume they have the exact answer, the South has always been a ripe plum for the preachers of discordant "equality" and "freedom"—surely great principles when practised with reason and harmony, but which, when distorted by instinctive reaction, dwindle to mere sympathy for the under-dog that has no more precision than attachment to personal opinion. In the case of the Negro, the reformers typified the permanent Northern attitude towards him as a white man with a blackened face, an attitude necessarily derived from the melodrama, since the average Northerner could not possibly know the Negro in reality; but the sad truth is that when men concentrate upon a cause rather than upon love they reverse the fortitude of understanding and allow what they do not know to disturb what they do know.

The reformers, therefore, completely failed to take into consideration the fact that segregation (for example) might be as pleasant for the Negro as for the white man; that the colored people might prefer actual security to fictitious liberty; and that they might even resent being depicted as "children of nature," "glorious savages," or "futile Russians," as the Romantic poets and the current theatre would have it. Probably it was discouraging that the older and better-class Negroes should have remained cold to the reformers' zealous efforts in their behalf; but the fact was that the Negroes, knowing instinctively that these agitators were less concerned with loving them than with hating the Southerners desperately struggling to preserve the remnants of what was perhaps the most honorable society America had yet produced, gen-

erally spoke of them as "poor Bochra" behind their backs and continued to give their affection to the Southerners.

So much nonsense has been written about the traditional love between Southern Negroes and whites that it has become a caricature difficult to displace. Actually, it was not based upon sentimentality, cant, demagoguery or paternalism, but upon the experience of living together for nearly two centuries in more or less harmony and tolerance of each other's standards and ethics. There was no attempt to obscure the fact that these standards were distinct; but at least in such a democracy there was no hypocritical equality, and in such liberty as each enjoyed no savage "freedom." This was *unabused* understanding, and from such understanding love not infrequently grows—the sort of love, for example, that the parent feels for his dependent children. In short, the Negro was a part of the white family. His position might be that of a perpetual minor, but at any rate he *belonged*.

The particular virtues of the Negro—loyalty, generosity and courtesy—were recognized by the whites and repaid in kind. Any white man who repudiated his responsibility to care for his sick or infirm servants would have been completely ostracized by his community. White children were never allowed to address a grown Negro without a handle to his name: it was always "Aunt" or "Uncle" or "Mammy." Southern men returned the salute of any colored man who removed his hat; Southern boys tipped their caps first to Negro ministers and the aged. Economically, the status of the Negro was infinitely better than it is now. All the servants (and Southern families, however poor, felt obligated to keep as

many as possible) were Negroes, as were the barbers, professional nurses, and so on. Blacks had the best fish and vegetable and meat stalls in the market. The tradesmen—carpenters, brick-layers, plumbers—were mostly colored. No Southerner dreamt of trespassing upon their province, and indeed such a trespasser would have been boycotted by the white public. (It was the later influx of Northerners who, unused to Negroes, began the demand for white servants and artisans.) Negroes were admitted to the professions, legal and medical, before they were in many Northern States. Slaves who had had the aptitude had been well educated, particularly in music and such arts as their race excels in, and many of them were singers, musicians and writers of note who compare more than favorably with the modern Negro "intellectuals" from other sections of the nation. The ante-bellum disfranchisement had applied only to slaves, free Negroes having been permitted to vote without question until Northern agitation made it dangerous; and even after the Civil War, when the franchise was universally granted in the South, a few Northern States withheld it for a long time.

III

At the time of which I write the Republicans were, of course, in complete control by virtue of the Negro vote and the general impotence of the South. The Mayor, all the members of the town-council, the policemen, and so on, were Republicans—white and black. Southerners avoided the law whenever they could and retreated to the church for moral sanction of their social institutions. Homes were secretly guarded night and day. Women and girls went

out at night only when adequately protected.

Such a condition could not, of course, long continue, and it was my own age that saw the end of it. The revolt was minor but it was none the less decisive—the match, so to speak, that the national Government wisely allowed to burn out ere it lit a conflagration. The North at the time was beginning to react against the barbarism of the Reconstruction; in Washington the Democratic Cleveland Administration was having a liberalizing effect; in the South, the white Democratic leaders wanted no more than to regain their supremacy.

Probably annoyed by the dwindling of their Cause, and perhaps overconfident because of Southern indifference, the Republican reformers became bolder in their efforts to stir up their Negro followers to insolence and revolt—against what, it would be difficult to say, since they already had things very much their own way. Whereas before their attacks on Southerners had been more or less verbal and political, now they began to import arms secretly to insure their continued power, and to attack individual Southerners by scurrilous personalities. The Negro editor of the Republican newspaper one day broke into print with a defamatory item about a prominent White woman . . . and by night his printing-office had been burned and the editor was on his way to New York.

Even then, however, nothing more might have come of the incident had not the Republicans begun collecting their Negro following in bands, distributed arms to them, and urged them to plunder and kill their “proud tyrants.” It was rumored that they meant to burn the white school-house with the

children in it. Perhaps that was a scare, but I do recall being taken out of the school and sent home in charge of an old Negro policeman. On our piazza sat two grim guards armed with shot-guns: they remained there night and day for several months.

It was customary for Southern stores to close at noon for two or three hours. That afternoon none opened. At three o'clock groups of Southern men began to appear suddenly at every street corner. All Negroes and white Republicans were searched for arms and, if none were discovered, sent home. placards were posted simply stating that the white Southerners meant to take over their government, and ordering Republicans to resign their offices peaceably. Negroes were warned to remain at home and they would not be harmed. Southern families without men-folk, or too poor to provide guards for their homes, were advised to seek safety in the Episcopal Church, a magnificent Eighteenth Century edifice as large and strong as a fortress.

The white Republicans (reformers and politicians) promptly resigned their offices and fled, the Northerners going North, the very few Southerners taking to tents in the woods. The Negroes were braver. A considerable band collected in a Negro hospital or school-house (I forget which) and defied the authorities, whereupon the building was fired and in the resulting battle one white man and twenty Negroes were killed.

How many were actually killed in the two days' fighting has never been definitely determined, the whites maintaining that the twenty-one victims of the school-house battle were the only ones, the Negroes claiming that several hundred of their race were shot

for resistance or concealment of arms and their bodies hastily disposed of in the river. Our home adjoined the City Hall and was therefore in the centre of the town, so that I believe I should have witnessed any riot so dimensional as the Negroes claimed; but all I recall is seeing the mayor of the town walking alone down the middle of the road, his head bent, a small group of silent men behind him, on his way to the railroad station where a ticket to New York awaited him; seeing a Negro woman being taken, screaming, to jail, a razor having been found in her oyster-bucket; and my mother hiding a Negro boy of sixteen, chased by some white youths, in our china-closet and sending the young rowdies away.

IV

A glance at the Northern press, periodicals, drama and other channels of social intelligence, will reveal the fact that the North is still a fertile soil for the production of reformers, and that their chief object of improvement is still the long-suffering South. Can it be that the dispute between the two sections has lost its historical perspective and become mere destructive criticism, which, being the will to destroy, is thinly disguised hatred?

While the South always has and still dislikes Northern political and social standards, such an attitude can not be construed as hatred for the reason that it has never been organized to destroy what it opposes. When the North chose industry, the South made no effort to impose slavery upon her. When the North chose industrial nationalism, the South only asked for separation to preserve her own Colonial ideals of democracy. When Northern factories enslaved millions of men, women and

children, the South organized no anti-factory crusades to subvert their economic structure. . . . When Boston authorities electrocuted two miserable fanatics for a crime many thoughtful people believed they did not commit, no Southern poet rose for the occasion to say that the Chair had been made as glorious as the Cross, and compose a rhyme to be sung at the martyrs' graves. When Long Island police beat a prisoner to death in a third-degree examination, no Southern columnist-preacher demanded that the Federal Government land marines there. When a California mob brutally lynched and mutilated a brace of kidnappers, no Southern State officially protested. When Northern murderers have escaped into the South, no Southern judge has prevented their extradition for no other ground than that he personally disapproved of Northern justice. No Southern societies have sent objectionable lawyers into the North to obstruct and circumvent Northern justice. No group of Southern "intellectuals" has gone forth into Northern industrial centres to tell the people how to manage their affairs. In other words, the South today is as opposed as it ever was to officious meddling with other people's affairs, considering (and rightly) that it has enough to do to reform its own life, and that another section, whatever its shortcomings, has a group of enlightened people who will see to the same thing in their own community.

This difference is generally explained by the reformers by the "backwardness" of the South; but another explanation is that in the North a more extensive system of mass-education gives a higher rating of importance to the lower-class (from which reformers

usually spring) which at the same time provides a larger audience for its "intellectuals" whose intellectuality consists principally in an ability to articulate the sentiments of their class and make its restless desire for change appear to be "progressive." Agitators thrive best, therefore, on fomentations that bring the dregs to the top; and since effective fomentations are religious and political, it might be expected that the agitation would be concentrated mainly upon the race-persecution technique which involves both the religious and the political implications.

Thus a young New York Jew who spent several nights in Southern jails (providing kindly shelter to an indigent) proceeds to write a drama based upon an isolated criminal case in a Southern State which he modestly asserts is meant to interpret "the whole South"; nor can the incident be dismissed as the individualistic venture of an alien and uninformed temperament when a high-class New York theatrical organization produces the play and the local press hails it as high-grade realism. In New York the press would naturally reflect the vulgarian standards of a great city; but the question arises as to why any Northern community, which would doubtless be fair toward a similar criminal case nearer home, so readily falls in line with any alien, radical, fanatical, and even vicious fanaticism solely because it is directed against the South. The question of capital punishment might be debated abstractly; but in view of the apparent guilt of the defendants—the testimony of their victims, of their white companions and of other witnesses, not to mention the confessions of the prisoners themselves, which

were necessarily excluded from the trial because of the first-degree indictment—the tactics of Northern radical criminal lawyers and the sudden and suggestive recanting of one of the principal witnesses, followed by the general assumption by the Northern press that the respectable citizens of an intelligent and prosperous little Southern town would conspire against a number of Negro boys for the sheer delight of seeing them electrocuted, all indicate the sentiment of a community desirous of believing only the worst that can be said about another.

To a Southerner enough of a realist not to get excited about the ceaseless rise and fall of ideas and opinions, it is a source of puzzlement, and frequently of humor, to pick up a New York newspaper and read that a Negro has been atrociously lynched in the South for rape and murder, that five or six gang murders have occurred in Chicago or New York or Boston, that a cabinet member or two have been indicted for theft or bribery, that a revolt in a great Northern prison has resulted in a score of inmates escaping and several guards being killed, that the local police have maltreated prisoners or beaten up jobless and hungry protestants against capitalism, that new frauds have been uncovered in the city or Federal governments, and so on—and find the one editorial devoted to abuse of the South for the lynching outrage! Or, if the Negro has been convicted legally, then Southern justice and laws are impugned.

Violence, whether by direct action or by a species of pioneer justice, is a sign of barbarism subject to civilizing influence; but it is an open question whether violence is as deplorably hopeless as the break-down of justice in a complex-

ity and partiality of laws and the activities of pettifoggers in law who, accustomed to pleading for fee-paying clients without discrimination of what is right and wrong, have lost their moral sensibility of those distinctions. It may at first sound far-fetched to observe that the reformers' eternal emphasis on humanitarianism, or the theory of making everything good by law, indirectly serves the ends of materialism; but reflection and history will show that if the masses can be convinced that good is served by statutes, they can be made to believe that what is legal is good: greed, if satisfied legally, is morally good. Only the most ingenuous person would believe that laws which provide loop-holes for the rich and powerful to break through were stupidly written: they are deliberately made that way by unscrupulous lawyers in collusion with corrupt government officials. Naturally, this tendency of Big Business to commit its crimes "legally" and buy up the best minds in the legal profession would not stop short of its ultimate goal, the dominance of the tribunal itself; and that was why Jefferson went so far as to maintain that lawyers and judges should never be allowed to make nor interpret the law for the reason that, being of the specialized type of mind inclined to put prestige first in their profession, they would make the world revolve around a statute, and, being men as frail as human nature, would generally serve their self-interests rather than principle. The current hue and cry about the law—of the industrialists about the sanctity of courts and especially the Supreme Court, and of the reformers about a new set of statutes to regulate social and economic life—has all the marks of a smoke-

screen to hide the sordid fact that the tribunal, though the symbol of the highest ideals of civilized justice, may become through domination by powerful factors a mere criminal tribunal, and that it may even come to serve the interests of organized crime itself. Lynching, barbarous as it is, becomes in comparison with such a perversion of law an expression of an outraged desire for justice. Man's inhumanity to man is, after all, not written in terms of violence but in terms of law. The violence of the French Revolution was insignificant as compared to the excesses of the *legal* Terror instituted by the Tribunal; and the lesson to be derived therefrom is that when the law becomes independent of justice, it ceases to be the "bread of the nation," and . . . men will not always go hungry without protest.

V

In the South's conception of justice, therefore—that is, justice to society rather than to the offender—the reformers are quick to discover another "anachronism" in that it demands that the criminal shall be deprived of the privileges of society; that the torturer of innocent victims shall be similarly flogged; and that punishment shall consist of hard labor which the criminal most dreads, crime being the result in most cases of a desire to live without laboring. The question of justice must inevitably collide with that of cruelty for the reason that it involves punishment. What is justice to the myriads may be injustice to the individual; but that is a human limitation, a limitation that is not lessened but magnified by dispensing justice to the individual and injustice to the myriads. Not only in the South but in other civilized coun-

tries—notably France and England—does this conception hold sway; and it is probably demonstrable that in these countries there are fewer criminals, fewer prisons, less organized racketeering and fewer gifted legal “mouth-pieces” than in the North. Nor can this condition be readily dismissed as the result of a higher degree of industrialization in the great urban centres in the North, for that would merely transfer the stigma to industrialization itself.

The prevalent Northern conception of justice as being concerned primarily with what is good for the criminal has its roots in the Puritan conception of hell which “divine man” was too good for and which he could readily avoid by the doctrine of election. In Northern prisons the criminal is physically separated from the society he has outraged and deprived of the liberty he has abused; but at the same time he is provided with all sorts of substitutes—commissaries to sell him ice cream and dainties; athletic games, movies, lectures, radios, to amuse him; “trusty” privileges that inevitably are bought as well as earned; etc. The degree of confinement that remains in these country-club prisons is not much worse than many strict schools; the fare as good or better than the average army mess; the separation from his family only nominal to the robber and murderer and rapist whose irresponsibility has already made him take those ties too lightly. The net result of such sentimentality is that the criminal, subjected to irritation rather than punishment, has a contempt for but little fear of such prisons; crime is not greatly checked, and (most serious of all) the law is cheated and justice mocked. Moreover, such a system encourages mutinies and escapes, thus refuting the

theory that reform is the sole function of justice, and at the same time unnecessarily sacrificing the lives of loyal prison guards and officials.

Another favorite theme for Northern reformers which demonstrates admirably the truth that they derive their energy from the nearest materialistic source is child-labor in the South, agitation against which served the ends of industrialism as did their anti-slavery crusades in the past century. In antebellum days child-labor was unknown in the South, only two out of several hundred factories being located in that section, and Southerners generally regarded conditions in Northern mills as deplorable though they made no organized effort to “improve” them. Even in my own childhood when, the old economic life having been destroyed, factories began to appear in the South (usually financed and operated by Northern capital), the use of child-labor evoked local indignation, especially on the part of Southern women. True, most of this child-labor was black, but that did not alter the principle. In time white children were employed as it was found they had superior adaptability to the Negroes. Later, when manufacturing grew into a Southern institution, and New England’s textile supremacy was threatened, the reformers began to wax moral about child (or cheap) labor, the abolition of which would, of course, have increased production-costs and diminished competition. Now that the South has voluntarily abolished child-labor and a constitutional amendment is proposed to outlaw it universally, who are now the opponents of the amendment but those formerly protesting against child *textile* labor?

There are enough other things the

reformers would like to improve in the South to fill a volume; but Southerners generally meet such violent criticisms with silence, secure in the belief that they are both civilized and distinctively American. There is, of course, a new and growing plutocracy in the South; but that this class has never been accepted as the aristocracy, and that their standards have never been canonized or aped by the Southern masses who remain democratic and liberal without smugness or demagoguery, is the best evidence that the old ideology is not yet dead. That there is a considerable lower-class that is extremely poor, anti-social, and sometimes even vicious, is likewise true; but the potentialities

of even that material would rank very promisingly with the slum-products of Northern cities. However, it is this class on which the Northern reformers fasten, both from an instinct to sympathize only with what is sordidly unsuccessful and from the necessity of finding Southerners to whom they may appear superior, as representative of social conditions in the South. This explains the popularity in the North of the Faulkner and Caldwell brand of literature: it represents what the mass of Northerners *want* to believe about the South. And while knowledge may sometimes be successfully used to combat ignorance, against prejudice and feeling it is, alas, of little avail.





Tariff Bargains

BY WILLIAM P. BLACK

The conception of "Yankee trading" which underlies the new tariff bill does not augur well for an increase of foreign trade

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's skill in the selection of similes has been of value more than once in swinging public opinion to his side. In the campaign for authority to negotiate reciprocal tariff agreements, there is no question but that his references to "Yankee trading" were very useful. By bringing in the image of our shrewd New England forebears, the President caught the public's fancy and helped build a favorable attitude toward tariff-bargaining.

At the same time, by word of mouth and by press comment from Washington, President Roosevelt's capabilities as a good, old-fashioned horse trader were thoroughly publicized. As a result, in spite of the fuming of protectionists and the dire predictions of industrial ruin, issuing from boosters for the "America Self-Contained" ideal, tariff authority was granted with surprisingly feeble congressional opposition.

There now comes the problem of living up to the expectations raised in the minds of the President's admirers. Intentionally or not, use of the phrase "Yankee trading" and stress on the President's excellence as a horse trader

have carried the implication that the Administration can be counted on to get somewhat the better of any bargains it may make with foreigners. Many enthusiasts for the Roosevelt régime appear to be looking forward to the satisfaction of seeing their idol outwit the crafty European or Latin-American negotiator.

Others, of course, see in reciprocal agreements the single means of salvaging America's dwindling export trade. Thousands engaged in the production of cotton, wheat, tobacco and hogs realize that their only hope for lasting prosperity resides in restored export markets. To the more thoughtful of these, it has become apparent that foreign buying can not reach its former scale until our own purchases of foreign merchandise increase.

But by far the larger proportion of industrialists and agriculturalists give as yet no clear indication that they have recognized the fact that sales abroad are dependent on purchases abroad. What these people want are agreements which will open up foreign markets without return concessions to improve the foreigner's opportunity of selling his goods in the United States.

It is this large, unenlightened group that represents the chief obstacle for the Administration in the negotiation of tariff agreements. To ignore the will of these voters is to commit political suicide. To yield to it is to confine tariff negotiations to the old type of hard bargain which dominated the reciprocal tariff agreements of 1892-1895 and 1900-1910.

II

Unfortunately, the popular conception of "Yankee trading" appears to be an exchange wherein the Yankee gets all the best of the bargain. Observance of the principle of trading small favors for large, which guided our past experiments in reciprocal tariff-bargaining, is likely to be insisted upon again. The public expectation is that the President will see to it that our export trade is expanded while no great increase in competitive imports will be permitted to upset our domestic economy.

In 1890, when the McKinley Tariff Act was passed with provisions for our first large-scale experiment in reciprocity, the United States was a debtor nation. In those days, it perhaps paid to drive a hard bargain along the lines of the popular notion of "Yankee trading." A favorable trade balance was then a necessity, for interest and dividends had to be paid on foreigners' investments here.

Under this tariff, coffee, tea, hides, sugar and molasses were to be on the free list for nations not discriminating against American products. Penalty duties were provided for use against nations having rates judged "unfair and unreasonable" by the President. With sugar a drug on the market, the threat of penalty duties was useful in forcing tariff concessions from Latin-

American cane sugar states and European beet sugar states.

In agreements with Brazil, Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Germany, Austria-Hungary, with Spain for Cuba and Puerto Rico and with Great Britain for certain West Indies colonies, the United States obtained important tariff adjustments in favor of its products. During the four-year period, 1892-1895, when the bulk of these agreements were in force, a world-wide economic depression was taking place. There were, in addition, revolutionary disturbances in several Latin-American countries.

For these reasons, statistics on American foreign trade are not a wholly accurate measure of the effects of the agreements. Nevertheless, exports, particularly to reciprocal countries, rose substantially while imports were lower at the end of the period than at the beginning.

The Yankee trader, on paper, at least, had triumphed over his Latin-American and European adversary. He had swapped small favors for large and had thereby increased the favorable trade balance of the United States. The loss, if any, was in the good will of the other parties in the deals.

This loss was given recognition by the Democratic House Ways and Means Committee in 1894 in reporting favorably a new tariff bill which eliminated the reciprocity provisions of the McKinley Act. The committee, in fact, refused to admit that McKinley reciprocity amounted to anything more than retaliation against nations that refused to yield. "Ill feeling" against the United States in the three penalized countries, Colombia, Venezuela and Haiti, was pointed to as the un-

happy result of Republican foolishness in tariff matters.

But the Republicans were not easily discouraged. When they returned to power in 1897, they immediately set about to reincorporate the reciprocity principle in the tariff. Under the Dingley Tariff Act, reciprocal agreements of far wider scope than those possible under the McKinley Act were provided for. The Dingley Act, likewise, included the always popular penalty provisions.

The principal bargaining sections were: (1) a special list of import products, consisting of argols, distilled spirits, wines and works of art, eligible for reductions in duties if exporting states granted equivalent concessions on products of the United States; (2) penalty duties for tea, coffee, tonka and vanilla beans in case of discrimination against the United States; (3) authority for the President to negotiate general reciprocity treaties—subject to ratification by both House and Senate—wherein duties could be lowered as much as twenty per cent in return for equivalent concessions by other countries.

Two series of what were popularly known as "argol agreements" were made as provided under Section 1. The first was completed under the McKinley Administration and consisted of treaties with France, Portugal, Germany and Italy. Later agreements were made under the Theodore Roosevelt Administration with Spain, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Great Britain and the Netherlands.

In these agreements, as in the reciprocity deals of 1892-1895, the United States drove hard bargains. The concessions granted were of extremely limited importance compared

with the benefits obtained. France alone appears to have been given an even break or better. The United States obtained the minimum tariff rates of Germany, Spain, Portugal and Bulgaria; special remissions or reductions of duty from Italy, Great Britain and the Netherlands and a substantial modification of France's tariff discrimination.

In return, the United States granted a seventy per cent cut in argol duties, a twenty-two per cent cut on distilled spirits, a twenty-five per cent cut on sparkling wines, a twenty-two per cent cut on still wines and a twenty-five per cent cut on works of art. None of these items bulked large in the export trade of nations other than France. Even with the reductions, the duties on argols and works of art were above the 1894 tariff rates, the duty on distilled spirits was approximately the same and the duties on wines were alone appreciably lower.

Statistics on American foreign trade during the life of the "argol agreements" again form a somewhat unreliable base for estimating the effects of the agreements. There is, however, every evidence that the United States got all the better of the deals. The percentage of American exports, going into the reciprocity countries, showed a steady increase, whereas not until the final year of the treaty period did imports of reciprocity articles show an appreciable increase and this, in dollars and cents, was minute compared to the increase in exports.

Meanwhile, attempts to put into effect real "give-and-take" reciprocal agreements, as authorized under Section 3 of the Dingley Act, came to nothing. Comprehensive treaties of this nature were negotiated with

France and a number of Latin-American states by George A. Kasson, the President's special tariff commissioner. In spite of the efforts of Kasson and the pleas of McKinley, himself, the treaties were never reported out of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations. Foreign nations were apparently given too nearly an even break.

Credit for the defeat of the treaties was given by the New York *Tribune* to the faint praise with which the so-called "manufacturers' reciprocity convention of 1901" damned the reciprocity idea. The gathering declared itself favorable to reciprocity "only where it can be accomplished without injury to any of the domestic interests of manufacturing, commerce or farming."

As the New York *Tribune* was quick to point out in its comments on the meeting, any such qualification would preclude the ratification of treaties built on real reciprocity. As a consequence of the convention's resolution and of other opposition of a more forthright character, the treaties remained in a committee pigeonhole. Even the one-sided "argol agreements" soon declined in popularity.

Their end came when the whole theory of reciprocity was abandoned in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act of 1909. The new act reverted frankly to the retaliatory or penalty motif. It provided two sets of rates, one twenty-five per cent higher than the other, with the high rate to apply against nations giving unsatisfactory treatment to United States products.

With two nations only has the United States experimented with reciprocity since the wind-up of the "argol agreements." The first is Cuba, with which an arrangement for preferential tariffs has existed since its freedom

from Spanish rule. In this arrangement, the moral obligations of the United States have usually received more stress than the economic desirability of mutual concessions. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of actual trade figures, the United States has had by far the best of the bargain.

With Brazil, from 1904 to 1923, a so-called reciprocal agreement was in effect. Actually, it amounted to nothing more than preferential treatment by Brazil of certain United States products as insurance against the invoking of a three cents duty on coffee, authorized by the Dingley Act. Hence, the agreement boiled down to preferential treatment obtained by means of an implied threat rather than through mutual concessions.

III

Thus, the whole history of American tariff-making shows an insistence on getting the best of the bargain. The same thought seems to inspire a large proportion of the present-day advocates of reciprocal bargaining. The sand-bagging qualification, tied by the "manufacturers' reciprocity convention of 1901" to its approval of reciprocity, was, in fact, repeated almost verbatim in a resolution by the Middle West Foreign Trade and Merchant Marine Conference in Detroit in March, 1934.

Now, there is admittedly danger in depending too much on historical precedent. There is the outside chance that President Roosevelt's popularity would permit him to defy this traditional American attitude against tariff concessions that injure domestic interests, no matter how unimportant. From indications now visible, however, there will be tremendous resistance to deals

which permit the entry of competitive foreign merchandise.

One has only to recall the outburst which greeted publication of the quickly disowned "tentative draft" of the President's Commercial Policy Committee's report last January to realize that public opinion is not yet generally reconciled to the sacrifice of "parasitic" industries in the interests of an improved export trade. President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull and Secretary Wallace each showed a recognition of this when they promised a cautious approach to tariff-bargaining if authority to negotiate were granted by Congress. Each appears to realize that a great deal of public education must precede the adoption of a programme such as was outlined in the Commercial Policy Committee's "tentative draft."

There is, however, the pressing necessity for doing something to hold our markets for such vital exports as cotton and hog products. Manufactured goods are almost certain to be given secondary consideration in the deals which the President will supervise. Forced by the ever-present surpluses of agricultural produce, the President eventually may be willing to run the political risks inherent in permitting increased imports of competitive foreign merchandise.

For the time being, however, any wholesale influx, such as that foreseen by the more vocal opponents of tariff-bargaining, is unlikely. The odds are that the President, in the interests of political expediency, will first attempt the type of retaliatory tariff deal which marked the so-called reciprocity agreements of the McKinley tariff.

If reports as to the contents of the completed treaty with Colombia can

be relied upon, the Administration is already embarked on this course. For this treaty, as described in press dispatches, would oblige Colombia to grant preferential treatment to specified United States products in return for our simple promise to retain Colombia's chief export products, coffee and bananas, on our free list.

Reports from Washington quote the State Department and the President's trade advisers as saying that concessions by the United States in pending agreements will be limited to non-competitive goods. High grade woollens, laces, embroidery and special wines and liquors have been mentioned as likely bargaining items.

Now, it is easy to see that concessions on a list such as this would mean little to foreign countries. They would hardly constitute the bait necessary to induce nations such as France, Germany and Italy to scrap their subsidized agricultural production and revert to the pre-War importation of the bulk of their wheat and lard requirements. There is, likewise, nothing of particular interest to the Latin-American nation in this list.

Of necessity, the Administration, if it really intends to limit concessions to non-competitive products, must try to obtain preferential tariff treatment by means of threats. Since the negotiation of the Colombia treaty, however, the reciprocal tariff act has been passed with the definite stipulation that articles may not be transferred from the free to the dutiable list. The President's power to invoke penalty duties is limited under the act to rate advances of fifty per cent on articles already dutiable.

Under the circumstances, concessions obtained through penalty threats are not likely to be very productive. The

bargaining position of the United States, furthermore, is no longer strong. Only a handful of nations now sell in America more than they buy. The few important states having active balances in their trade with the United States are Brazil, Colombia, Cuba, the Dutch East and West Indies and British Malaya.

Only with these states and with some of the minor Central and South American nations could the United States use the penalty method without running the risk of losing more than it gained. Meanwhile, as a creditor nation it would lose in the permanent default of debts owed it just about what it would gain through increased exports forced by threat of penalty duties.

There is, thus, no longer any opportunity for "Yankee trading" of the type wherein the Yankee gave little and received much. The Administration, if it would bring real relief to American agriculture by tariff deals, must be prepared to injure some domestic industries. Concessions, warranted to reopen the export markets for American cotton, wheat, tobacco and lard, can be obtained only by return concessions of real value to European and Latin-American export industries.

The dilemma into which reciprocal tariff-bargaining is apt to lead the Administration is already foreseen by Republican leaders. They are said to have secretly hoped that tariff authority would be given the President while they openly voted against the measure. Their idea is that, should the President use his bargaining power in a limited manner, the promised assistance to agriculture will not be forthcoming and discontent will increase in the cotton, wheat and corn belts.

On the other hand, according to this reasoning, if the power is used on a scale sufficient to bring real benefits to agriculture, so many industries will be injured and so many workers will be displaced by imports of competitive foreign goods, that the resulting howl will cause the overthrow of the Democratic Administration. The safer procedure will, of course, be the cautious one, for the principle that the man who is hurt makes more noise than the man who is benefited still holds. It is this fact that leads to the conclusion that tariff-bargaining under the first Administration of Mr. Roosevelt, at least, will do little more than check the decrease in the volume of America's foreign trade.

Until the American public has had its fill of illusory schemes for selling abroad without buying in return, it is improbable that it will give the Administration its support in real give-and-take "Yankee trading." Until it recognizes the fallacy of sales abroad by private lending, by government credit or by the acceptance of silver at an arbitrary and artificial price, it will probably cling to the belief that increased exports are not directly dependent on increased imports.

Thus, the United States, for some time to come, will probably continue to dodge the issues outlined in Secretary Wallace's much quoted *America Must Choose*. How many years must pass before it is willing to take a realistic attitude towards international trade would seem to depend on the ingenuity of its elected leaders in thinking up schemes which appear to avoid the necessity of choosing between a permanently subsidized agriculture and mutual tariff concessions on a scale sufficient to reopen export markets.

Rehousing America

BY OLIVER WHITWELL WILSON

The Roosevelt Administration is struggling with a housing problem more acute and of graver implications than most Americans realize

MR. ROBERT D. KOHN, a former President of the American Institute of Architects and designer of noble buildings, for many years had journeyed over the United States and surveyed the panorama of prosperity. Everywhere he was invited to look at the finest and latest triumphs of architectural dignity—the stately civic centres, the spacious Union Stations, the local skyscrapers, often solitary in their eminence. But as Housing Director of the New Deal in Washington it was a different United States that he envisaged—no longer the outside of the municipal cup, but the inside of that gorgeous chalice—down to the very dregs. It was for slum clearance and decent homes for the people as a whole that Federal money had been made available.

Mr. Kohn traveled over the country covering more than 8,000 miles and, seeing realities with his own eyes, his astonishment was apocalyptic. In this richest of commonwealths, it could hardly be said that multitudes of homes, especially of the very poor, are homes at all. At least one-half of them are inadequate, and this includes farms. In Wisconsin, to give one instance,

2,000 families were found in derelict lumber camps where the conditions were at least as bad as the worst of slums in the cities.

Broken-down buildings were infested with squalor and dirt. There was a lack of decent sanitation causing disease and especially tuberculosis. The environment led to social and juvenile delinquency, crime, high rates for maternal and infantile mortality, and avoidable street accidents to children. Nor was this the whole story. These were areas that failed to support the financial credit of the community. On the one hand they involved the city in heavy social expenditure. On the other hand they presented a high percentage of tax arrears and a lowering of tax income actually collected.

City balance sheets showed again and again that as much as three times the local revenue yielded by these areas had to be spent within them. New York City's lower East Side actually costs the community four times the income received from it. Much of this money was needed for prevention of crime. Also there was the high cost of social work to offset the lowered physical standard—expenditures that under

proper living conditions would have been unnecessary.

In many matters, the United States has led the world. But sometimes we have been so busy *making* money that we have not worried over any holes in the purse through which we were *losing* money. Such a leakage has been permitted in real estate. The private investor and speculator has been interested as a rule only in a quick turnover of his capital. He has hoped for a rapid rise in capital land value. He has aimed at an eight to twelve per cent profit, and of improper financing, based on false values, we are now seeing the results. There are mortgages that never represented 100 cents to the dollar, and taxable values which were out of all proportion to an honest valuation. An inevitable result has been the break-down of finance, whether banking or governmental, in many communities.

We dreamed of marble halls, both for business and for living. On these dreams we lavished our money and they seemed to be a sure thing on paper. We made no allowance for possible overproduction of floor space. It did not occur to us that the demand for floor space is, after all, limited. In one city, as an illustration, the first skyscraper was, on completion, filled to capacity. The second could not be filled for the first absorbed the market. When the crash came the loss on that building was one of the reasons why the bank it housed failed to open after the moratorium. The little credit and buying power left in a community twenty-five per cent in distress disappeared overnight.

During the Nineteenth Century, there was a rapid increase in urban population all over our Western civ-

ilization. In the United States that increase was accelerated by unrestricted immigration which, over a long period, resulted in a forced growth of cities and population not yet homogeneous. As long as immigration continued there was no difficulty in filling—indeed in overcrowding—any kind of dwellings. Two things have now happened. Immigration, restricted by law, is, in fact, at a standstill. This means that cities depend on the natural increase of population and on migration from the rural to the urban areas. Secondly, there is universal education, not forgetting those movies which familiarize the people with what is meant by a higher standard of living.

People so educated and so stimulated in their desires return to tenements and apartments with small inadequate rooms and a kitchen that looks onto a slit of a court where, inevitably, there is created an odor that is impossible to remove. The resultant dissatisfaction with this hopelessly inadequate provision for a decent home life breeds criminals faster than prisons can be built to house them, and the average age of prisoners in our jails drops lower and lower each year. The mental stability of the nation is affected and a disproportionate expenditure has to be devoted to the care and treatment of the mentally deranged whose numbers increase each year.

Statisticians produce figures to prove that there has been a higher standard of living in the United States than elsewhere. On the average it may have been so. But this high average is the direct result of an exceptionally high standard in the upper strata of society. On the one hand, we have homes where one bath for the family is held to be indecent. There must be two, or three

or four. On the other hand, there are communities which, according to the reports, have only one bath, if that, for the entire population; and there are many counties in which there is not a single bath for the entire farming population! There are thousands of tenements and farms and houses in America today which have cruder sanitation than that found in Knossos, one of the leading communities of the pre-Classic Minoan civilization. To millions of Americans, the old-time slogan of a higher standard of life is thus meaningless. In the essentials and comforts of life they are desperately poor.

II

Let us try to see the problem in its historic perspective. What chiefly impresses us in the six thousand years of recorded history is that many highly developed civilizations have passed away. Around the eastern Mediterranean there were, in the days of Abraham, many cities, large and small. Yet of those mentioned familiarly in the Book of Genesis, there does not appear to be one, save Damascus, that can be said to have maintained a continuous activity.

It is true that some ancient cities, such as Jerusalem, Athens and Rome, serve a modern people for habitation. But this means that a new and different city has been built upon an old site. The Acropolis at Athens is but a museum of ruins and modern Rome has a long way to go before she fills the perimeter of the ancient walls.

Cities, new and old, grow with the life within them. They do not die until that life has left them and they die, as the oak dies, of disease. So it was with old Delhi, a city of ghosts adjoining

a city of men and women. So it has been with the dream city of Angkor and with Chichen-Itza in Yucatan. What failed in all these cities was not marble and bricks and mortar; it was human life. Memphis, Thebes and Bubastis once accommodated a teeming population. Where are those people today? What descendants have they left?

Cities make themselves impossible and have to move on to a new situation. Cairo lies fifteen miles away from the earlier Memphis, that has been empty for hundreds of years. Thebes, filled with ruined temples, is reduced to a few scattered villages and a tourist hotel.

What is the lesson to be learned from archeological research? Surely it is this: the essential need of man is not the big and monumental edifice; it is shelter from the elements; it is housing for the people.

Outside modern Cairo, we find the great necropolis which served ancient Memphis. Above the other tombs which cover the desert's fringe, elaborately constructed with underground chambers, statues, wall reliefs and inscriptions, there rise the three great pyramids of Gizeh. Then, as now, death was a continuous visitor, and the mausoleums required a resident army of artisans, sculptors, painters and priests. Also, there had to be a body of laborers to construct the tombs, to drag the heavy blocks of stone into place, and transport the ponderous sarcophagi from the barges on the Nile. These workers and their families were a large community and we thus find a regularly laid out City of the Dead, and adjacent to it a planned workmen's town. It is the earliest example of town-planning that has been discovered by archeologists.

The pity is that this community should have been no more than an exception which proves the rule. Most ancient cities, like most modern cities, were allowed to expand, higgledy-piggledy, and with disastrous results. It is true that, in the Roman Empire, we find town-planning, as at Timgad in Algeria; many a medieval city in Europe is built, even today, on the original Roman plan. But there were also slums. The Imperial Rome of the first Caesars was a mushroom city, and even in those days the jerry-builder was among the enemies of the people. History has proven over and over again that the contrast between wealth and poverty—reflected in environment—is potentially dangerous. Both the French and the Russian revolutions were a sweeping away, not merely of political inequalities but of unnatural differences in living conditions. Even in the United States, there may come a day of reckoning when it will be realized that firetraps are not homes, and that the symbol of American cleanliness, the bath, if it is a luxury of the millionaire, is also the right of the millions.

III

In the provision of homes for the people, the United States has much to learn from other countries. In England, Germany, Austria and the Soviet Republic, there has been a movement away from the haphazard policy of leaving cities to grow, like Topsy, without any plan. In alleviating bad conditions there has been real progress, and again we may glance down the historic vista.

After the early Egyptian and the Roman examples of town planning, it is not until the Renaissance that we find

further examples. Cardinal Richelieu, a man of many activities, was a town planner who built a little self-contained community named for himself. Here, in a sleepy district drenched with memories of the past, can be found the germ of the idea which later developed into the modern garden city.

The idea lay dormant for many years. Only in one or two places, Bath in England and Nancy in France, was planning undertaken. It was a chocolate manufacturer who realized the need for decent homes for working men and women; and George Cadbury in 1879 started Bournville near Birmingham in England, a city whose slums had been and are still notorious. Port Sunlight near Liverpool was built for workers in a soap factory.

These were individual endeavors to satisfy a special need. It was Sir Ebenezer Howard in his book, *Tomorrow*, who conceived the garden city lying outside the boundaries of a metropolis and complete in itself; as a result of this work, Welwyn and Letchworth were created. As self-contained communities they are notable. But, of course, they do not offer a direct solution of the immediate problems arising out of slums in large cities.

Dame Henrietta O. Barnett worked for years in the East End of London in an attempt to bring the poor east and the rich west together in a mutual understanding. Out of her labors grew the neighborhood community idea where men and women of all ranks of life, of all ages, can live together in a common community, with an abundance of the glories of nature and outdoor life surrounding their homes. In this she was ably assisted by Sir Raymond Unwin. In developing the general plan of the Hampstead Garden

Suburb, Sir Raymond provided that each resident, however rich, however poor, should have his own garden.

For a time, the War stopped the housing movement in Britain. But out of the horrors of that upheaval developed a stronger consciousness of the need for improved living conditions. The pre-War jerry-builders who had supplied poor imitations of planned communities, were replaced by housing authorities, now well over seventeen hundred in number, which are building homes for the poorest families and which yield a three and one-half per cent income on invested capital.

Despite a general lack of progressive planning in the United States, there were interested groups who studied developments abroad and there were honest endeavors to develop the ideal community. Forest Hills was one of the first but it failed in its original purpose of providing homes for the poorer people. The idea was unique; it became popular; and soon it changed into a rich man's town. Nor must we forget Pullman City and Gary, towns which were built for the same purposes as Bournville and Port Sunlight in England. The War also produced several mushroom communities which were ably planned for the increased workers at many factories. The Armistice, in many cases, prevented their completion, and they remain mere fragments, often devoid of tenants.

Since the War, a group of men and women under the leadership of housing architects have created Sunnyside in Queens, Radburn in New Jersey and Chatham Village near Pittsburg. These suggest various stages in the development of the self-contained neighborhood.

The United States has schools of

architecture of which she has reason to be proud. It is, however, significant and regrettable that, as a course of study, planning on a larger scale has been left in the background and relegated to the domain of landscape architecture. Of the many thousands of future architects graduated from these schools, very few received their diplomas with any idea that town planning might be their career. These schools have now to revise these programmes, and, as the new Dean of the School of Architecture at Columbia, Joseph R. Hudnut, points out, the architect of the future must be also a sociologist and an economist. He must study architecture as a service for mankind.

IV

In furtherance of the New Deal better housing schemes were submitted to Washington by many architects and agencies which, on examination by the small band of real experts, could not be approved. It was not enough to take a small specified area and make plans for rebuilding that area. Consideration had to be given to the effect on surrounding properties. A community should make a complete civic survey for analysis before proceeding to develop a programme.

Take the case of Cleveland. There was an attractive plan to rehabilitate a sparsely populated and blighted slum district. The new developments were to occupy *one-fifth the total area*. But on that fifth it was proposed to house *the entire population of the whole area*. It would have meant a complete exodus of people from the other four-fifths of the land for which there would be no obvious use either residential or commercial. The land was valued at some eighty to ninety cents a square foot. But

this value was found to be five times too high and such overvaluation is now the chief obstacle to proper housing for the poorer population. There is thus a need of local legislation creating municipal housing authorities with powers to take over a blighted area at a reasonable value. Failing such powers, slums—for instance, parts of New York's East Side—can never be replaced.

We have to face a plain issue. A man may own a piece of property, but has he or has he not the right to erect thereon a structure which is going to harm his neighbors? A poorly designed, inadequate building is just as much a public nuisance as a vicious dog. If such a structure destroys a whole section, does there not seem to be a reasonable community right that there should be restrictive regulation preventing the erection of unsuitable buildings? This issue dominates the policy of planning and replanning communities. It is implied in the original draft of the proposed National Housing Act.

It has been our habit to assume that slum clearance could be left to take care of itself. It would follow—so we believed—as a matter of course from the increase in the size of the community. The outer ring of residences would spread over a wider and wider periphery. The inner commercial centre would gradually absorb the property that had depreciated upon the inner circumference of the residential area. No special control by the state was necessary. To a certain extent this *laissez-faire*, especially in a new community, met the needs of the situation. But when the skyscraper came, it destroyed the scheme of things. By concentrating business upon a small site, the skyscraper stopped its spread. The

blighted zone was bereft of commercial absorption and it became chronic.

An automobile, when it deteriorates, can be sent to the junk heap. It does not depreciate the roads. But a building, whether it be residential or commercial, is fixed to its site. If it crumbles, its location suffers, and this is what town planners describe as "blight."

Often the "individual initiative" which created the original building allows the same building to decay. In cities such as Philadelphia and Cleveland, the older areas, which also had become the poorer areas, became derelict. Within these areas rents fell to a vanishing point and lack of revenue eliminated any possibility of repairing or rebuilding by private initiative.

During the era of prosperity, the nation, following a policy of "let George do it" did little to ameliorate the situation. While spending billions for overexpansion of factories and business, it invested scarcely a cent in decent and well-planned homes for the poorer people. In Philadelphia, nothing was built for the fifty per cent of the lowest income groups of the population. The bulk of new construction went into homes that could be afforded by only fifteen per cent of the population. It meant overbuilding for the well-to-do, with much loss of capital and expensive selling overhead for a glutted market. It meant that the poorer people had either to spend far too great a proportion of their earnings for rent, or else live in hovels.

During the depression, the plight of the slum and blighted areas has been intensified. Extreme poverty, for in 1932 sixty per cent of wage earners received less than \$1,000, has meant doubling and tripling of families in apartments and tenements, while other

property has been completely vacated. Both conditions are bad.

New York City has recently completed a slum clearance survey. Out of the findings produced by the committee in charge of the work, a sad picture is presented of this, the largest community in the world. It is estimated that two million persons live in old-law tenements whose design was condemned at the beginning of the century. To rehouse this population will take over \$1,000,000,000, and this will only remove the worst conditions. To rehouse New York City properly will require two and a half billions of dollars!

v

What we have now to work out is a practical policy, and sometimes we might almost be inclined to hand over the whole business to a benevolent—or even a malevolent—autocrat! It was the smell of the slums under the Palatine Hill and their obstruction to business that appear to have been factors in the pyromania of the Emperor Nero. Many a city has been purged by fire. In Paris a hay barge caught alight and was allowed to drift down the Seine until it jammed under a bridge and thus started a general conflagration. London's plague-swept houses disappeared in the famous fire of 1666. In the United States the construction of buildings of deplorably flimsy materials which rapidly deteriorate has led to much the same experience. In her early history, New York suffered from a serious conflagration. Boston, Salem, Baltimore, Chicago have all been swept by the devouring flames. San Francisco was utterly destroyed first by earthquake and then by fire. In every case acres of slum areas were eliminated.

First among the possibilities of a practical policy is reclamation—which means a better use of the homes already in existence. Many buildings can be kept in repair, modern improvements can be installed, and the original life of the structure considerably extended. The fact that there are buildings in Europe, here and there, that were old five hundred years ago and are still in use today, is proof of this. Such a policy of conservation has been pursued in a few centres in the United States, such as Salem, Massachusetts, and it shows that deterioration, if properly dealt with, is not always an insurmountable evil. In the proposed National Housing Act, reclamation is among the major proposals. Small sums of money wisely expended on structural restoration will, it is hoped, raise many homes to a higher level of decency and comfort. Sometimes, the need is merely for a coat of protective paint. An all too high percentage require adequate sanitation.

Secondly, there is the surgical operation known as slum clearance. It means simply what the phrase implies—the removal of all structures from a condemned area, which thus becomes a new site, ready for properly planned and constructed homes. During the clearance of an area, there should be a reasonable arrangement for the immediate rehousing of the families affected within the district where they have been living and, in many cases, will still want to live.

Thirdly, we have the planning of new housing which will be worthy of modern civilization. The redevelopment of a city block as a unit is not sufficient. It is agreed by experts that the unit should be the area served by the grade school.

A planned area includes more than

homes. Provision must be made for stores, for recreation, for religious observance, for education, for streets and transportation. The rentals of the homes must be suited, not merely to families of a hypothetical means. We must consider what are the incomes actually paid.

The opportunity for city planning is today obvious. It has ceased to be an ideal, and is now an urgent necessity. It is for the profession of architecture to make up its mind as to what it means by planned housing. There has been a good deal of academic theorizing. The time has now come for applying theories to actual conditions.

The broad fact is that, in normal times, the United States requires 400,000 new houses every year. These houses are needed first to replace dwellings that have depreciated below the standard of health and decency; secondly, they are required for the increase in population. Yet since the depression, the construction of houses has fallen to ten per cent of normal, and a shortage of accommodation is immi-

nent. We must not forget that the six and one-half per cent of families who have "doubled up" because of unemployment will demand individual homes as prosperity returns.

The National Housing Act means that the problem must be solved, not as private speculation, but as social co-operation. New questions must be asked. Is there sufficient outdoor recreation available for young and old for each home? In what location has the school been placed? Is it to be necessary in future for children—often mere infants—to cross busy highways on their way to and from school and play? Should mothers be under the necessity of crossing traffic-crowded streets when, accompanied by the baby carriage, they undertake their daily marketing?

It is with such thoughts in mind that experts in community housing have devoted their lives to a crusade for essential national upbuilding. If the United States follows their leadership she may yet realize the dreams of those who, full of hope, crossed the ocean to these shores in search of a better way of life.



Plebiscite Puzzle in the Saar

BY GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

The Saarlanders are torn between racial loyalty and economic advantage, and their choice is another factor in the troubled peace of Europe

THE Saar is not a problem to the Nazis. They follow a simple line of reasoning which runs about like this: the Saar is German (which is correct); Germany is Nazi (which is also correct); hence the Saar is Nazi—and this is distinctly wrong. The Saar has problems all of its own, and if the present masters of Germany fail to recognize them, they may be faced with a *fait accompli* of serious political consequences. The problem involved in the Saar plebiscite, fixed by the League of Nations for January 13, 1935, is much graver than would ordinarily be implied by a simple electoral process. The balance of power in Europe, now hanging by a very fine and very delicate thread, may easily be affected, not by the outcome of the plebiscite, which, everybody admits, will see the Saar's return to the Fatherland, but by the difficulty of adjusting the Saar's economy to that of the Reich.

For while it is true that the Saar is German through and through, it is also true that the Saarländer does not make his living from Germany alone, but also from France; some even go so far as to assert that, from an economic

point of view, the Saar could exist without Germany, but not without France. This may be exaggerating the issue, but it at least seems clear that, while the racial and political issues favor the German side, when it comes to the economic aspects there are certain French interests which demand consideration. It is this "partnership" of the two powers in the tiny Saar district which may provide the fireworks sometime in the future. It is the fact that almost-forgotten issues of the past, of the War and of the Armistice are dragged out again into the merciless light of political reality which makes this more than "just a plebiscite."

The Saar is and always has been German. But when twenty years ago the German armies invaded northern France, they thought it advisable to adhere to the ancient war custom of destroying the enemy's resources within their reach. This they did by putting the French coal mines out of commission. In doing so they did not figure on losing the war, of course. So when the time came to add up the losses, the Germans were forced to return Alsace-Lorraine to France, which was also given the exclusive rights of exploita-

tion of the coal mines in the Saar Basin, in compensation for the previously destroyed French mines. France became the owner of the mining fields and concessions, the value of which was credited to Germany on the reparations account.

Now it happens that the prosperity of the Saar is derived from coal and iron. The chief market for her coal is Germany, and the chief source of supply for her iron industries is Alsace-Lorraine. As long as these two provinces were part of Germany, the Saar fitted in nicely enough. She obtained her supplies from one part of Germany, and sold her products to a considerable extent in another part of Germany. This well-balanced economic situation was changed when Alsace-Lorraine with her iron ore mines fell to France in 1919, and when an impoverished Germany could not give the Saar industries quite the same market they had enjoyed in pre-War days. In addition, France went out of her way to help the Saar reorientate her economy more in line with French ambitions. Trade and tariff obstacles were removed, French capital poured into the Saar Basin, French industries placed large orders and, on the other hand, supplied large quantities of ores, all of which contributed to making the Saar reasonably prosperous.

To what extent the economic character of the Saar has turned from German to French may be seen from the fact that Germany absorbed back in 1913 about 4,718,000 tons of Saar coal, and France 2,670,600 tons. Twenty years later, the German figure had dropped to 948,000 tons, while the French figure had risen to 3,980,000 tons. The sale of steel mill products to Germany amounted in 1913 to

seventy per cent of total sales; in 1933 it had dropped to thirty-five per cent, or exactly half. In contrast, sales of these products to France rose within the same period from fourteen to thirty-one per cent of total sales.

In other countries, steel and coal may be important items in the national economy, but in the Saar they are more than just that. They furnish everything—food, clothing and shelter—for virtually the entire population of 828,000. Almost one-half of this number are engaged in the mining or manufacturing end of iron and coal. It is, therefore, essential for the Saarlanders to know just how the plebiscite is going to affect the sales possibilities for their coal and the supply of iron ore needed for the manufacture of steel products. The iron ore they obtained from Lorraine when it was German; now they obtain it also from Lorraine even though it is French. And in the future they want it from the same Lorraine regardless of whether it is German or French or anything else.

Not so with the two rivals. The French say: "If you vote for Germany, we shall stop ore shipments from Lorraine." It is an open question, however, whether France will not think twice before losing a customer who takes three million tons of ore every year, or nearly ten per cent of the Lorraine output. The Germans, again, say: "Why bother about the French ore? Don't you have stocks right here in the Saar? And if they are exhausted, you can buy Swedish and Canadian ores, which, because of currency devaluation, are cheaper by fifty per cent today than they were in 1929. Finally, our German ores can be treated for your purposes in such a way that they can take the place of French ores."

II

And so the arguments go, back and forth, emphasizing or discounting, as the case may be, the advantages of staying with France or of returning to Germany. One fact, however, seems to stand out: if the Saar goes back to the Reich, it will be the first time since the Franco-Prussian War that it finds itself outside of the territorial area of Alsace-Lorraine, which has given it its importance. There will be a tariff line between the Saar and France; there will be all sorts of obstacles in the way of placing Saar coal on the French market, of getting iron ore across the border, of selling mill products, of finding customers for a number of other products made in the Saar, for instance, machines, technical apparatus, vehicles, glass, brick, cement and many others.

Where would the people of the Saar find a substitute for the French trade lost by import restrictions, tariffs, quota systems and the like? Germany has announced through von Papen, Goebbels and Hitler himself that ample care would be taken of any losses which the Saar may suffer in consequence of a pro-German plebiscite. Railroad rates would be reduced so as to facilitate the exchange of goods. Unemployment (amounting to about 40,000 in the Saar Valley) would be eliminated; the splendid results of the German campaign against unemployment are offered as proof of this contention. Orders would be placed by the German heavy industries. French capital would be replaced by German funds. Coal and steel production would be stepped up, and full and unspoiled prosperity would be but a matter of months.

It does not fall within the scope of

this article to discuss in detail just how Germany would do all this. After all, she is beset by difficulties of her own. Employment is created, true enough; but in many cases it does not seem to pay much more than the minimum of unemployment insurance; in many cases, it is a sort of "militarized" work, in labor camps, on roads and in the fields. The financial difficulties of the Reichsbank at the time I am writing are well enough known to throw doubt on the efficacy of large-scale financing in the Saar. Finally, the coal and steel producers along the Rhine and Ruhr will not be so enthusiastic about the incorporation of the Saar industries in the Reich, for they are competing with each other. Besides, the Ruhr coal is better in quality than the Saar coal and has, furthermore, the advantage of cheaper freight. The Saar has been promised a nice, brand-new canal to the Rhine, but the same promise was made at the beginning of the century. It was never carried out because the coal producers along the Ruhr objected. Will the Nazis be able to overrule that objection?

Then, there are many smaller industries such as the breweries, the boot and shoe industry, the furniture industry and a number of others which have grown up during the last fifteen years behind French tariff walls. They supply the specifically German needs of the Saar population which can not be supplied by France. But once the tariff walls are eliminated, will they be strong enough to compete with powerful German large-scale production? While the Nazis profess particular sympathies for the small trader, they have not shown so far any leanings toward the small producers at the expense of the large interests in their own

country. If they can do no better in the Saar, the chances are that most of these small industries will be forced to close down.

III

From this picture of economic conditions one may easily judge the thoughts and sentiment of the people in the Saar Valley. They are German, they feel German, they speak German. But so many things have happened since the Versailles Treaty. While in years past they have been looking toward the east with anxiety and hopefulness for their reunion with the Fatherland, the daily worries of making a living have not blinded their eyes to existing realities. They have looked toward the east, but they have taken advantage of business opportunities in the west. They have clamored for German possession of the Saar, but meanwhile they have built their future to a good extent upon French coöperation.

Now they are forced with this dilemma. Should they vote for France, for Germany or for the *status quo* under the patronage of the League of Nations? They probably do not know themselves. Before the advent of Hitler, it was reasonably certain that at least ninety per cent of the Saar population would vote for reunion with Germany. Now estimates vary. The Nazis claim ninety-nine per cent, no more and no less. The Social Democrats do not concede more than forty per cent. The truth lies probably somewhere between. If left entirely alone, the people might vote for the continuation of the present status. But the Nazis have devoted time and money, have called out the storm troops and have shipped the silver tongues of their persuasive leaders to the cities and towns of the Saar

to see that the plebiscite effects the return to the mother country.

They have worked in their approved style. Persecution and propaganda have played their part. In recent speeches, Herr von Papen went out of his way to point out that, if the plebiscite brought a "disappointing result," the result would be the Saar's complete economic collapse. He called attention to the annual pension payments, social insurance funds, subsidies for housing, education and other cultural purposes sent in to the territory by the German Government, funds that in the aggregate exceeded the total tax income of the local government. He did not fail to remind his audience that only Germany's willingness to punch her tariff walls full of holes for the benefit of Saar industries kept them above water. He and his colleagues conveniently recalled the fact that about forty per cent of the production of Saar coal mines must be sold outside the French area, and chiefly in Germany. That the other sixty per cent are no less important, he did not say.

All of which tends only to aggravate the plight of the Saarlanders. If they turn from Germany, they lose one-half of their markets. If they turn the other way, they may lose the other half, or a valuable portion of it. If they turn nowhere, they challenge the ire of the Nazis. And this is not all. As was said above, before Herr Hitler grew from the "drummer of the revolution" the leading German statesman, it was clear that the people of the Saar would go back where they feel they belong. But Hitler arrived, and freedom went. The persecution of the Catholic part of the German population must have made a deep impression on the people of the Saar, of whom more than two-thirds

belong to the Roman Catholic Church. It must have left a deep scar on the patriotism of the working population when they read about the dissolution of German labor unions, about the regimentation of the working class, about the leader principle in every economic branch: in short, about the loss of labor's freedom and its subordination to the interests of the State, according to the tenets of National Socialism. And it is doubtful whether this reaction upon the Catholic and the labor factions of the Saar would not have been enough to swing the tide of voting either in favor of France or of the League protectorate in normal times.

Here the story should end, and it would if only the Saar were concerned. However, the dynamite in the situation and the friction involved in it, will only then come to the surface. It is the issue between Germany and France.

IV

For one thing, there are the stipulations of the plebiscite. The preliminary canvassing and the actual taking of the vote must be carried out free from Nazi pressure and terrorism. Up to now, the atmosphere has been loaded to the extent of open conflagration with both of them. Secondly, those who have the courage to vote against the reincorporation of the Saar into the Reich must enjoy a genuine condonation after the plebiscite. In the past, the Nazis have intimated that any Saarlanders will thus have branded themselves as traitors to their country. Unless the Hitlerites change their procedure in the Saar completely, it will be easy for the French to prove German violation of the rules of the plebiscite and to question its validity.

More important in the case of a

German victory is the disruption of a territory which is economically interdependent but would then be politically separated and cut into different trade and tariff zones. The triangle of Alsace, Lorraine and the Saar, as was indicated above, is one large industrial and mining unit. They have enjoyed prosperity because they were free to trade and barter within one customs union. Now they are to be parted.

All past wars between Prussia and France have had their cause largely in the possession of the Rhineland as well as of the Rhine River. Later wars between the Reich and France revolved around the possession of Alsace-Lorraine. Now that Germany seems to have resigned herself to the loss of these two provinces, another devil pops up in the Saar Basin, an excellent excuse for a war.

The tension between the two countries is such that any additional friction should be carefully avoided. Unfortunately, the plebiscite comes at a time when the reincorporation of the Saar into the Reich will not make the French more sympathetic toward German rearmament and toward the challenge of National Socialism. On the other hand, it will add to the Reich's difficulties, although it must be admitted that the territorial addition will recompense the Hitler Government for many setbacks at home. But it will add to the church conflict; it will aggravate the labor problem; it will add to the problems of heavy industry; and it will be particularly trying for the Nazi patience in dealing with the French and non-Nazi inhabitants of the Saar Valley.

The plebiscite, instead of solving a delicate problem, will create one that may long be remembered as a worthy remnant of the Treaty of Versailles.

Idealism's Bank Holiday

BY LOUISE MANNSELL FIELD

Who is confident that the War-inspired cynicism of the 'Twenties is disappearing in a resurgence of typically American idealism

IT'S ideals have always been at once the wealth and the ultimate destiny of a nation. By them and through them it makes its mark upon the world, by them and through them it is remembered long after its rulers, its buildings and even its monuments have become merely so much wind-blown dust. The Greek ideals of beauty, the Persian ideal of truth-speaking, the Roman ideals of fortitude and patriotism still endure in men's memories, an inseparable and the most important part of what we mean when we speak of Greece or Persia or Rome. And of all the nations of the world, past or present, there is none in whose building ideals have played so conspicuous a part as they have done in these United States.

Founded on ideals of freedom, of the equality of all men, rich and poor, before the law, of religious tolerance and a chance for every one of its citizens to pursue his own ideas of happiness so long as the pursuit did not interfere with the rights of others, it began by proclaiming all these to the four quarters of the globe. There was of course nothing new about any one of them. The most difficult to achieve,

that of the equality of all men before the law, had been upheld in Egypt as early as the second millennium B.C., and reaffirmed centuries later in Magna Charta. But never before had such a combination been made at once the very cornerstone of a country, and its national creed.

We who are living in this present period of change, turmoil and instability are being besieged and often deafened with talk of the bankruptcy of American along with all other idealisms, implicit and explicit. As far as the United States' own special types are concerned, we are told that the cornerstone is not and never was more than pretense, mere papier-maché and the creed one in which only the sheep-like herd of the stupid ever really believed at all. During the past decade and a half or so it has been the fashion to declare one's self hard-boiled, and to be ashamed not of one's evil but rather of one's good behavior. The new and generally prevalent form of hypocrisy has been an homage paid, not by vice to virtue, but by virtue to vice.

For only by professing a complete disbelief in the very existence of morality or any sort of moral code could

one prove one's self sophisticated. Husbands and wives who seemed faithful to and even fond of each other must be spoken of as either skilful in deception or the unfortunate victims of regrettable inhibitions. Loyalty to anything or any one must be ridiculed as folly or pretense, unless of course that something or some one had the power to further one's material interests. Romantic love was laughed at as moonshine, and belief in the possibility of its endurance seriously deplored as so much self-delusion, likely to have disastrous consequences, while affection for one's parents was only a lamentable exhibition of infantilism. As for those absurd men and women who manifested an altruistic desire to leave their corner of the world just a little bit better than they found it, they must be treated as possibly fools and probably Pecksniffs, while the poet's declaration that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," was regarded as applicable, so far as any sensible person was concerned, only to the reaching out for money and yet more money.

Literature was swept along by the current. The leading characters of our fiction not only ceased to be estimable, but even to have sufficient decency to make them fit subjects for ordinary social intercourse. For all our supposedly hard-boiled attitude we would, most of us, have refused to admit into our homes men and women like those we professed to admire when we encountered them in fiction. As for the background against which these wastrels played their parts, it was composed by a careful selection of the worst aspects and incidents of our civilization, and an equally careful ignoring of any that might appear to be an improvement upon the customs and methods of the

Stone Age. The stage, as might be expected, followed the lead of the novel as far as its greater limitations would permit, while biography consisted principally in ferreting out and setting down the worst that had been, could and might by any possibility be said of its subject.

II

All this in the period of our supposed material prosperity; when the crash came, with its attendant train of bank failures, business suspensions and besmirched if not totally destroyed reputations, matters of course grew even worse. When men who had been honored as models of probity as well as of successful enterprise proved ethically lower than the worst of the professional crooks, gangsters and racketeers, since these at least ran risks from which the financial potentates believed themselves immune, such belief as was left in human uprightness received a terrific, in many instances an overwhelming, shock. To many it seemed as if the men at the head of most of the larger business and financial enterprises of the United States had been proved totally devoid, not only of honor, but of what we had been accustomed to call common honesty. Those who had not been so proved were, it was felt, probably no better than the others; they had only so far escaped being found out. Then when the Government of the United States repudiated its obligations by refusing to carry out its pledge to pay its debts in gold, it seemed as if the pessimists must indeed be right, and the United States bankrupt in idealism, not only of the special type it had once professed but of every other.

Yet less than twenty years have

passed since this country was stirred to its very core by questions of loyalty and honor and the sacred duty of keeping a given promise. It is easy now to talk about the financiers and the munition-makers, easy to talk about propaganda and hysteria as the reasons why the United States first sympathized with, and eventually entered the World War on the side of, the Allies; but the underlying truth is that from the hour Belgium was invaded the idealism of the country was roused. The glaring fact that of all the great powers Germany alone was ready for war to the last man and the last button had an influence far stronger than that of any so-called propaganda. There was alloy mingled, no doubt, with the pure gold of that chivalrous impulse which saw the World War as a new and greater Crusade. Alloy always is so mingled, and in abundance. But it was not self-interest which impelled the greater number of those obscure American women who from the beginning sewed and knit and made bandages for the Allies, giving up, in many instances, leisure that was precious, strength and money they could ill afford. Nor was it self-interest which impelled the greater number of the American men, important and unimportant alike, who worked long hours to help those whose countries had been made desolate, or went over-seas to serve in ambulance corps or to fight for humanity and righteousness. It is easy to sneer today at what they did and their reasons for doing it; to a certain type of mind, sneering is always both pleasant and easy. But behind the restlessness, and desire for change and for adventure which doubtless motivated some of them, lurked something at least of the chivalric impulse.

Never perhaps did American idealism reach a higher pitch than during the World War, both before and after the United States entered the conflict. And it is in the very height and ardor of the self-sacrifice, of the hope for and the belief in the coming of that new and better world, "fit for heroes to live in," which many confidently expected would result from the war to end war, that we should look for the fundamental cause of the half cynical, half despairing attitude which has dominated the succeeding years. During the four years the World War lasted, the best of the American people made tremendous drafts, not only on their material wealth, but also on their store of generosity, of willingness to put self-interest aside, of hope and faith in and for the future, tremendous drafts on all that we sum up in the word, idealism.

They were not alone, of course, in so doing; far from it. But it is only of America that I am writing. Throughout those four years a great many, both men and women, strained every nerve in efforts primarily if not purely altruistic. The slogan, "Give till it hurts," was no mere empty phrase to them but an expression of fact. They gave not only their money, but themselves, working with all the ardor and energy they possessed for the sake of ideals of honor and justice they hoped to see embodied in a new and cleaner world, wherein those who had fought side by side would be united in bonds of good will and good fellowship never to be dissolved. That through selfishness or negligence, indifference or any material considerations whatsoever, faith should be broken with those who lay among the poppies of Flanders field seemed an idea impossible to entertain even for a single moment.

Not all by any means of the men and women in these United States were, it is scarcely necessary to add, influenced by such hopes and faiths, such beliefs and ideas and ideals. But very many were; and these drew tremendously on their reserve as well as on their current accounts in idealism's bank. Drew until it hurt.

For it was their subsequent weariness and disappointment which did more than anything else to bring about the still extant bank holiday in idealism.

Enthusiastic as they were, they had set not merely their hopes, but also their expectations too high. They had forgotten that war drains not only the best blood but also the mental and moral strength of a nation; forgotten too that human nature acts very like a pendulum, swinging from one extreme to the other. Only a very few can breathe the rarefied air of the spiritual heights in comfort for any length of time; the majority soon find a return to ordinary ground desirable.

III

We all know the sorry story of the post-War Jazz Period, when the very intensity of relief from a strain become unendurable, the very cessation, or apparent cessation, of the need for self-abnegation set the nation to dancing and drinking, while what seemed to be the easiest kind of easy money encouraged a veritable orgy of spending and speculation. Meanwhile a new generation was growing up, a generation surrounded, taught and influenced by those who had had a great faith and seen it blighted, who had had high hopes and seen them destroyed, who had had magnificent ideals and seen them degraded into laughing-stocks.

No wonder those who grew up during the post-War period, in an atmosphere of disappointment and disillusionment, materialism, cynicism, pessimism, should have adopted, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," as their motto and code of conduct. Where they made their mistake was in fancying that they were the first to do so, the first to ridicule and despise the ideas and ideals of their immediate predecessors.

They were sufferers from an inevitable reaction, sufferers from the poverty resulting from an overdraft on American idealism. They came to maturity at a time when the once abundant reserve was depleted so far that there was not enough left even for the requirements of every-day living. The very words which had expressed its point of view had become shorn of their beauty and authority, had degenerated into terms of implicit ridicule, which no intelligent person could speak or write save with tongue in cheek.

And not only was the general capital depleted, but paradoxically enough, yet necessarily too, the very men and women who had once had the largest share of such wealth were often the ones who now had the least. For it was of course those who had had the highest hopes and held them the most firmly who suffered the greatest disappointment. Idealism's one-time millionaires too frequently became its paupers. Their impoverishment affected the entire country. The callous indifference with which the nation at large treated such scandals as those of the Harding Administration and the Seabury investigation, to mention only a few, an indifference which seemed the very negation, not only of idealism, but of any shadow of moral courage or

moral sense, was in great part due to this very impoverishment of those who should have been the first to come forward, who should have quickened and led the sorely needed popular indignation through their own example and response; for idealism of some sort is the very first requisite of a genuine leader.

Then as if to annihilate any chance whatsoever of a spiritual recovery which might little by little have restocked the depleted treasury and made good the overdrafts, came the business and financial smash-up, euphemistically called the depression, with its subsequent revelations of theft and chicanery in high places, of financial immorality, of trust violated and confidence betrayed as a matter of routine, of men who had been relied upon, respected and admired threatened by jail, or saved therefrom either by their adroitness in so utilizing legal loopholes that they kept themselves and their doings safe within the letter of the law, or by the fact that their malfeasance had been on a scale so gigantic that any attempt to punish them would result only in producing new sufferers, as well as in further injuring those already victimized. Great corporations whose very names were as so many synonyms for security proved honeycombed with fraud. Confidence vanished. Who could be trusted, since these were proved untrustworthy?

Where, amid such a debacle, was any foothold for idealism to be found?

Religion, as represented by the organized churches, proved totally ineffective in its efforts, usually feeble, to cope with the situation; partly because its influence had long since sunk so low it did not count for a very great deal. Science had become in the minds of

many only another name for long-range guns, submarines, high explosives and poison gas, while its ideal of truth-seeking had small chance of making any strong appeal to a generation trained to shrug its shoulders indifferently and demand, "What is Truth?" Literature, far from even endeavoring to prospect for fresh gold with which to replace the diminished, all but vanished reserves, gave its powerful assistance principally to those who insisted that the supposed gold had never been a really precious metal at all, but only worthless tinsel, or at best, fairy gold, bound to disappear overnight. Biography and fiction alike proclaimed, not the long-established truism that, "All that glitters is not gold," but a new dogma, asserting that whatever happens to shine most brightly will most surely and unquestionably prove but worthless brass.

IV

Is the United States, then, permanently bankrupt in idealism? Or has it merely shut up shop for a while, declaring a kind of bank holiday? Will the temporarily exhausted stock of that most precious possession eventually be replenished, and solvency be attained once more?

I for one say yes. A period of suspension we have, most unfortunately, a wearisome period out of which we have not yet emerged, though already there are indications, a very few of them, that the end may at last be coming in sight. For one thing, our popular fiction and biography are changing their tone; once more writers are occasionally permitting themselves the long-abandoned luxury of depicting characters, real or imaginary, towards whom they can feel some degree of liking at

least, and sometimes even of enthusiasm. These admired characters belong, it is true, more often to the past than to the present, but at least the willingness to admire, the ability to be enthusiastic, are manifesting themselves once more, as well as gaining strength by force of repetition and example. On the stage, one of the longest-running, most successful productions of the season was a drama of triumphant idealism and of consecration to an ideal, Sidney Kingsley's *Men In White*, which despite certain obvious flaws not only won but deserved the Pulitzer Prize.

Perhaps the first definite symptoms of revival showed themselves in that political field regarding which expectations are seldom very high, and appeared on that memorable fourth of March when a new President took the oath of office. Mr. Roosevelt's accession was unquestionably greeted by many with the feeling that things were already so bad they couldn't be very much worse and might quite possibly be improved, since almost any change would have an excellent chance of being a change for the better; but there was also a genuine response to the challenge of his inaugural address. To how great an extent that response has since died away, opinions differ; but that it did exist, there can be no smallest doubt.

Taken all together, these indications of a possible, eventual release of our frozen assets of idealism, a possible restoration of our depleted stock, are as yet very few; and some even of those few may prove fallacious. Fortunately, the reason which justifies expectation that the overdrawn account will one day be fully restored rests, not on any of these, but on the broadest and

strongest of foundations; the spirit of the American people itself.

As a nation we are, and always have been, essentially and instinctively courageous. And with national courage we combine that especial type of discontent which always believes, not only in the possibility of making things better than they are, but also in its own ability to make them better. These characteristics of ours may lie dormant, even apparently moribund for a time, but they are bound to revive again, and that without any very great delay, or especially powerful extraneous influence exerted in their behalf.

But for their inherent courage, their craving for betterment, the first small companies of would-be settlers would never have ventured to cross the ocean; but for their inherent courage, their restlessness under conditions they believed unjust, and confidence in their own power to right them, the little group of Colonies never would have ventured to declare their independence, nor the pioneers gone forth to establish new homes in the wilderness, homes they were resolved should be an improvement on those they left. From its inception, our history is a story of courage confronting difficulties, often without any compulsion save that arising from its own beliefs and aspirations. Whatever else the immigrants who have come to us from other countries may have brought or have failed to bring with them, at least they invariably came possessed of their own abundant stock of courage. They had, too, not only a desire for, but a great confidence in the possibility of, bettering themselves and their children here in this new world, often materially, sometimes mentally and spiritually. But whether their aims were high or

low, without courage and a restless longing for improvement, they never would have attempted to carry them into effect. Thus they tended to strengthen characteristics already dominant, so that whatever faults we as a nation may have, cowardice is not one of them, nor is any supine yielding to circumstances.

Yet these qualities of ours unquestionably have their drawbacks, some of them serious ones. Often they blind us to facts, as in the foolish waste of our public school system, with its enormously expensive and largely futile attempts to educate the uneducatable, and in our perhaps even more foolish confidence in the excellence of so-called universal suffrage. Not infrequently, moreover, they induce us to regard whatever is new or different as necessarily an improvement on whatever is old or familiar, especially if the new have any tinge of the adventurous or even of the showy, like our once much-vaunted "tallest buildings." On occasion they have even betrayed us into an attempt to instruct other nations in the

way they should go, or rather that we think they should go, with of course unpleasant results, nations, like individuals, having an intense objection to being lectured. But far more often they have stood us not merely in good but in magnificent stead, enabling us to conquer enormous difficulties, leading us to dare greatly in our refusal to submit to what others might quite reasonably consider the insuperable or the inevitable. And in this courage, this fine type of a restless discontent, whose very keynote is a gallant denial of any passive or easy acceptance of things as they are, lies the root of our national idealism, which will surely flower from it once more.

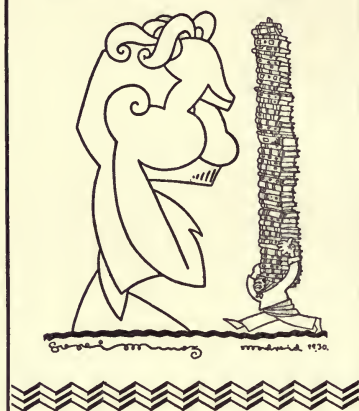
The long, hard winter of disappointment and discouragement and loss of confidence through which we have passed and are still passing, has frozen the blossoms and nipped the buds, but though so much of the visible part of the plant has blackened and withered, its root remains. From that root it must and will some day arise again, finer, stronger and more splendid than of old.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



A DISTINGUISHED meteorologist took a look at his record of sun-spot cycles sometime last spring and made the bold prophecy that this would be a year without a summer. Publishers, trusting souls that they are, arranged their affairs accordingly and instead of getting together lists of light fiction, as is their custom, decided to bring out instead some of the best of the year's novels, and also some of the most difficult.

The Landscaper is by no means sure that this theory will hold water; it is merely his way of explaining an unusual phenomenon, the appearance of several very fine books that are about as far away from the silly season as could be imagined. So here we are with hot weather—in Haddonfield, New Jersey, where this is being written the sun gives no evidence of illness, and the birds and the flowers are doing their best to confute gloomy prophecies of the approach of another Ice Age.

Actually there has never been any very good reason why people who like good books should not have them in the summer as well as any other time. The Landscaper remembers very well reading Santayana on the sand dunes of Bermuda's Elbow Beach, with a fine hot sun doing its best to bake the land-

scape, and feeling that he came nearer to grasping the thought of this great philosopher and great master of prose than at any other time during a long acquaintance. So it can be done, although the novels that are about to be spoken of do not have to be read now; for those who like to do

their thinking in cool weather, these are books that will still be worth reading later. In fact, no matter what the coming autumn season brings forth these are books that will not be surpassed.

A Poem of Mankind

One of the most difficult, most mind-stretching of the lot, is Thomas Mann's *Joseph and His Brothers* (Knopf, \$2.50), the first volume of a trilogy that has for its magnificent theme the symbolical history of the human race. It is the belief of the German novelist that there is a central unity in the affairs of men, that the patterns of history and of individuals tend to repeat themselves. The outline of his poem, for poem it is, he draws in a prelude in this first volume; he takes his reader by the hand and shows him his conception of the dark backward and abysm of time. The style is complicated, some of the sentences a page or more long, and there are overtones of philosophical

thinking that make slow and repeated readings obligatory.

The plan out of the way, we are introduced to the young Joseph, seated in the moonlight at a well paying his tribute to the moon-goddess. His father Jacob comes along and is somewhat surprised at this pagan business. There follows a long discussion of the demi-gods of the ancient world, which is a history of early religions; Joseph himself is identified with the sun-god. Osiris, Adonai, Apollo and even the sun-god of the Mayas, slip into and out of each other, and the conception becomes larger, and to put it quite frankly, harder to grasp.

But this is followed by a re-telling of the story of Jacob from Genesis, which is beautifully done, and at the same time full of significance. It is the easiest part of the book because of the emphasis on the story-element and because we are on familiar ground. Jacob, Isaac and Abraham are identified; there is a constant similarity of personality among these patriarchs which is a key to the book, for they are not only like each other, but like all men. The symbolism is simpler and more obvious, and when the book is finished much that was dark while it was being read is suddenly illuminated, and one lays the book aside with the mental muscles fatigued, but with the greatest eagerness to continue the journey.

Perhaps His Greatest

Admirers of Thomas Mann's other books, including his two great novels, *Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain*, will find the present work much harder to read, but the chances are that it will easily take rank with what has gone before, and may indeed, although it can not have the popularity of the

earlier books, turn out to be the finest thing he has ever done. So here is something for a vacation if you feel like intellectual exercise.

It should go into the record that the author was in New York for the publication of his book, and that his very brief stay of ten days won him the affection of many people who had long admired and respected him through his books. He is a voluntary exile from Hitler's Germany, which is, the Landscaper thinks, one of the most severe condemnations of the Nazis on record. He is a man of profound simplicity and dignity, and at the same time of a great deal of warmth and kindliness; in other words, one of those rare authors who lives up to his books. For those who do not yet know him, his book of short stories, *Death in Venice*, is a splendid introduction, simpler and easier to read than his novels, but so clearly marked with genius that it will almost certainly make any one wish to know more of him and his writings.

There Is No Answer

Evelyn Scott's *Breathe Upon These Slain* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50) is another of the recent novels that is definitely intellectual, which has, in other words, something to say, and which lives in the memory not only as a fine piece of fiction, but a valuable effort to think about our times, and to help to orient us with the world we live in and with the universe. Mrs. Scott's long list of novels includes none more pleasant to read than the present work, which, for all the thought that has gone into it, is done gracefully and skilfully, and which has some characters, particularly, that are both individual and typical; portraits executed with the hand of a master.

For her device, Mrs. Scott has chosen to bring to life a Victorian family whose pictures she sees on the walls of an English cottage. She writes the story in the first person, and takes the reader into the laboratory of a novelist's mind, speculating aloud as to whether she is right about her people, but nevertheless getting on with their story, which is also a story of an epoch. It runs down to our own time; on the one hand the hard outlines of Victorian thought, on the other, the equally hard outlines of the Marxian conception of everything. Mrs. Scott does not believe there are final answers to human problems; she offers no ready solutions and escapes into no formulæ. But there is a humanity in her book that is better than the Complete Answer, an intellectual honesty that is refreshing in a world full of people who do not know enough of history to realize that the race and its problems can not and will not be neatly pigeonholed.

Some reviewers have written of this book that it belongs to Mrs. Scott's minor work, but the Landscaper suspects that they were deceived by its grace; it is a novel of enduring value, much less difficult to read than such books as *The Wave* or *The Calendar of Sin*. There can be no doubt any longer that this novelist belongs to the small group of first-rate people in America who are serious artists and who have sufficient spiritual resources to make them the proper company for thoughtful people.

Rome Redivivus

The third novel of this group is a brilliant *tour de force* by Robert Graves, an Englishman of talent who has surpassed himself in the present work. The title is *I, Claudius* (Smith and Haas,

\$3), and the book is a fictional autobiography of the member of the Julio-Claudine dynasty who married Messalina and succeeded Caligula, becoming one of the greatest of the Roman Emperors. Mr. Graves has imagined Claudius, who suffered from physical defects that made him a sort of clown at court, as writing his history of himself and his times in Greek, and has imitated what might have been his simple, homely and roundabout style. This, together with the difficulty of keeping dynastic matters straight, unless, of course, one has just boned up on Tacitus and Suetonius, does not make for the easiest reading in the world, but the effort is made worth while by the vitality of the study of Claudius, and the contemporary's eye-view of one of the most colorful periods in all Roman history.

Of Claudius's own characters, Livia, his grandmother, whom he makes out a poisoner of the first order, a thoroughly unscrupulous but very intelligent woman who lets nothing stand in the way of her ambitions for her family, emerges as the most interesting and most thoroughly drawn of the lot. The story ends as Claudius is made Emperor; his thoughts at the moment are not of the glory of Rome, but of the fact that in future people will have to read his books. This is a most impressive example of the historical novel at its best, and Mr. Graves has promised to carry on the story in a sequel, which a lot of us will await with eagerness.

The Stribbling Trilogy

Among other recent books that have attracted attention is the conclusion of T. S. Stribbling's trilogy, of which *The Store* and *The Forge* were the earlier volumes. The new book is called *Unfinished Cathedral* (Doubleday, Doran,

\$2.50), and deals with the contemporary South in the satirical manner of the earlier novels. It is a definitely inferior book to the others, and not a very good novel on any count, melodramatic to a degree, almost wholly journalistic in its incidents, and badly written even for Mr. Stribling, which is saying a good deal, because whatever other qualities he may have, mastery of the language is not among his possessions. He is, to be brutal, both tone-deaf and without taste, and there is no chance for a good style in such circumstances.

As for the validity of the trilogy, the Landscaper's objection to it is that Mr. Stribling has either made no effort to understand the South or is incapable of seeing it from any other angle except his own. A measure of his unfairness may be seen in his transfer of the Scottsboro case to Florence, Alabama, which he also makes a boom-town, and a place of echoes of the Dayton, Tennessee affair.

One reviewer said he had crowded the melodrama of the last ten years into one novel; he has also distorted the picture by making one town the scene of a number of scattered and unpleasant incidents. This is neither art nor life. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the trilogy merely because it is a trilogy, as if the choice of a broad canvas were of equal importance with what was finally painted upon it, and how well painted. Perhaps this nonsense has made the Landscaper unduly severe on Mr. Stribling, who is not responsible, of course, for what reviewers may say of his work, but it is very hard not to become annoyed over the glorification of the second-rate. And this author has the consolation of Pulitzer Prizes and Book Club choices to soothe any stings from critical barbs. . . .

Other Good Novels

Other recent novels that are worthy of attention include such books as Nine Warner Hooke's *Striplings* (Dutton), a remarkable first novel about two perfectly natural children who are disgusting brats and fascinating young human beings at the same time; *Lift Up to Glory*, by the anonymous author of *This Bright Summer* (Covici-Friede, \$2.50), a realistic and honest book about Vermont hill people, done with sufficient skill to make one wonder why the novelist does not emerge from cover; Beatrix Lehmann's *Rumour of Heaven* (Morrow, \$2.50), a fantastic and admirably done first novel by the sister of Rosamond Lehmann, which is concerned with the odd family of a crazy Russian dancer—it does not resemble the work of the author's talented sister, but is both original and very promising; and Ilya Ehrenbourg's *Out of Chaos* (Holt, \$2.50), a novel of contemporary Russia by one of the exiles who lives in Paris and is therefore able to present both sides of the picture of life under the Soviets. It is a cinematic study of the building of a great steel mill, with a running contrast of the New and the Old, in which the lesson seems to be that the rootless ones who never knew the culture of Old Russia are better off than the intellectuals, that is to say, the people who believe in a New Heaven and a New Earth are better off than the cynical, and certainly much happier during the period of construction.

Knut Hamsun's *The Road Leads On* (Coward-McCann, \$3), carries on the familiar story of Segelfoss, and draws together all the Nordland novels that have given so many readers pleasure. It has the good qualities of Hamsun's previous works—at seventy-four his hand

has lost none of its cunning—and its more than five hundred pages ought to provide a summer's reading for people who are not in a hurry.

A Novel of Action

Readers in search of a story, an old-style novel crammed with incident, and with a charming, virginal and just-wanton-enough heroine, a hero who could lick any man in a fair or foul fight, and a black villain, will find just what they want in Neil Swanson's *The Phantom Emperor* (Putnam, \$2.50), a book based upon an historical incident of the 'Thirties, when a certain man planned to set up an empire in the American Southwest, make himself head of the Indians, and build up a nation within a nation. Mr. Swanson has made a careful study of all the documentary material available, and has gone over the route followed by the expedition which actually set out from Buffalo on its way to Santa Fé. He has taken liberties with the people involved, but there is some of the charm of actuality about his picture of the times, and excitement aplenty in every chapter. In other words, a good romantic novel, up to the high standard of his earlier book, *The Judas Tree*. This one ought to be prime summer reading, as the people in it very nearly freeze to death through one bitter winter.

Also recommended: Grace Flandrau's *Indeed This Flesh* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50), a fine study of a man's life against the background of boom-time St. Paul, in which Mrs. Flandrau shows an amazing knowledge of masculine psychology, as well as of the Victorian period.

The worst novel of the past few weeks, mentioned here only because its author can and should do better work,

is John Erskine's *Bachelor—of Arts* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2), which is a story of Columbia University student-life that reflects no credit on either Morningside Heights or the man who wrote it. It is, in other words, trash, and not even very high-grade trash.

The Communist Utopia

One of the most interesting and important books of non-fiction of recent weeks is Tatiana Tchernavin's *Escape from the Soviets* (Dutton, \$2.50), a first-hand account of what has happened in Russia to certain intellectuals under the "liquidation" policy of the Soviets, which is a remarkable revelation of the stupidity and brutality of the OGPU, or secret police. Madame Tchernavin and her husband were trapped in the Revolution, but felt because of their willingness to work with the new government that nothing would happen to them. They were both imprisoned on no definite charges, snatched away from their small son, and subjected to all kinds of cruelty in addition to their mental anguish. At last the husband, who had been a teacher—his wife worked in various museums under the Soviet régime after the Revolution—found himself in a prison camp near enough to the Finnish border to make escape seem possible, and the little family set out to get away from the Communist paradise.

The story of their flight is moving almost beyond endurance, and the child emerges as one of the bravest and most attractive youngsters ever to find himself between the covers of a book. They did escape, after incredible hardships, and are now living in Paris. As a human document this book stands alone; it has the validity of something absolutely first-hand, obviously unexaggerated, and good both as literature and as a

revealing commentary upon some phases of life in the "country of the future" about which we who live in downtrodden capitalist countries hear so much. At this writing, it is a best-seller, which it richly deserves to be; there have been few books this year more deserving of attention.

Far-away Places

Two fine records of life in distant parts of the world are Melville and Frances Herskovits's *Rebel Destiny* (Whittlesey House, \$3), a study of Negroes in Dutch Guiana who escaped from slavery and fled into the bush, there to set up their own civilization, and George Gaylord Simpson's *Attending Marvels: A Patagonian Journal* (Macmillan, \$3), the account of a paleontologist's stay in that odd country that lies at the tip-end of South America. The Herskovitses found invaluable material in the jungle, much fascinating folk-lore, many Negro stories that have crept into our culture by way of Uncle Remus, and many forms of artistic expression of which their good photographs make a permanent record. They are anthropologists who evidently understand how to win the confidence of primitive people and they have, in this book, made an important contribution to knowledge about the black folk.

Dr. Simpson went to Patagonia to study the prehistoric remains of the strange animals that inhabited the region while South America was still an island; he found much of interest, but he did not confine himself to digging for bones. He also observed the life about him, and he has written about it with humor and understanding. It is a most uncomfortable country, where the wind blows all the time, a hard, rocky, barren land, which furnishes some kind

of sustenance to a curious group of people from many parts of the world. It still is the home of such curious creatures as the guanaco, a cousin of the llama and the camel, and of the armadillo. The whole round of life is in the book, which is an example of what a travel book should be. Dr. Simpson went out for the American Museum of Natural History and brought back many fine specimens; he also had a good time in spite of the physical difficulties.

A New Richard III

The biography list is short but of a high quality. Its most interesting item is a life of Richard III from an entirely new angle, called *Richard III: The Tragic King* (McBride, \$3). The author is Philip Lindsay, who is a son of Norman Lindsay, the Australian novelist, and himself a writer of promising fiction. It is his notion that Richard III was anything else but the villain of the Shakespearean and the popular conception, and that Henry VII was the villain of the piece. His main purpose is to show that Richard did not order the murder of the little Princes, that they were put to death at the behest of Henry, and that Henry, through his control of the chroniclers of the period, succeeded in blackening the character of his predecessor and hereditary enemy. He also insists that Richard was not a hunchback at all, and that aside from his rather short stature, he was a fine looking man, not so strikingly handsome as his brother Edward, but a long way from being the monster he is usually depicted.

The book has all the story-value of a well-constructed detective story, and in addition to its careful study of the historical evidence available, it takes up in detail the findings of the commission

which only last year examined the alleged bones of the Princes. Mr. Lindsay contends that these bones were probably those of human sacrifices, killed at the time of the building of the Tower of London. He does not seem to the Landscaper completely convincing in his effort to change Richard from a villain to a hero, but the job is a good one, and in addition the book is a most lively and engaging history of the Wars of the Roses, full of battles and intrigues, and altogether one of the most readable books about the period that is to be found anywhere.

Portrait of a Humanist

Another distinguished biography is *Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson* by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), which is a study of an English philosopher and humanitarian who spent the greater part of his life teaching in King's College, Cambridge. He was a close friend of Mr. Forster during part of his life, and the book is filled with sympathy and understanding, in addition to being an admirable piece of writing, as one would expect from the pen of the author of *A Passage to India*, one of the best novels of this generation. Dickinson is best-known, perhaps, for his book *The Greek Way of Life*; an admirer of Socrates as a child, he remained Greek to the end of his days, although there were Chinese influences at work, also, as he found through his love for Confucius a deep sympathy with the Chinese. He visited India, too, during his travel years, but did not like it because he found it a country devoted to religion that seemed to him not to touch the life or the art of the people, which is in itself a key to his character.

He also spent some time in the United States, and was not very happy

here, as he saw what he called "the Chicago spirit" dominating not only this country, but spreading its evil influence abroad as well. Mr. Forster willingly admits that he set himself a hard task in writing a book about a superior human being who was not great in the usual sense of the word; he has succeeded in a fine portrait, which has in it much of the best of English character. The Landscaper is one who regrets that Mr. Forster has not gone on with his fiction, but anything he writes bears the unmistakable mark of a highly distinguished mind, and the present volume is very much worth while.

A Victorian Child

Of autobiographies, Lord Berners's *First Childhood* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2), is the best available, and one of the most entertaining of the season's books besides. Lord Berners was a "sport," an intelligent and original child born into a Victorian household, with all its stuffy notions about life, which he did not approve of at all and which he did everything possible to upset. He writes with charm and humor, and the first part of the book particularly dealing with his earlier years is delicious. He eventually went off to one of those abominable English schools, into whose hard and fast pattern he did not fit; the headmaster was a sadist, and the boys a miserable lot, except the athletes. This is not fresh material, and therefore hardly so interesting as the first chapters, but the whole book is good reading. The author is now a distinguished composer and a highly original person; he will continue his autobiography, and it is a safe guess that the rest of it will be worth keeping an eye out for.

A valuable addition to the many books about our own West in its wild

days is *Frontier Fighter: The Autobiography of George W. Coe* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), the life story of a man who rode with Billy the Kid.

Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return: A Narrative of Ideas* (Norton, \$2.50), is the story of the so-called "Lost Generation," a tag furnished by Gertrude Stein, and used, as many will recall, in Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. It is Mr. Cowley's theory that a whole group of younger writers who came along about the time of the World War were uprooted by the conflict either actually or literarily, and that many of them have found themselves since their return to the America of which they were once so scornful by espousing the cause of the workers. It is a generalization that is hardly warranted and one can not escape the feeling that there is too much ego in Mr. Cowley's cosmos, but the book is well written, and in spite of its faults, a worth while record of a literary and artistic movement that once existed, and which has now passed into another phase.

The Shadow of Marx

Like most of the followers of Karl Marx, Mr. Cowley sees everything in terms of the collapse of capitalism, even to the suicide of a young wastrel like Harry Crosby, the American poet who tried everything and found life so unsatisfactory that he killed a woman and himself. In short, a book that has already kicked up a fine controversy, and which is definitely provocative. The Landscaper's respect for the Lost Generation would be greater if he himself had not watched it in its wanderings from the Café dû Dome to the Café Rotonde, and so on; it looked lost enough, but whether its lostness mattered is something else again. Anyway,

it is something to have lived to see the exiles come home, and to know that there are sidewalk cafés in New York where they can sit and have their bocks and apéritifs and settle the affairs of the world. In the end, they will probably have as little real effect upon the economic situation as they had on the artistic situation in the days of Dada, but they seem to be able to enjoy themselves, which is something.

Speaking of Karl Marx, a valuable book for those who wish to understand the present status of communism in the world at large is Dr. Albert Rosenberg's *A Brief History of Bolshevism* (Oxford, \$3.75), an excellent small book, the gist of which is that the Third International has lost its influence, and that Russia, from being the world-centre of communism, has settled down to making a socialistic state without regard to what other countries do. The triumph of Stalin and the defeat of the internationalist Trotsky marked the turning point, and hereafter we shall have to manufacture our own Red movements, although there are still plenty of young intellectuals who think of America in terms of Moscow, which is one of the stupidest possible points of view. At any rate, Dr. Rosenberg writes clearly and thoughtfully, and his book is informative and intelligent.

Earth and Universe

Two books of recent appearance, one of which may have been mentioned here before, but which is good enough to be called attention to again, deal with what is going on in the world of science, especially in relation to the effort to discover the place of the earth in the universe. The newer volume is Harlan T. Stetson's *Earth, Radio and Stars* (Whittlesey House, \$3), in which Dr. Stetson

discusses a new science which he calls cosmecology, meaning the relation of the earth to the universe in all its phases. The other book is *Exploring the Upper Atmosphere*, by Dorothy Fisk (Oxford, \$1.75), a short and simply written study of the stratosphere, and of cosmic rays. Dr. Stetson promises a synthesis of the findings of cosmecologists in a few years, which ought to be worth living for; maybe we'll find out what we are doing here, the favorite subject of speculation of the human race for centuries. Dr. Stetson's book is not too easy, because of its tendency to run off into mathematical formulæ, which puzzle the Landscaper beyond words, but he has a lot to say even to minds, such as the Landscaper's, which collapse at the

prospect of a problem in arithmetic.

That's all for this month, except that the Landscaper wishes to call attention to one of the best books of the year which has gone neglected, and which is *Salah and His American*, by Leland Hall (Knopf), a highly civilized piece of writing and thinking, the true story of an American who went to North Africa and was adopted by an ex-slave named Salah and who did not know just what to do with him. There is both humor and pathos in the tale, and profound truth about people and human relationships. About twelve hundred copies have been sold, which is a sad thought. There has not been a better "neglected book" this year, nor for a good many years.



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Apéritif

Heil, Censorship

A NEWSPAPER clipping dated June 25 describes the suppression in Germany of the motion picture *Tarzan* on the ground that it was "brutalizing." This was five days before that delicately æsthetic performance of June 30 in which Captain Roehm and some of his colleagues were chided for wrong thinking. It was lucky for the Germans that the film was caught in time, otherwise Herr Hitler's delicately æsthetic performance might have degenerated into something ugly like a fist fight, and the German censor does not approve of fist fights: he suppressed Eddie Cantor's *The Kid* because it contained several of them and was therefore extremely "brutalizing."

In Austria, too, there have been quilting bees and other such good clean fun that radio stations and theatres and cafés and like sources of unwholesome pleasuring were quite closed down. It is true that a number of unfortunate persons were overcome by the seemly entertainment, but that is less than incidental in the light of a true spirit of racial consciousness. And the Austrian censor is hardly less efficient than the

German, though he is sometimes irked by a difficulty in preventing objectionable radio broadcasts from Munich.

Down in South America there has been less progress perhaps, but our own State Department has stepped in and censored the shipment of arms to belligerents in the Chaco war, thus giving a modern touch to the proceedings. However, it soon appeared that the modern touch was not sufficiently moral in tone, so the State Department allowed arms to be shipped to one of the belligerents and now every one is wholesomely happy except the other belligerent.

On the other side of the world censors are also busy and such excellent morality has resulted that *The China Weekly Review*, in its issue of July 7, can report that policing of the Hongkew section of the International Settlement at Shanghai has been virtually given up by the British. According to *The China Weekly Review*, all that is now necessary to control the situation is the moral suasion of the Japanese military authorities, "assisted by their ronin and thugs." The derogatory quality of this quoted phrase can doubtless be laid to an underdeveloped national consciousness on the

part of the Chinese, with a consequent inability to judge true values.

The Russians, on the other hand, are reported by Mr. Walter Duranty to be relaxing their formerly superb censorship a little, and good modernists are probably worried. Mr. Duranty says that hereafter Americans in Soviet Russia are to be allowed to see things previously barred from their snoopings. There are to be less of the staged performances intended to impress foreigners with Russian progress and more reliance on the effect of actual accomplishments. Also, literature does not have any more to display so strictly proletarian a value. But it is notorious that Stalin has grown conservative, and there are murmurings against him.

In our own glorious Union conservative Republicans have for many months complained of Democratic censorship of the radio and wide-spread Democratic control of the press. There is some argument over the truth of this assertion, and perhaps we *are* too backward to do the thing thoroughly, as it is done in Germany and Italy. At any rate, one of the usual tests of the efficiency of a censorship is whether there exist harmonious and virtuous relations between capital and labor, and by this test the Republicans are surely quite justified in their accusation: not a peep is heard out of labor anywhere in the country, and no more than an occasional grunt of satisfaction from capital. If our authorities have a shortcoming in this respect it is that they have confined themselves to the political field in their censorship, and such aberrations and disharmonies as may still exist are undoubtedly due to this incompleteness.

However, many public-spirited individuals have noted the omission and formed a religious organization to pro-

tect the morals of the nation from contamination by evil movies, with the idea of possibly extending their good influence later to books and magazines and plays. Their feeling is that the movies have been too lenient in their treatment of public enemies like gangsters and sex, inciting young and impressionable minds to an admiration of either or both. This is no doubt true and all modernists will laud the success of their boycott in bringing Hollywood film magnates to heel. In no time at all now we may expect a United States in which payrolls will be safe, Chicago World Fairs will not permit nudist weddings and cosmetic manufacturers will have to find some other advertising appeal than Allure.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about all this censorship is that it has brought the world past the twentieth anniversary of the Great War with hardly more than eight or ten nations mobilized and ready for another one. Along with the development of the airplane, it has extended the British frontier to the Rhine and so made the Continent at least temporarily safe for French hegemony. It has succeeded in making a great nation of Poland, nonexistent before the War, and thus added a fascinatingly disturbing factor to European diplomacy. It has kept masses of people ignorant of both national and international affairs so that their dictatorial rulers could prevent emotions from rising to the pitch of war at inconvenient times.

All in all, it seems a wonder that any nation in the world ever got along without benefit of censorship, if any ever did. So long ago as the First Century A.D., according to Robert Graves, the Roman Emperor, Tiberius Claudius, felt the need of softening his own writings and

hiding some from his contemporaries. But, of course, we should not think of comparing the murders, intrigues, indecencies, warring and decadence of that heathen period with our own spotless record of high aspiration.

Revising a Paradox

While New York newspapers were gaily describing the auction of Howard Scott's effects in a New Jersey town to satisfy a judgment for rent, Edwin G. Nourse and his associates published a book called *America's Capacity to Produce*, which treated some of Scott's Technocracy concepts in an equally unsympathetic manner.

Messrs. Nourse and associates gave it as their considered opinion that production in 1929 in America could have been stepped up by only a matter of nineteen per cent, which meant adding no more than \$545 to the annual income of every family of two or more persons in the country. This would not come within sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars of the real income which Scott said was possible, and consequently optimists may be discouraged, for Messrs. Nourse and associates are very hard-headed gentlemen connected with the Brookings Institution and it is highly unlikely that their estimate would be farther from the truth than Mr. Scott's.

Of course, a level of production nineteen per cent higher than the 1929 would assume much larger proportions today: in fact, would amount approximately to a doubling of present production. But those persons who believe that industrial efficiency has been vastly increased during the depression will find no agreement with their thesis in *America's Capacity to Produce*. The argument there tends in the other direction, that the depression's stresses and

strains have rather decreased potential production than otherwise. So that the general picture is of a possible prosperity not much greater than that of 1929 except that its benefits might be spread out somewhat more among the less fortunate classes, who, as we have been told often enough, were excessively poor during the boom.

As another damper on our pride in the efficiency of American industry and agriculture comes an article, published in the *New Outlook*, by Robert R. Doane. After five months' study with the National Survey of Potential Products Capacity, he makes the statement that there was a shortage of 100,000,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs in this country during the peak year of 1929. This is on the basis of comparison with a liberal diet schedule drawn up by the Department of Agriculture and tends to confirm estimates made in this magazine some while ago by Mr. E. L. McDowell. In other words, Secretary Wallace and his brethren of the crop reduction plans have been disastrously mistaken: we need busier and better farmers rather than country gentlemen paid for their leisure.

Moreover, says Mr. Doane, there is an appalling shortage of housing and even in 1929 "the male population of the United States were supplied, on a per capita basis, with a bare one-third of a garment of new outerwear." So that we had not enough to eat or to wear or for shelter.

If the arguments of Messrs. Doane and Nourse presage a wide shift in attitude it will be interesting to watch the result. Such views, generally accepted, ought to assure the collapse of the farm programme, of the NRA (most of it, at least) and of any other restraints on production. Doubtless, the concept of

planning would suffer a black eye that would take many a lusty leech to bleach again, and the Administration itself would have difficulty in surviving, unless it did a hurried about-face.

Unfortunately, proving that there has been no "paradox of poverty amid plenty" because there has been no plenty does not solve the problem of providing plenty, or even of setting us back on the road to the comparative hardship of 1929. The fact that a lot of people were hungry in that hectic year seems to have little if any effect on the level of wheat or milk prices, and at present prices farmers can hardly afford to raise the trivial amounts of farm products that they are now sending to market. Likewise, even if the country is in desperate need of six million new homes, as Mr. Doane states, most of us can only laugh sardonically at the idea of buying one.

Not that there is any lack of money, mind you. Dr. Nourse is careful to point out that there was never the slightest strain on our credit and currency system during even the wildest part of the late boom. And the Kemmerers and Spragues and a thousand others will staunchly declare that reserves are not now lacking for any amount of enterprise. A day hardly passes that some big banker does not cry out for "sound" credit risks: banks are groaning, apparently, with money begging to be lent, and because it can not be, bankers are going without profit along with the rest of us downtrodden ones. Maybe the only thing to do is change the slogan to "paradox of poverty amid plenty of money" and let it go at that.

But obviously the Kemmerers and Spragues do not mean that plenty of money is available to the ordinary consumer who buys the food and clothing

and shelter which were so scarce even in 1929. Between him and the money stand business men and bankers and they are universally troubled by lack of "confidence." If and when this is restored to them and they set the wheels of industry to turning at a faster rate, presumably a reasonable amount of those excess reserves will trickle down to the consumer and then he will be able to do more than laugh sardonically at the idea of buying a dwelling, or a suit of clothes, or a good juicy steak, though he may still have to go into debt up to his neck to do it.

For four years this delicate flame of confidence has smoked and smoldered and gone out, smoked and smoldered and gone out, until it began to seem that it never again would burn clear and strong. But one of the dampening influences which kept it down was the wide acceptance that we had had too much production for our needs, that there was too much plant capacity, that the main work of Americans was done. If that opinion is now discarded and it is widely believed that there remains a tremendous task before industry and agriculture to supply the necessities of our own country, business courage is as likely as not to revive.

That is the logic—or illogic—of the matter anyhow. Once industry and agriculture got to thinking themselves efficient they failed. Now when they discover that they were nothing of the kind they may very well succeed. It will do no harm to hope so, at any rate.

Public Service

Judging from isolated incidents, the "public servant" conception of public officials is seeping into the minds of a few lowly citizens. Within recent weeks a New York newspaper carried the story

of Joseph Schalabetter, chef, who found himself standing at a street intersection in Brooklyn with nothing better to do than set off a fire alarm. When the firemen arrived and questioned him he calmly admitted setting off the alarm. They asked why and he replied: "Oh, I was all alone and I wanted to see you."

The judge before whom Mr. Schalabetter was haled, being a public official, did not see the virtue of his reasoning and sentenced him to thirty days of further loneliness. Maybe the judge was right. It does cost taxpayers money to bring out the fire trucks and it would not do to encourage every Tom, Dick and Harry with nothing better to do than to turn in alarms. However, there are many hundreds of thousands of average citizens, like Mr. Schalabetter, who pay taxes year in and year out, directly or indirectly, without ever realizing any tangible return from the expense. And if in a moment of quixotic abandon a few of them decide to order their tax-paid employes around, even without legally impeccable excuse, it is at least understandable.

There was another case in recent months in which certain legislators, public-officially procrastinating, failed to pass a law, the lack of which endangered the employment of persons in that locality over forty years of age. Voters of the locality, to the astonishment of its legislators, took the view that if individual employment over the age of forty was not worth the consideration of the

legislature, then legislative employment over the age of forty was of equally small moment to the citizenry. They refused to vote for any candidate who had passed his thirties.

These are, of course, no more than straws in the wind, if that. And it is probably utopian to hope that they really indicate the direction of a wind. Suppose a majority of Americans suddenly demanded the efficiency and courtesy of their public servants that they do of their private servants and employes. Police all over the nation would be reduced from the status of Supreme Court Justices to ordinary information clerks and night watchmen. Magistrates who used their courtrooms as forums for their own predilections in the way of morals and conduct would be required to administer the law as it is written—if they were able to read it. Mayors and commissioners and aldermen and like small fry would be reduced from arbiters of elegance and business and anything else that occurs to them down to their own proper and insignificant duties.

It may be that a hurricane wind of this dimension would destroy the traditional Republic—even as prophets of peril are now for another reason predicting. But at least it would give the little man, the small capitalist, the sturdy, unpretentious, virtuous individualist, one last run for his money before the proletarian or fascist debacle.

W. A. D.

Japan and World Peace

BY HIROSI SAITO

*The Japanese Ambassador replies to the article last month by
Dr. Sze, Chinese Minister, on the promulgation of
an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine*

TOWARD the end of 1910 President Taft wrote to Colonel Roosevelt, his immediate predecessor in the White House, seeking his counsel in regard to Manchuria on the various problems concerning which America, with Mr. Philander C. Knox as Secretary of State, could not see eye to eye with Japan. In reply Mr. Roosevelt, under date of December 22, 1910, wrote as follows:

Our vital interest is to keep the Japanese out of our country and at the same time to preserve the good will of Japan. The vital interest of the Japanese, on the other hand, is in Manchuria and Korea. It is therefore peculiarly our interest not to take any steps as regards Manchuria which will give the Japanese cause to feel, with or without reason, that we are hostile to them, or a menace—in however slight a degree—to their interests. . . . I utterly disbelieve in the policy of bluff, in national or international no less than in private affairs, or in any violation of the old frontier maxim, "Never draw unless you mean to shoot." I do not believe in our taking any position anywhere unless we can make good; and as regards Manchuria, if the Japanese choose to follow a course of conduct to which we are adverse, we cannot stop it unless we are prepared to go to war, and a successful war about Manchuria would require a fleet as good as that of England plus an army as good as that of Germany.

In these words Colonel Roosevelt gave expression to the thought which, I believe, animates many American minds, articulate or inarticulate. A staunch believer in sturdy Americanism, the late President stood for fair play and a square deal in international relations. Although he was obliged to erect a barrier against Japanese immigration for reasons of domestic welfare, though he no doubt sympathized with the similar policy taken by other Occidental nations, he thought it only fair to concede to the Japanese a place in the sun in some other parts of the world. He saw in Japan a country not larger than Montana in area, yet supporting 60,000,000 inhabitants as compared with Montana's half million—a country, too, upon which nature has been extremely niggardly in bestowing the necessary materials of subsistence. It was but natural that Mr. Roosevelt was willing to concede to Japan something of a free hand in her part of the world, particularly in the direction of Manchuria.

Mr. Roosevelt knew, of course, that Japan did not go into Manchuria like a swashbuckler, as some other nations, when similarly situated, had done in

other sections of the world. On the contrary she had treaties and agreements with China defining her rights and interests in Manchuria. Those rights and interests were a result of a Herculean struggle which was forced upon Japan by the combined intrigue of Tsarist Russia and Imperial China at the turn of the century. In the closing years of the Nineteenth Century China entered into a secret alliance with Russia by which the two nations were to make common cause against Japan. The inevitable upshot was the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, upon the issue of which Japan had to stake her very existence. We won the war, but at a sacrifice of one hundred thousand lives and untold treasure. Had we known the existence of the secret alliance between Russia and China at that time, we should have been justified in demanding the outright cession of the whole of South Manchuria. But we did not do this. We only obtained a few hundred miles of railway and a small leased territory, and these we got, not from China, but from Russia, for they had belonged, not to China, but to Russia.

II

Much has been written on the so-called "Twenty-One Demands" which were presented to China by Japan in 1915. Yet the public seems to have only a vague or even a grossly erroneous idea of those demands and the resultant agreements. The sole object of the Japanese proposal was to consolidate and preserve the vital interests obtained by Japan in Manchuria as a result of the war with Russia. Let us note the American Government's attitude towards the Japanese demands. According to the American official "Papers Relating to Foreign Relations" for the year 1915,

Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, after a careful study of the whole matter, informed the Japanese Government that no objection would be raised to sixteen of the twenty-one demands; that is to say, Washington had no objection to any of the demands relative to Japanese interests in Manchuria and even in Shantung. The only demands to which America took exception were those known as "Group V" which were presented to China not as "demands" but as "wishes." In the course of negotiations between Japan and China these "wishes" were withdrawn. As a consequence the agreements resulting from the twenty-one demands included nothing to which America objected.

Nor is it factually correct to say that the 1915 agreements between China and Japan were signed under duress. The records of the parley conclusively show that on February 12, 1915—only twenty-four days after the presentation of the original Japanese demands, and eighty-five days before the presentation of the Japanese ultimatum which has often been construed as duress—China brought forth a counter-proposal rejecting some of the Japanese demands but agreeing to extend to ninety-nine years the lease of Port Arthur and Dairen (or more accurately the Kwantung leased territory) and of the South Manchuria Railway. (China also agreed to recognize Japan's acquisition of the former German rights in Shantung, but this is no longer important as Japan, at the Washington Conference of 1921-2, definitely relinquished those rights in China's favor.) All this was clearly stated in the Chinese proposal handed to the Japanese delegate on February 12, 1915. By April 17 all of the other essential points had been agreed upon, Japan having withdrawn Group V and

having made more concessions in other respects. And yet China would not sign the agreement, hoping, perhaps, that the powers might yet intervene and pick her chestnut out of the fire. Another explanation for the Chinese procrastination is given in the biography of Count Takaakira Kato, the Foreign Minister who formulated the Japanese demands. The book has a passage which says that Yuan Shih-k'ai, then President of China, through one of the Chinese delegates, privately told the Japanese delegate that an ultimatum was welcome and would expedite the conclusion of the agreement. This extraordinary overture had, perhaps, a twofold objective. First, President Yuan hoped that a Japanese ultimatum, if presented, would give him the excuse of bowing to the inevitable. Secondly, an ultimatum would, he thought, make China an object of sympathy before the world. In the light of the actual fact and of international law, the duress theory, as applied to the Sino-Japanese negotiations of 1915, is entirely groundless.

III

This brings us to a consideration of China's traditional attitude towards her neighbors. Every Chinese politician, every Chinese student, knows that for more than two thousand years that attitude has been characterized in his own vernacular as *I I Chih I*, or "exploiting barbarians to check barbarians." That attitude is a product of China's peculiar history and geography. For almost three thousand years China was often invaded and harassed by the barbarian tribes—so often that by B. C. 214 the Chinese Emperor, named Shih Huang-ti, had completed the Great Wall 1,500 miles long to keep the barbarians out. The Chinese, incapable of controlling

these tribes by their own power and strength, resorted to the questionable expedient of playing off one tribe against another, hoping thus to stave off barbarian encroachments upon their own soil. This expedient, practised for so many centuries, could not but produce a most profound and far-reaching effect upon the Chinese mind, as Mr. Owen Lattimore, unquestionably one of the greatest American scholars on the subject, aptly says:

Since even the best organization and military training could give China only the negative advantage of a successful defensive position along the Great Wall, there grew up inevitably a canon of statecraft and foreign policy based on the assumption that fighting the barbarians was less efficacious than promoting confusion among them—by intrigue, by bribery, by alliance, by hiring some of them as mercenaries against the others, by any possible means—in such a manner that, being involved against each other, none of them would be free to attack China. This is the celebrated canon of *I I Chih I*, "using barbarians to control the barbarians," which is the fundamental in Chinese history.

What has not been generally enough appreciated by Western students of Chinese history, however, is the reverse application of this rule: that good government at home is less vital to the nation than successful intrigue abroad. The foreign and domestic policies of any nation are external and internal facets of a single phenomenon. If foreign policy is based on the assumption that courage and direct action are useless, then courage and initiative cannot be the guiding characteristics of internal policy.

Originally and for centuries aimed at the "land barbarians" of the North, the traditional Chinese policy was readily applied to the "sea barbarians," who almost two centuries ago began to knock at China's door from the seacoast—Europeans and Americans. "The cycle of barbarian invasion and Chinese recovery had," to quote Mr. Lattimore again, "become so permanent, so normal an element in Chinese life by the

time that the appearance of the Western nations interrupted it, that the Chinese inevitably and spontaneously transferred to their relations with the 'barbarians of the sea' the complete stock of ideas, feelings, policies, and methods which had been developed by centuries of opposition to the Great Wall barbarians. The maladjustment between China and Western civilization during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries turns largely on the fact that both Chinese and foreigners were attempting to apply preconceived 'stock' ideas to a situation that was radically new." In the Chinese eye Japan has been a species of "barbarian" to be dealt with much as China has dealt with the "land barbarians" beyond the Great Wall and the "sea barbarians" from Europe and America. Naturally China's technique in her dealings with Japan has been to set one power or another, often a number of powers, against the island nation. The pity of it is that this technique has seldom, if ever, worked to China's benefit, but has almost invariably ended in her disaster.

IV

No unbiased, far-seeing, clear-sighted observer, who has China's own welfare at heart, could fail to see the deplorable effect of the traditional Chinese diplomacy. During the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-5, Mr. Charles Denby, American Minister to Peking, was quick to recognize the futility of that diplomacy, and repeatedly told Li Hung-chang, that celebrated Chinese "Prime Minister," that "he should turn his back on European powers and turn his face to Japan" and "that policy dictated a complete abandonment of the idea of trying to secure [foreign] intervention." Under date of February 26, 1895, Mr.

Denby sent to the State Department a lengthy report on the Sino-Japanese War situation, which had been drawing to a close. So remarkable is that report for the vision and the accuracy of diagnosis it bespeaks that I feel justified in quoting from it at some length:

For the last few days Li Hung-chang has been engaged in interviewing the heads of Legations here. He still seems to cling to the impracticable idea that the European powers will not permit Japan to seize any of the territory of China. He puts to each Minister the question: Will your Government intervene if China refuses to grant a cession of territory? . . .

In conversation with my colleagues [European Ministers] I have always asked them to quit, for the time at least, all talk about intervention, and on the contrary to say positively that in no conceivable event will their Governments intervene—just as I have always said with my own Government. I have told them again and again that had it not been for this phantom of assistance to China, I would have made peace two months ago. As long as China thinks that at a crucial moment English or Russian guns will be turned against Japanese ships, she will delay direct action. . . .

In private conversations with the members of the Yamen [Chinese Government], I have tried to turn their views from the spectre of intervention to what I conceive to be China's true policy, and that is a sincere, friendly *rapprochement* with Japan. Japan would not, it is likely, remain deaf to representations that the two great Oriental nations ought to have the same interests in the long run.

Of the two Oriental nations which were opened to Western civilization by foreign guns, one accepted the results, the other rejected them. Japan is now doing for China what the United States did for Japan. She has learnt Western civilization and she is forcing it on her unwieldy neighbor. The only hope in the world for China is to take the lesson, rude as it is, to heart.

History repeats itself. Indeed history has repeated itself again and again in China's relations with Japan since Mr. Denby penned that memorable report.

The tragedy of China is the tragedy of a nation which closes its eyes to the obvious fact that wisdom lies in a policy of hearty coöperation with its progressive neighbor instead of in a policy of intrigue and obstruction aimed at setting the powers against that neighbor. Li Hung-chang, despite Mr. Denby's advice, succeeded in bringing about a Russo-German-French intervention against Japan at the end of the war, but with disastrous effect. The intervention forced Japan out of Manchuria, and gave Russia the spoils of victory, which belonged to Japan. That eventually precipitated the Russo-Japanese war with all its ultimate consequences upon China.

The culmination of China's unfortunate policy *vis-à-vis* Japan was her appeal to the League of Nations on the Manchurian incident of September, 1931. Even as Li Hung-chang worked to bring about the tripartite intervention in 1895, so China had for years assiduously worked to create a situation which would enable her to throw the whole question of Sino-Japanese relations into the cauldron of the League. Had Geneva—and America—unequivocally told China, at the very beginning of the incident, to give up the idea of relying upon their intervention and to enter into direct negotiations with Japan, the Manchurian situation would have been different from what it is today as a consequence of the League's intervention. Japan had vital interests to protect in Manchuria—interests which had been steadily encroached upon by China in violation of treaties. True, Japan had been a member of the League and had signed the Nine-Power Washington Treaty and the Kellogg Pact of Peace, but that did not mean that she had surrendered the right of self-defense un-

der international law. The Japanese military measures taken in Manchuria in September, 1931, were measures of self-defense. Had the League, at that early stage, taken the statesmanlike course of advising China to come to terms with Japan through direct negotiations the trouble could have been settled without such a great delay that the natives in Manchuria, in the meantime, were carried away by the independence movement. What the League should have remembered was the advice given China by Mr. Denby thirty-five years before.

v

The late President Roosevelt's and Mr. Denby's views, urging upon the American Government the wisdom of non-interference in the regional affairs of the Far East, are, in effect, an application of the Monroe Doctrine. For the Monroe Doctrine is a doctrine of mutual forbearance—an application of the golden rule to international relations. Obviously, a nation which excludes foreign interference in its part of the world must, by the same token, refrain from interfering in the affairs of another nation in its part of the world. I believe in the homely old saying that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" should be the guiding principle of international relations. Every American knows that his Government would not permit the Japanese to launch mining or railway enterprises in Mexico, or even to immigrate into the same country in any considerable numbers. He knows also that the American barrier against such alien enterprises extends farther south. Whether this exclusive attitude, as taken not only within his

own country but in the countries south of the Rio Grande, runs counter to the principle of the Open Door is a question which never troubles his serene mind. In a well ordered world, where justice and equity prevail, such policies as represented or implied by the Monroe Doctrine or the Open Door Doctrine should be reciprocal and not one-sided, mutual, not arbitrary. That is why such American leaders as the late President Roosevelt vigorously took to task the "dollar" diplomacy which was, in a certain period in America's recent history, practised in Manchuria and China under the ægis and in the name of the Open Door Doctrine. So deeply did Mr. Roosevelt deplore that diplomacy that he wrote to Senator Lodge a letter saying, "Unfortunately, after I left office, a most mistaken and ill-advised policy was pursued towards Japan, combining irritation and inefficiency."

Whether or not President Wilson was aware of the "most mistaken and ill-advised policy" of the preceding Administration, it is an interesting fact that in 1917 he caused Secretary Lansing to exchange notes with Viscount Ishii, Japan's special envoy to America, with the object of recognizing that "Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous." The notes exchanged were at least a step toward America's acknowledgment of the principle that her right, under the Monroe Doctrine, to exclude alien political influence, direct or indirect, from her part of the globe, implies a corollary duty on her part not to extend a similar influence to other parts of the world but to concede to other leading nations in their own respective spheres a position similar to that which America has allocated to herself under the said doctrine.

In the fierce political strife which raged in America following the conclusion of the Versailles Peace Treaty Mr. Wilson's foreign policy was the object of a hostile crusade, and the Ishii-Lansing agreement was cast to the winds of that strife. The abrogation of that agreement had a far-reaching effect which has not been fully grasped by Western observers. It is an undeniable fact that the abrogation encouraged China to believe that she had America in her pocket and that henceforth she could trample with impunity upon Japanese susceptibilities and Japanese rights. That was one of the causes which ultimately led to the Manchurian conflagration of September, 1931.

Replying to an interpellation from a member of the "Lower House" as to whether the Japanese Government intended to declare a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, Mr. Koki Hirota, Foreign Minister, said: "Japan never had a man named Monroe." The statement may sound facetious, but it was made in earnest and had a serious meaning. Writers and speakers, both Japanese and foreign, apply the term "Monroe Doctrine" to the policy of self-protection which Japan, evidently, is desirous of enunciating, but that is only for the sake of convenience. The analogy should not be carried too far, because the traditions, circumstances and surroundings of one nation are seldom the same as those of another. Only in broad outline is there a similarity between the Monroe Doctrine and its Eastern "counterpart." For one thing, the geographical scope of the desired Japanese policy is much more restricted than the American doctrine. Primarily and essentially it is motivated by a desire to establish a normal, peaceful relation-

ship with Japan's immediate neighbor, China, unobstructed by the influence or interference of a third party or parties, well-meaning or ill-intentioned. She is convinced that once China frees herself from what Mr. Lattimore picturesquely but fitly calls the Great Wall tradition of diplomacy—the diplomacy of playing off one “barbarian” nation against another—the two nations will have no difficulty in ushering in a new age of harmony between them. I am fully aware that the American Government, under the enlightened leadership of President Roosevelt, has of late modified its Caribbean policy and has renounced its right of armed intervention, except, of course, under the general principle of international law. We hail this as an expression of the New Deal. Japan does not believe in wanton intervention. She has made honest efforts to avoid intervention, though grave situations have at times obliged her to act against her own desire. She hopes and believes that once the powers recognize her position in the Far East, similar to that which they have conceded to the United States in the Western hemisphere, her relations with China can be made so satisfactory that there will be no need of intervention.

Many a Western critic labors to conjure up the Japanese bogie regarding the Philippines—a thankless task, for Japan has never harbored sinister ambitions in that direction. Nor is the so-called Japanese Monroe Doctrine contemplated with a view to the American position in those islands, or, for that matter, the positions of European nations to the south and west of the Philippines. In this connection the following quotation from one of the late President Roosevelt's confidential papers may be read with profit:

In speaking of some pro-Russians in America who would have the public believe that the victory of Japan would be a certain prelude to her aggression in the direction of the Philippine Islands . . . [the American] observed that Japan's only interest in the Philippines would be, in his opinion, to have those Islands governed by a strong and friendly nation like the United States, and not to have them placed either under the misrule of the natives, yet unfit for self-government, or in the hands of some unfriendly European Power. Count Katsura confirmed in the strongest terms the correctness of his views on the point and positively stated that Japan does not harbor any aggressive designs whatever on the Philippines; adding that all the insinuations of the Yellow Peril type are nothing more or less than malicious and clumsy slanders calculated to do mischief to Japan.

This conversation between Count Katsura, then Japan's Prime Minister, and Mr. Taft, then *en route* to the Philippines as Governor-General, took place in Tokyo in July, 1905, and was contained in the confidential memorandum submitted to President Roosevelt by Mr. Taft. Today Japan's attitude toward the Philippines as emphatically expressed by Count Katsura in 1905 still holds good. In the now certain event of Philippine independence and of American withdrawal from the Islands, Japan, I am sure, would readily enter into any effective arrangement calculated to safeguard their independence and integrity.

VI

I have alluded to the Open Door Doctrine. The allusion calls for elucidation, for the Open Door as applied to China has become a fetish, an object of blind worship, to which some, unthinkingly, are willing to sacrifice even the blood of their nation. What is this strange god?

Thirty-five years ago Lord Charles Beresford made a tour of inspection in the Far East in the interest of British

chambers of commerce. Speaking in Shanghai he said that the Open Door was of no use "unless the room inside is in order." The implication was that there was little use in opening the doors of China unless and until China had put her house in order, so that foreigners could live there without molestation, and that foreign trade and foreign economic enterprise could be promoted with safety. In Tokyo Lord Beresford went so far as to ask: "Why should not the Japanese officers try to put the Chinese army in order, on the understanding that China will keep the door open?" He thought that to open China's door in her existing state at that time was to open Pandora's box. Yet, thirty-five years ago, China was united—it had an undisputed central government, the Manchu Dynasty, whose authority still extended to all the provinces. If, even then, Lord Beresford believed the Open Door to be of little practical value, what shall we say about the Open Door today when everybody knows that China's internal condition is immeasurably worse? There is no need of painting a picture of China's multitudinous woes—her internecine internal strife, her organized brigandage, the rebellion of her Communists, her recurrent anti-foreign agitation, etc. The sad picture is by now fairly familiar.

Wu Ting-fang, that delightful pundit, long Minister to Washington, said some forty years ago that an inch added to every Chinese shirt tail would keep the whole world's cotton mills busy. China's internal condition has since driven her masses to poverty so severe that many have but rags to cover their backs. As Mr. Hamilton Butler, for years American Consul in China, has said in this magazine, America, after having traded with China for almost a

century and a half, did with that populous country even in the peak year of 1929 a total business of only \$291,000,000. "That," continues Mr. Butler, "works out to about sixty-five cents per capita of 450,000,000 Chinese. After having traded with Japan for about three-quarters of a century, we did with that far less populous country in the same year a business worth \$690,000,000. That was equivalent to more than ten dollars per capita of 65,000,000 Japanese. Take our exports alone. The Japanese bought American goods in 1929 to the value of four dollars for every mother's son of them. If the Chinese had done as much, we should have sold them products of American labor to the total value of \$1,800,000,000. Actually we sold them \$124,000,000 worth." Then Mr. Butler pays Japan this tribute so glowing that it makes the Japanese blush:

The difference between our trade with Japan and that with China is the difference between dealing with an energetic, alert and orderly nation and with a nation whose development is retarded and whose buying power is dissipated by self-seeking and unscrupulous political exploiters.

Americans and Chinese would both profit by our recognizing what is patently true, that Japan is doing more to open China's door to a more extensive intercourse with the rest of the world than all of our diplomacy from John Hay down has succeeded in doing. A rational view of the Chino-Japanese situation is this: if we want China to become united and strong, as we say we do, Japan's aggressive action will bring that about, if anything can.

Much has been made of American investments, actual and potential, in China. Yet, according to Mr. Frederick Field, who has made a thorough-going study of the subject, the loans to China held by Americans in 1930 amounted to a little over forty million dollars, of which the old Consortium group had

been responsible for about one-fifth. The bulk of the rather meagre American investments in China is not in loans but in business investments, in the form of automobile agencies, shipping companies, public utilities, banking, real estate, and most important of all, import and export enterprise." Mr. Field gives a real picture of American investments in and American trade with China in these words:

For individual interests, such as the Standard Oil Company or the British-American Tobacco Company, the balance sheet probably shows a profit, but it does not follow that the general balance sheet for American enterprise in China does likewise. On the credit side put a yield on a \$200,000,000 investment at from 6 to 7 per cent a year—and you would be generous in doing so—and add to this whatever profits accrued to those engaged in trade; in the debit column allocate a fair portion of naval expenses, the cost of maintaining marines in China, the cost of consular and diplomatic offices, chambers of commerce, a goodly portion of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department, certain shipping subsidies, the cost of administering America's end of the Consortium—add the two columns, and what have you?

What have you indeed? Nothing but a deficit. No profitable business can be built up in a society where every foreign merchant relies for his safety upon so many marines or soldiers from his own country.

Between 1907 and 1917 American capital was smitten with a desire to launch railway and other construction enterprises in China. Mr. Willard Straight wanted to build a 700-mile line in Manchuria, and to improve the old "Grand Canal" through Shantung. Certain other interests launched railway projects in other parts of China. The Americans might well congratulate themselves upon the fact that all such projects were for various reasons

foredoomed. Study the long list of foreign-financed, foreign-built railways in China and see if you can find any one of the important lines which has not gone into default, because of their arbitrary seizure by warring Chinese militarists. The only exception is the Japanese-financed railways in Manchuria, because Japan, by reason of her geographical proximity, is in a position effectively to protect them.

Let us note a few of the unhappy examples of American business ventures in the Chinese field. The Siems-Carey Company, of New York, in 1917 or thereabouts, got a railway concession in China and spent something like \$2,500,000 on one thing or another in connection with it, only to find that the concession contract was of little value. The Continental & Commercial Bank of Chicago contracted for a loan of \$30,000,000 to the Chinese Government, and actually handed over to it \$5,000,000 only to discover that the security given by China had already been earmarked for the service of a French loan. The Pacific Development Company signed a similar loan agreement with the Chinese Government and handed over to it \$5,000,000. Needless to say, these loans went into default almost as soon as they were made, though the creditors are still hoping that some day, somehow, they may get the money back. The American International Corporation got a silver mining concession in Yunnan province, and invested \$2,500,000 of American gold in it. The result? Between never-ceasing squeezes of the local Chinese officials and the visits of bandits, all too frequent to be agreeable to the concessionaire, the Company threw up the sponge and got out. Not a

cent of that handsome investment has been recovered.

VII

Surprising as all this may appear it really is not surprising when so neutral an observer as Mr. Silas H. Strawn describes China's condition in this discouraging language:

There are 7,000 miles of railroad in China, compared with 265,000 miles in the United States. On account of cheap labor, the operating ratio of the Chinese railroads to their earnings is less than in any other country. The tonnage available for transportation is very large. While in other countries the earnings of the railroads go first to the payment of employees and operating expenses and then the net to the owners, in China all of the earnings of the railroads are taken by the war lords. The official report of the Chinese minister of communications to the chief executive in September, 1925, states that more than 180 million dollars or, with interest, more than 250 millions of the earnings of the Chinese railroads have been taken by the militarists since the foundation of the Republic—thirteen years. All of the railroads in China are now absolutely controlled by the military. When the equipment is not being used for the movement or billeting of troops its use is sold by the war lords to the unfortunate shippers at outrageous rates. The usual "squeeze" for the use of freight cars is \$5 per ton, in addition to the freight rate. Thus, to obtain the use of a 40-ton car from Tientsin to Peking, a distance of about 90 miles, the shipper is held up for \$200, plus the regular freight.

The American Legation at Peking last summer arranged to buy its winter supply of coal from a mine about twenty miles from Peking. The railroad was under the control of Wu Pei-fu, the then dominant war lord. His underlings demanded a "squeeze" of \$2 per ton for the use of cars to move the coal. In addition, the Legation must pay Wu \$25 per car, and the village where this general was quartered demanded \$1.80 per car additional "squeeze." This episode was more aggravating when it is known that the cars and locomotives to move the coal had been furnished to the Chinese Government by American builders and have not yet been paid for, the debt

being several years in default. The unfortunate vendors have no lien on the equipment and by reason of military domination could not enforce it if they had. . . .

No attention is paid to maintenance of way, or equipment. All of the equipment owned by the Chinese Government railways is rapidly becoming useless because of lack of repairs. Loans upon the several railroads are defaulting as rapidly as they mature. The result, therefore, seems inevitable—unless conditions soon change it will not be long before the railroads of China must cease operation and the unfortunate people will be compelled to go back to the barrow or pack their freight upon their backs. Most of the camels, donkeys, and cattle of the patient, industrious farmers have already been taken by the soldiers.

These words were spoken in October, 1926, that is, almost five years after the Washington Conference, where China pledged herself to improve her internal condition, to give foreign nations the fullest opportunity for legitimate trade and enterprise, and to observe all foreign obligations. The Chinese delegates, at that conference, recorded their Government's "intention and capacity to protect the lives and property of foreigners in China" and its "earnest desire to bring her judicial system into accord with that of Western nations." The powers, on their part, filled with zeal for "adventures in liberalism," readily conceded to China "the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity" for self-development. In other words, the Washington agreements constituted a compact of mutual forbearance and mutual self-denial between China and the powers. On the one hand, they put China on probation, and on the other, they enjoined the powers to remain sympathetic to China, while China was putting her house in order. Perhaps the Conference, as J. O. P. Bland, that well-known British authority on China, says, "overlooked the notorious fact

that the widespread and increasing rapacity of the new mandarin state constitutes in itself an insuperable obstacle to the production of that effective government" which the conference piously hoped would appear in China. Mr. Bland goes so far as to assert that the powers at the Washington Conference, ignoring China's actual condition, social, political and economic, sowed the wind and have reaped the whirlwind. How fiercely it has since blown throughout the length and breadth of China, "only those know," he says, "who have seen with their own eyes the abomination of desolation that has been wrought" in the years following the historic Conference. It is not for me to say whether or not Mr. Bland overdid his picture, but it is a picture which no honest student of the China of today can overlook.

VIII

Japan signed the Washington agreement with mingled hope and apprehension. She hoped that China would live up to her end of the bargain, but was apprehensive that such might never happen. It took her only a few years to be disillusioned. She had made all possible concessions at the Washington Conference, and she lost no time in fulfilling all the obligations she had incurred. She withdrew her troops from Hankow. She gave up to China the former German rights in Shantung to which she had fallen heir as a result of the World War. She relinquished certain railway and other privileges even in Manchuria.

Meanwhile, what of China? I am reluctant to tell the story of her treaty violations and of her encroachments upon Japan's legitimate rights and interests—a story which would fill a

voluminous book. A few instances, however, may be instructive. Take the Shantung Railway for one. At the Washington Conference China proposed to buy that property outright. Dr. Wellington Koo, one of the Chinese delegates, solemnly declared that the Chinese people, out of patriotic motives, would raise the necessary fund to pay cash for the whole amount required. Whereupon Japan transferred the railway to China, who, in turn, agreed to reimburse to Japan the actual value of the property, 40,000,000 yen, in Chinese Government notes running for a period of fifteen years, but redeemable at China's option at the end of five years from the date of the delivery of the said notes. The five-year period closed at the end of 1927, yet Japan has never seen a Chinese penny for the redemption of the notes, despite Dr. Koo's positive declaration at the Washington Conference. Not only this, but China failed to pay even interest on the notes, except in the first three years. In the chronic civil war, which swooped down upon Shantung soon after Japanese withdrawal, most of the rolling stock was commandeered by the war lords. In October, 1925, and again in March, 1928, freight cars of the Shantung Railway were diverted from ordinary traffic to military purposes, completely paralyzing the trade of the Province.

Even more serious were treaty violations in Manchuria. In Manchuria the Chinese authorities prohibited, in violation of the 1915 treaty, the lease of land to the Japanese for commercial and agricultural purposes. The local war lord, encouraged by the Nanking Government, built parallel lines to the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, which was a plain violation

of a protocol to the 1905 Peking treaty. The more important of other treaty violations may be enumerated thus: (1) a refusal to carry out the agreement for the construction of a railway from Kirin to the Korean border; (2) discrimination, in violation of the Washington Nine-Power Treaty, against Japanese goods on the Chinese railways in Manchuria; (3) refusal, in disregard of a 1909 agreement, to negotiate for the adoption of regulations concerning Sino-Japanese joint mining enterprise along the South Manchurian Railway; (4) issuance, in violation of the 1915 treaty, of a secret administrative order making it impossible for the Japanese to reside and travel outside the South Manchurian Railway Zone; (5) officially encouraged persecution of the Koreans in violation of the 1909 agreement; (6) depriving the Japanese traffic managers and accountants on Japanese-financed railways in Manchuria of the authority of supervision provided in the loan agreements; (7) official misappropriation of the receipts of the Japanese-financed railways, resulting in non-payment on the service of the Japanese loans. And so on *ad infinitum*. In short, between the Washington Conference and the Manchurian incident of September, 1931, in China, and especially in Manchuria, treaty violation was the rule and treaty observance the exception.

Any world order founded upon such advanced systems as the League of Nations and upon such ideals as that of the Peace Pact presupposes the capacity, the ability and the willingness of all nations, great and small, to observe foreign obligations and to con-

duct their foreign relations in conformity to the generally accepted standards of civilization. When this assumption fails such a world order is bound to suffer. Hence the tragedy of Geneva following upon the Manchurian incident. When a country, so great in area and population as China, acts towards its immediate neighbor in the spirit of the naughty boy who imposes upon the indulgence of his parents, it is difficult to see how such a world scheme can be successfully maintained. Obviously no power can be expected to be forever lenient toward a neighbor, who, thinking that the League Covenant and the Peace Pact put a ban upon forcible measures as a means of enforcing treaty stipulations, wilfully ignores foreign obligations, deliberately violates treaties, perpetuates civil war merely to advance selfish purposes of the militarists and politicians, commits foreign life and property to the tender mercy of organized banditry, fosters anti-foreignism through official encouragement, and makes itself generally obnoxious. In the community of individuals a man who acts in the spirit and manner of this misbehaved nation may be clapped into jail. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is no jail for wayward nations, and the best we can do is to make them realize, somehow, that good behavior and faithful fulfilment of obligations are the most effective guaranty of their own interests.

The temple of peace, if it is not to be only a mirage, must be built, not upon the shifting sands of illusion and make-believe, but upon the enduring foundations of reality and demonstrated facts.

The New Meaning of Revolution

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

*Human wretchedness in Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia and
Fascist Italy has still to teach young idealists
that modern revolution has lost the
romantic flavor*

THEY talk of revolution, many of the young men and women of our time; they talk of it and dream of it out of their restlessness or idleness or metaphysical hopelessness, and about the sound and associations of the word revolution, especially in the English-speaking countries and in France, there lingers something brave and adventurous, something almost of devoutness and of the love of mankind. There were the pikemen of Cromwell and the dancers who danced when the Bastille fell and the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world." And I shrewdly suspect that many of the young men and women, especially in America, who talk so glibly about revolution have these idyllic notions and associations in their bones even when they repeat the modern phraseology about the twilight of individualism, the public ownership of the means of production, even, unhappily, when they utter the word dictatorship and feel subconsciously, at least, that *they* will be among the minority in power and not among those who starve without food-cards or wear out their lives in

Arctic settlements or in unwholesome islands or are beaten to death with rubber truncheons in concentration camps.

Some day, perhaps, the history of all revolutions will be rewritten in the light of contemporary experience and the glory of even the best of them will be tarnished. But civilized and humane people who talk of revolution today or play into the hands of revolutionary agitators of any kind are taking upon themselves the most fearful of conceivable responsibilities and are confused romantics who will not face the iron music of contemporary facts. They have never—assuming them to have any rags of civilization or ordinary humanity left—imaginatively studied or envisaged the unvarying pattern and practical results of Twentieth Century revolution. For had they done so they would at least, granting them the sincerity of their conviction that for America too revolutionary changes are inevitable, have sought to dissociate both their ideology and their tactics from the appalling collapse of civilization that has taken place in Russia and in Germany.

Human character is still the decisive

element in life and can mitigate the worst of horrors. Therefore, no sane man will insult Stalin and his colleagues or Mussolini and his by comparing them to the murderers and perverts who are making the German name a stench in the nostrils of mankind. Nevertheless it must be understood with the utmost clarity that the patterns of the Russian, the Italian Fascist and the German Nazi revolutions are one hundred per cent identical. The representatives of a minority seize power by force. (The election, so to speak, of Hitler and his gang was in part fraudulent and in part due to strictly socialistic promises promptly repudiated.) This minority is fanatically given over to an ideology, a set of principles, pseudo-scientific in Russia, a farrago of savage myths in Germany. This ideology is identified with absolute truth and with the power of the state. A prolonged and ruthless terror sets in. Proscription is the order of the day. Opposition is stamped out with an iron heel. Atrocities are perpetrated which both for number and horror make the cruelties of the Inquisition pale into insignificance. But they are committed on exactly the same principle as were those of the Inquisition, namely, that the revolutionaries are in possession of absolute truth and hence have the right to murder the dissident or heretic. I am not talking about a resistance, however harsh, to actual sabotage of any *de facto* régime, but of the fact that both the Russian and the German revolutionaries sought and are seeking to exterminate whole classes of their fellow men, as householders exterminate noxious vermin. Inevitably, too, the best and bravest and wisest, the free and luminous spirits are bound to be—especially in Germany—among the exterminated. The dull crowd will shout the new

shouts and run after another flag. It is the free man who must die. It is the creative forces in human civilization that are doomed.

It is possible today to disregard completely the merits of any case or of any ideology. In Communist utopianism there is *on paper* much that appeals to any generous heart; amid their bloody myths and screaming falsehoods the so-called thinkers of National Socialism will be found to have emphasized some neglected aspects of reality. But whatever element of truth or good there is in any revolutionary ideology of today has been invalidated and defiled and rendered intolerable by the assumption of an absoluteness that is enforced by starvation and exile and murder in torture-chambers. It is the psychical pattern and the resultant tactics of contemporary revolution that make it the unspeakable menace that it has become. It is no longer the content of the revolutionary ideologies that is worth debating. It is this type and kind of revolution that must be resisted if we are not all to become quite literally filthy savages in the howling wilderness of a desolate earth.

What now has made this type and kind of revolution possible is again, let us not forget, the machine. When a tyrant had in his pay men with pikes, the people's smiths could make pikes for them and the tyrant could be resisted and perhaps overthrown. But any minority which in this age has possession of the heavy industries of a country, and hence a monopoly of bombing planes, machine guns and poison gases, can subdue a free citizenry to abject slavery for an indefinite period. The hope of counter-revolution is almost extinct. Hence any one who lives under a government like that of the United

States, which has not yet gone mad with authoritarianism, and who nevertheless foments revolution in the contemporary sense, helps to destroy civilization and sells his children into slavery. Among us workers can still strike. Can they strike in Russia or Germany or Italy? The NRA acknowledges the right of collective bargaining. The rights of free speech and free assembly, though often impinged upon, have never been abolished among us. They do not exist in the revolutionary countries over which broods the stealthy hush of terror and enslavement. It is forever right that the young and the generous should seek to enlarge the boundaries of freedom and of justice. But they can do so only on the basis of our own traditions. So soon as they speak in the name of any contemporary revolution they sell out and defeat their own ends. I am surprised that the interference of Communist defense committees was not even more disastrous than it proved to be in the Scottsboro case. For in the Soviet Republics whole classes of society are far more cruelly declassed and hopelessly outlawed than any race or class in America.

It is all so largely a matter of the treachery of words. "The dictatorship of the proletariat," say the young and romantic or the old and sentimental and each one converts those words into his private Utopia. They do not stop to think that, since the proletariat is only a part of the citizenry, its dictatorship would be an intolerable injustice. But that is not all. It can never in fact be the proletariat that assumes the dictatorship, but a group of energetic and ruthless authoritarians who do so in its name. So soon as that group has seized power the proletarian is as stripped of all human rights as the bourgeois. If

he gets food-cards and the intellectual does not, it is thanks to a policy on which he has no shadow of influence. It is notorious that every effort is made in Russia to restrict party membership and that Communist tacticians attribute the triumph of Hitler to the unwieldy size of the German Communist party. In brief, the Communist and the Fascist ideal, the contemporary revolutionary ideal is one: the dictatorship neither of the proletariat nor of the ethnic folk, but of a limited, all-powerful oligarchy ready to stamp out any resistance in dirt and blood.

II

The looseness of thought and failure in imagination displayed in the use of revolutionary terminology may be more strikingly illustrated by a far milder example. People not so very far to the Left will calmly propose the "public ownership of the means of production." Now "public" is a fine word with libertarian associations. But in the context it happens to be dangerously treacherous. For who would actually possess and control the means of production? The state. And when people say "the state," they are once more mythologizing and not thinking. For the state, that most menacing of abstractions, is actually Mr. X. and Mr. Y. and Mr. Z.—fallible human beings with inhibitions, compensatory mechanisms and stomach-aches and blind prejudices, all of which they take seriously under the vertigo of authority and which they will be ready to ram down your innocent throat and mine. These gentlemen, whether called Mr. or Comrade, will control the means of production; hence they will also control distribution. To whom will they distribute what? To whom are food-

cards given in Russia? Who is permitted to work and not starve in Germany? The henchmen, the yes-sayers, the unscrupulous opportunists and the brutal mob. In brief, we should all be dependent for our very lives upon our slavish obedience to a group of men whose minds and characters, whose notions and policies might be utterly repulsive to us. Their iron heel would be on our bodies; it would also be on our souls. For the means of production include printing-presses which print books and school-books and newspapers. Luckily we need not speculate on what would happen. We know. There are no newspapers in our sense in either Russia or Germany; there are sheets that repeat what the oligarchs tell them to repeat; the school-books in both countries make no pretense to objectivity of knowledge. They are the catechisms of authoritarian mythologies. Thus stupefaction of the mind is added to enslavement of the body and "universal darkness covers all."

Hot young Communists will reply that these evils exist under capitalism in America. The very fact that they are able so emphatically to make their declarations disproves their point. No one criticizes the existing régime in Russia; it is far too dangerous; people whisper behind closed doors in Germany, for any criticism of the régime means death by slow torture. No *New Republic* exists in either Russia or Germany; no New School of Social Research, nor Rand School, nor universities freely administered by sociological and religious groups widely divided in philosophy and purpose; there is no freedom of study or teaching or research or thought. Not any. There is nothing that is humane left under the contemporary revolutionary dictator-

ships, for the humane means freedom, flexibility, progress by trial and error, room for the expansive energies of the soul of man. Of all these there is an ample and a not decreasing measure, except in time of war, in America. Let us by all means increase that measure; let us guard, if the world will permit us—no impossibility, since we are not likely to be directly attacked—against a recurrence of the conscription of life. Let us strive for a more scrupulous treatment of the racial and cultural minorities—the Jews, the Negroes—who are integral parts of the American people. But let us do so in the name of the American past and of the libertarian tradition of America, not in the name of those sinister absolutisms that cloak their tyranny under the name of revolution.

It has frequently been suggested in recent months, especially in Europe, that the present Administration's methods toward national economic recovery are Fascist in character and that hence America is swinging toward a revolution of the right. But this observation, when it is not downright malicious and proceeds from either Fascist or Communist quarters, is plainly stupid. For the curse of both fascism and communism is in the ideologies of the movements, in the assumption that these ideologies are absolute truth in the name of which men can be first silenced and then slaughtered. Were fascism and communism merely the names of two economic techniques imposed in time of unemployment and crisis, it is evident that their interference with the profounder processes of human life would be limited to the jailing of a few recalcitrants or rogues. There would be no colony of exiles nor concentration camps nor torture chambers. These

things exist because evil men have taken it into their heads to be gods and have therefore—it never fails—succeeded in being devils. This is both sound psychology and sound theology. The absurdity of stigmatizing the present Administration as Fascist can be well illustrated by the amusing supposition that some one were to propose to Mr. Roosevelt either that Mr. Ford and his family should be transported to a labor camp in Alaska and slowly starved into submission or that Mr. Norman Thomas and his associates should be taken to West Point and there beaten to death by the cadets with steel whips and rubber cudgels. The mixture of hilarity and horror with which Mr. Roosevelt would receive such a suggestion toward the carrying out of his economic policy illustrates at once how infinitely far we are from the Communist-Fascist complex of brutal imposition of this devil worship or that. The American tradition of liberty, of flexibility, of the dangers of the undue concentration of authority and the necessary checks upon it is not dead; the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is likely to strengthen it; other signs of its survival, despite isolated concrete instances of the use of blind force, are not absent. In view of the lapse into barbarism of one European nation after another and the portentous human suffering involved, it is the manifest duty of every American to clarify his tradition and to re-ally himself with it—the tradition which in its moral consciousness, whatever were the economic co-determinants, did fight four years to abolish slavery and did invite to our shores the oppressed and disinherited of the earth. It would be not unwholesome if those who clamored for revolution in America today would be forced to live

as non-party members on paper rubles in Moscow or with Nazi Storm Troopers in Berlin. They would soon discover that a margin of liberty and the possibility of self-respect were better than complete enslavement and hopeless degradation.

This hankering for the uniform and for uniformity, for obedience and self-obliteration which today goes by the name of revolution but which is in reality a negation of the civilizing process has once or twice before played its strange rôle in history. There was, as every schoolboy used to know, a Greek state named Sparta. After a few successes it failed even in war, in the exercise of the one thing toward which all the energies of that state had been directed. Culturally it was sterile throughout its history. It is amusing as well as highly significant to note how in the theoretical structure of that Spartan state there were blended the notions that Communist and Fascist offer us as new and revolutionary. Lycurgus, the author of those famous Spartan laws, also seized power by striking "terror into the opposite party." In good Communist fashion he first attacked the existing inequalities of fortune, forcing the well-to-do to renounce their properties, dividing the land, forcing all men to live together on an equal footing. He invented the famous iron money which was impossible to hoard and also rendered foreign trade impossible. Thus he isolated Sparta from the other Greek states both economically and culturally, which exactly parallels the Nazi ideal of German simplicity uncorrupted by foreign influences, and reduced the state to an autonomous barbarism. Next came the ideal of the Communist kitchen and the Fascist camp and barrack. The Spartans were

forced to feed together in public eating places and this universal enforcing of the "black broth" led to a first revolt. Hence, of course, the reflexes of the rising generation were to be conditioned, as in Russia, Italy and Germany, to endure state-slavery without a murmur. Thus the Spartans, like the Germans, went in for eugenics in order that only stupid state-slaves should be conceived and born and Lycurgus in good Communist-Fascist fashion declared that children were not so much property of their parents as of the whole commonwealth and so at the age of seven the children, whose begetting and birth had been arranged, were given the famous Spartan training, of which the chief care was "to make them good subjects and to teach them to endure pain and conquer in battle." But that was not all. "Their discipline," Plutarch tells us, "continued still after they were full-grown men. No one was allowed to live after his own fancy; but the city was a sort of camp" and the citizens "were to make themselves one with the public good"; they were to cluster "like bees around their commander" and "carried all but out of themselves, be devoted wholly to their country." That is a luminous picture of the Fascist-Communist ideology of the subjection of the individual and so we are not surprised to learn that, as in contemporary Russia and, since the imposition of the thousand-mark visa-fee in Germany, the Spartans were not permitted to travel beyond their boundaries and that strangers were banished lest they introduce "novelties of thought." The picture is completed when we remember the Helots, the de-classed classes, analogous to bourgeois and intellectuals in Russia, to Republicans, Socialists and Jews in Germany,

against whom, on their assumption of office, the chief Spartan bureaucrats "used to declare war," because it had been determined "that they might be massacred without a breach of religion."

Does no one read Plutarch any more? Are our young and older shouters for revolution totally ignorant of the history of the race? The pagans made gods of their tyrants and free men and Jews were slaughtered then as now because they would not worship the deified emperors. The Christian doctrine of the divine right of kings was an enormous advance over the deified tyrant; it acknowledged the fact that no man is good enough to rule his fellows and therefore persuaded men that the king's mandate was from God. Now we are to be thrown back to pre-Christian slavery and the tyrant, deified as the state, is to tread us under once more. And that is called revolution.

III

The notion of the state as absolute master and of the citizen as mere slave was deeply rooted in even the noblest minds of paganism. When Crito came at dawn into the prison of Socrates and begged him to save his life by flight, Socrates laid down the eternally true premise that "neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right." But he elaborated sophistically and dangerously to the effect that since the citizen was the state's "child and slave" any resistance to the state, any attempt to improve it and force it to be just, was "evil." He went so far as to use the crudest arguments of the hundred-per-center such as this, that if you did not like the laws of the state under which you lived, you should go elsewhere, an argument which shuts the

door on all hope, all amelioration and can be used to justify the cruelest and darkest tyranny.

That absolute authority is evil and that no man is good enough to rule his fellows—this central idea of fundamental Christianity, of genuine democracy and of the highest documents of the English-speaking races from Milton's *Areopagitica* to Thoreau's *An Essay on Civil Disobedience*—this idea meets us first in all the annals of the human race in the record of the half-barbarous age of the ancient Hebrews. Because Gideon had defeated the Midianites at *Ain Charod* the men of Israel said to him: "Rule thou over us, both thou and thy son and thy son's son." But Gideon answered: "I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: Yaveh shall rule over you." The great idea was enunciated. The majority was not ripe for it but played the harlot to idols and to kings. But a great idea does not die and it was Jotham, the youngest son of Gideon who on Mount Gerizim spoke that immortal parable concerning the trees who desired to elect a king to rule over them. And the olive-tree refused and the fig-tree refused and the vine refused, for each had something to do more pleasing to God and man than to wave over the other trees. It was the barren thorn that consented to be king over the trees.

The great idea marched on. The elders of Israel came to Samuel at Ramah and asked him to give them a king such as the other nations had. And Samuel warned them by means of an extremely realistic description of what a king would do to them, of what the authoritarian state in its unchecked arrogance has always done and will always do and ended his warning with words that

every self-styled American revolutionary of today should take to heart: "And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king whom ye shall have chosen; and Yaveh will not answer you on that day." No, if a dictatorship of the Right or of the Left were to swing its whip over us, having destroyed the human rights of owner and worker, of learned and simple alike, and spies were to cover the land and each man to tremble before his neighbor and every heretic even to be in labor or concentration camps, it would be useless to call on man or God on that day.

In the age of the prophets this great and fundamental idea of the necessary freedom of Western man had attained its perfect and permanent form, namely that human authority derives its mandate from its moral quality alone and that the test of that moral quality and hence of that authority itself is in the people whom it presumes to rule. Zedekiah, the king himself, sent messengers to Jeremiah begging him to reverse his defeatist views. Jeremiah refused. The moral baseness of the régime had, according to him, destroyed its authority. The king imprisoned him in the court of the guard at Jerusalem. Jeremiah continued to denounce and to negate the authority of the state. The exact proportion of historic fact in these Biblical narratives does not touch the argument at all, precisely as it is not touched by the consideration whether a man named Crito did in these terms urge the historic Socrates to flee or whether the Plutarchian account of the laws of Sparta squares with those immemorial realities. The peoples—and this is the point—imagine their myths and their histories in accordance with their characters. Men's ideals and beliefs speak

for what they are and for what they desire. The deification of the state and the reduction of the individual to unresisting subservience is a pagan notion and a pagan principle and those who return to it seek to destroy that Judæo-Christian ethic which is the mother of freedom and of the concept of human personality. Of all the nations who peopled the Roman Empire the Jews alone refused to set up statues of the emperors in their places of worship; of all the Eastern sectaries who arose in that empire the Christians alone preferred death to pouring out libations to those statues. No wonder that the Soviets frown on the cultivation of Hebrew and on the practice of both Jewish and Christian liberties; no wonder that the Nazis yearn for Thor and Wotan and persecute the people of Jeremiah and of Jesus. Revolution today means state-slavery and the return to a paganism that has no roses on its brow but an iron lash in its hand.

The sense of kinship which the men of the greatest political age of the English people felt with the judges of Israel and the prophets was no accidental one. Nor was it an accident that Milton identified the liberties and rebellions of the Old Testament with that "Christian liberty" of which Paul spoke. From these sources and the reflections to which they give rise Milton drew those principles of political thinking which are eternal because they are rooted in the nature of man. "How shall the licensors themselves be confided in"—and for licensors of books substitute any who assume unchecked rule over their fellow men—"unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and

uncorruptedness." Well, that is what the dictators of both the Right and the Left do: they assume to themselves the grace of infallibility, even as Nero did and Caligula and Torquemada. With that one sentence Milton destroys once and for all the fallacy and downright brutishness that is hidden in such hollow contemporary words as the authoritarian or totalitarian state. They had that state in Egypt and Babylon and later on in Sparta. Shall the prophets of Israel and the founders of Christianity have saved us from it in vain?

Things have come to such a pass that a rational man might well sympathize today with those simple Americans who have an instinctive aversion from both communism and fascism as being "foreign." The instinct is a sound one. They are foreign to both of the closely allied religions of the West, Judaism and Christianity; they are foreign to the spirit of the libertarian traditions of the English-speaking peoples. "How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another? I fear this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks." These words of Milton are not only sound religion and sound politics. They are more than that. They strike deep at the nature of things. Even old Herbert Spencer knew enough to know that evolution, that all true progress, proceeds from uniformity to multiformity or, as he put it, from homogeneity to heterogeneity. It is so in the world of organic life; it is so in the world of social organization; it is so in the entire world of the human spirit. The ultimate reflections of science and the honest observation of un-

learned men are at one on that point. That society is a civilized one in which all kinds and varieties of human personality and character can function freely and in peace. Let it not be objected that I omit the economic problem. No sane man objects to state measures that remain strictly within the realm of economics. But the so-called revolutionaries are bent on making robots of us all. If they succeed in

that attempt, whether the slogans and quarter-truths be those of the Left or of the Right and turn the Western world into a universal Sparta and Cæsarean Rome, they are but laying up the blood and tears of truer revolutions for their posterity. It is our children or our children's children who will have to destroy the monsters of authoritarianism and rebuild both Athens and Jerusalem.

Poem

BY ELIZABETH JANE ASTLEY

TONIGHT the iris blossoms shall be witness to the moon for
the first time
For they were born out under the dawn when the sun was a
hidden geranium on red sky,
Dripping pink leaves on the green of a deep hill basket
where my feet went
Naked against the earth, remembering dusk, remembering dark,
remembering stars.
Tonight the iris blossoms shall be witness to the moon for
the first time.
How candidly then shall their orchid and silver bodies be
transmitting
Sun to dew globules, day to intimate twilight stipulating
loveliness.
How unsuspectingly then shall their little cradles of warmth
be all won over
To the cool ethereal transparency of the moon.
I have come a long way out of the morning, out of the noon,
out of the sunset,
To watch the little iris cups the while the moon pours balm
of unearthliness into them,
To watch the little translucent cups of the iris
Ache in the moonlight.

Uncle Sam, the Junkman

BY WILLIAM P. BLACK

Secretary Wallace said that America must choose between lowering her tariffs and relinquishing her export trade, but a sillier course has been found

FROM a dignified gentleman with striped trousers, a star-spangled vest and a high hat, our Uncle Sam is in grave danger of degenerating into something more nearly resembling a junkman. There was a time when his interest in metals went no further than a desire to hold a fair working supply of gold, the accepted medium for settling international accounts. In recent years, however, he has become the hoarder of an entirely disproportionate share of the world's gold stocks. Now he is buying up silver as well. And already there are indications that before long he will be adding copper, lead, zinc, tin, nickel and manganese to the piles of gold and silver in his junk yard.

At first glance, it might appear somewhat far fetched to liken a collector of such allegedly precious metals as gold and silver to a junkman. Junk, in the colloquial sense, at least, is something of little value. Gold and silver, on the other hand, have generally been thought of as highly valuable. Both metals, however, have this in common with junk: their value depends largely on what they can be exchanged for.

Now, there have been a great many reasons advanced to justify large-scale

silver-buying by the United States Treasury. Senators from Montana, Nevada, Utah and the other producing States have used ingenious if frequently contradictory arguments. Some have said that a higher silver price was necessary in order to bring about a more abundant life for the Chinese. Others have rejected the pretense of altruism and have held that high silver prices would remove the menace of cheap Oriental exports in the world markets.

The real urge behind the long campaign of the Senators of the silver-producing States has probably been the simple desire of these gentlemen to hold their jobs. Unless they had fought a good fight for silver, their chances of reelection by their silver-minded constituencies would be fairly thin. There is, thus, little difficulty in accounting for the drive of the Rocky Mountain Senators.

Less obvious are the reasons why Senators from South Carolina, Oklahoma and other non-silver-producing States should have joined in the battle for government silver-buying. If all they had wanted were inflation, quicker results could have been obtained by ordering the retirement of government

bonds by paper currency, a greater unbalancing of the Federal budget or a further devaluation of the dollar. Instead, they have talked about the shortage of gold and the need for a broader currency base.

It was this outside support that brought about the enactment of the Silver Purchase Bill. Without it, Senators of the silver States could never have achieved their victory. Their demands for something for silver would have been laughed at as they were through the long years between the depression of the 'Nineties and the economic collapse of 1929. It is, therefore, important to understand why a silver purchase programme should have carried a wider appeal in 1934 than during the relatively prosperous years between 1897 and 1929.

II

To get the picture clearly, a simile may be helpful. Let us imagine a tight-fisted super-junkman of large income and the creditor of most of his neighbors. Assume that he was able to withdraw from the market the greater part of the floating supply of steel scrap. As he carried on his purchasing, the market price of scrap would, of course, advance. It would ultimately reach a point so high that the steel business, which requires a constant supply of scrap, would be threatened with ruin.

To continue buying would jeopardize the business on which the value of our super-junkman's hoard depends. To sell would lower the market price and with it the apparent value of the accumulated hoard. In this crisis, the junkman has a bright idea. He decides to hold his steel scrap and apply his income to the purchase of broken bottles, figuring that by withdrawing a huge quantity of

scrap glass from the market he can run its price up as he did the price of steel scrap and thereby make himself richer than ever.

In much the same manner, Uncle Sam, having boosted the value of gold through his hoarding, has now reached the first crisis of the super-junkman. To continue his purchases might ruin the gold business, i.e., the use of gold for settling international accounts. To dump his supplies on the world markets would break gold values and, incidentally, call for such a sudden intake of other nations' goods that a bad case of indigestion would probably result.

In this emergency, Uncle Sam turns to silver as the super-junkman turned to broken bottles. As the junkman refused to spend his income on the good things of life and continued to dun his hard-pressed neighbors for interest on money loaned them, so does Uncle Sam decline to spend his international income on usable imported articles and continues his pressure for collection of his foreign loans. Each prefers hoarding to spending but each possesses an income so large that the problem soon becomes one of deciding what to hoard.

At this point, it should be useful to observe the progress Uncle Sam has made with his hoarding and to determine how far along the path of the hypothetical super-junkman he has advanced. At the end of 1913, when he was still only moderately interested in gold, Uncle Sam's holdings were valued at \$1,290,420,000, with gold at \$20.67 an ounce, or 26.6 per cent of the world's monetary gold reserves. Later figures, as reported by the Federal Reserve Board, show United States monetary gold stocks at the end of 1919: \$2,517,722,000 or 37 per cent of the world total; at the end of 1925:

\$3,985,399,000 or 44.4 per cent of the world total; and at the end of 1931: \$4,051,473,000 or 35.9 per cent of the world total (all figures based on the old gold price).

As of May 1, 1934, Uncle Sam's gold had increased to \$7,756,000,000 (\$4,574,500,000 on the basis of \$20.67 per ounce gold) or a percentage of the world's monetary reserves again approaching forty. Not long afterwards, the decision to turn to silver was adopted at a conference between President Roosevelt and the silver leaders. Actually, a net importation of silver into this country had commenced three years ago, presumably by speculators who had anticipated the official decision. Between July 1, 1931, and June 1, 1934, the excess of silver imports over exports totaled \$58,515,000, according to Department of Commerce figures.

Since the passage of the Silver Purchase Bill and the embargo on silver exports, net imports have increased at a considerably faster rate. Predictions that the purchase act would not amount to much, on account of its "permissive" character, are not being borne out. The United States Treasury, while it may not be buying silver quite as "enthusiastically" as some of the silver Senators might wish, is, nevertheless, showing a serious disposition to treat the purchase act as an order and not merely as a piece of advice.

III

The rate of buying, of course, can not be predicted with any exactitude. The only limitation likely to prevail is that purchases will be held below the point at which gold, in any considerable quantity, would have to be paid out in exchange. Such a prophecy is based on the assumption that public opinion would

rebel at a large-scale exchange of gold for silver and would not permit the gold exports necessary for a rapid completion of the silver purchase programme.

A continuation of the buying of newly mined domestic silver—the bulk of which was formerly sold abroad—is assured by the President's decree of last December. Purchase of domestic speculative stocks, estimated at 250,000,000 ounces at the time of the silver bill's passage, presumably will soon be completed. The international significance of such a purchase would be the absorption by the Treasury of the approximately 150,000,000 ounces added to the domestic supply by net importations during the last three years. Its effect would be to date the beginning of Uncle Sam's buying of the world's silver back to the second six months of 1931, when the United States' silver imports began to exceed exports.

How fast silver can be purchased in the world markets without causing gold exports is a matter of guesswork. Past balances of international payments of the United States are the best guide. During the last four years, these balances have shown a net credit in the current account of \$629,000,000 in 1930, \$160,000,000 in 1931, \$131,000,000 in 1932 and \$186,000,000 in 1933, according to Department of Commerce reports.

Each of these years has yielded substantial credits for such current items as net merchandise exports and net receipts of interest and dividends, with a consistently declining credit item labeled "War Debt Receipts." Partially offsetting debit items in the current account have been net tourist expenditures, shipping and freight, immigrants' remittances, charitable contributions and

government transactions. Fluctuating from the debit to the credit side of the balance sheet have been "Miscellaneous Current Items." The sums of all these plus and minus current items have been the net credit balances listed in the preceding paragraph.

To permit such credit balances in the current account it has been necessary that the capital account should yield a yearly debit balance. In 1930, as in the preceding ten years, long-term loans to foreigners supplied the offsetting debits. In 1931 and 1932, a net reduction of \$1,080,000,000 in foreigners' short-term balances here was the offset. In 1933, a continuation of this withdrawal plus the flight of American short-term capital abroad took care of the net credit in the current account. During the first half of 1934, the huge importation of gold was the principal means of producing the necessary debits. And now silver is being called upon to take the burden off gold.

It should be noted that silver has been treated as a commodity in past balances of international payments prepared by the Department of Commerce. Its movements have been entered under "Miscellaneous Current Items." Since the middle of 1931, therefore, it has already played a minor rôle in offsetting current credit items. Under its new status silver rightfully belongs in the capital account along with gold and currency. Future balances of international payments will undoubtedly place it there. The part of silver as a medium for collecting current credit balances will, therefore, become more clearly visible.

In view of the large imports of gold during the first half of 1934, it is possible that the prospective net credit in this year's current account has already

been balanced with the needed debit in the capital account. If this is true, the immediate buying of large amounts of silver abroad would cause an export of gold. On the other hand, the return of American short-term capital to this country and the rebuilding of foreigners' short-term balances here are creating an unusually active demand for dollars. It may be that fairly heavy silver-buying will have to supplement the 1934 gold imports in order to satisfy this demand.

After the temporary flow of short-term capital—both American and foreign—to the United States has been completed, it will be possible to buy considerable quantities of silver abroad without fear of losing gold. The measuring rod for safe amounts to buy will be the expected yearly credit balances in the current account until a shortage in floating supplies has been created.

That this account will continue to show credit balances for some time to come is virtually assured by the American determination to maintain an active merchandise trade balance in spite of the nation's position as a creditor. It is this determination that is the basic reason for the success of the silverites. Without it, there would not be the excessive gold accumulation by the United States that has caused the high value of gold in terms of world commodities and the seeming shortage in the world's monetary gold stocks.

As yet there is no indication that the American public will soon be willing to sacrifice either its favorable merchandise balance or the collection of interest on foreign loans. In fact, for the first four months of 1934 the country's excess of exports over imports was nearly twice the figure for the corresponding period of 1933, and there is still a pre-

ponderance of sentiment for collection of the War debts and a similar feeling that interest on private foreign loans can and should be paid in full.

IV

As long as the people of the United States continue to demand large exports and small imports along with the payment of foreign loans, there will be backing for schemes that oblige Uncle Sam to enlarge his activities as a junkman. With the gold business, as has been pointed out, already threatened by reason of Uncle Sam's hoarding, it remains to be seen what will happen to the silver business when the buying programme begins to function. According to Sir Arthur Salter, British economist, China would be forced off the silver standard by any appreciable advance in the price of the metal. In other words, with China as the sole important nation using silver as a currency base, there is a strong likelihood that the silver business would be threatened with ruin long before Uncle Sam completed his allotted purchase of 1,300,000,000 ounces in the world markets.

It is this which makes it probable that still other metals will eventually be added to Uncle Sam's stocks of gold and silver. The excuse for pushing the government into the purchase of copper, lead, zinc, tin, nickel or manganese would, of course, have to be a different one from the conflicting arguments used to promote the silver cause. Neither the idea of increasing the purchasing power of Orientals nor of blocking their inroads on our export trade could possibly be stretched to fit a campaign for the buying of these other metals. There is, however, a ready-made base from which to launch the attack—namely, that these are essential war materials which the

United States Government should have on hand for an emergency.

In fact, a beginning has already been made along these lines. Senator Ashurst of Arizona, early in the recent session of Congress, proposed that the government buy up surplus copper stocks. Late in May, the Senate Committee on Mines and Mining favorably reported an enlargement of this proposal. The measure calls for an appropriation of \$200,000,000 for the buying up of surplus copper, lead and zinc as a reserve for war and public works requirements.

Offhand, there may appear to be no similarity between such buying and the purchase of silver. There is a definite connection, however. Copper, once a leading export item, can no longer be sold abroad in any great quantity because of the lowered foreign purchasing power for American goods caused by debt collection along with the maintenance of an active merchandise trade balance. Government copper-buying would remove the necessity of purchasing foreign merchandise to make possible the sale of copper abroad.

In still another respect, government buying of copper, lead and zinc is a natural corollary to the purchase of silver. It so happens that about three-quarters of the silver produced in the United States is so-called "by-product" silver, i.e., it comes to light in the mining of copper, lead and zinc. In order to cash in very heavily on the silver victory, domestic producers must turn out an embarrassingly large quantity of copper, lead and zinc. If these metals can not be sold abroad, the easy way to dispose of them is to turn them over to the government, particularly since the first two, at least, are commonly regarded as war materials.

Meanwhile, other advocates of government metal-buying have stepped forward. Representative Caldwell of Florida has attracted the attention of Secretary Hull to his proposal that the government accept tin in payment of War debts. Others have suggested that the government buy large quantities of manganese from Russia to provide a method for selling American goods to the Soviets. There is also talk of government buying of Canadian nickel to aid our export trade with the Dominion. In each case, the argument has been made that the government should have a supply of these metals in case of war.

Tin, nickel and manganese are, in fact, a direct answer to the problem of how to accept payments from abroad without admitting competitive goods. Since they are already entering the country in amounts sufficient to satisfy the requirements of private industry, any increase in our takings must come through government buying for alleged war needs. In view of the growing tension in our relations with Japan, it does not appear that the buying campaign should be overly difficult to put across.

Thus, if we return to our super-junkman, we may picture him as desisting from his broken-bottle-buying as the scarcity of scrap glass sends its price so high that the prosperity of the glass business is threatened. He then searches for other scrap items suitable for hoarding, just as Uncle Sam is apparently destined to turn from silver to other metals as soon as the higher silver prices, caused by his buying, threaten to force China from the silver standard.

This picture may be useful for understanding what is happening to Uncle Sam as the result of the ingenuity of the

nation's chosen leaders. These interpreters of the public mind realize that both foreign debt write-offs and unfavorable trade balances are highly unpopular remedies for the situation into which the country has worked itself. Their solution of the problem is to dodge the issue through government metal-buying. In this way, the nation's favorable merchandise trade balance can be maintained and the write-off of foreign debts can at least be delayed.

Furthermore, as the super-junkman imagined himself wealthier and wealthier as the apparent value of his piles of scrap rose by reason of scarcity prices, so will Uncle Sam seem to grow richer as the apparent value of his silver hoard mounts with the higher prices caused by his buying. Only when and if he may decide to dispose of his silver, will Uncle Sam realize that its supposed value is not actual. Meanwhile, the higher the price paid, the less buying needed to create the debit in our balance of international payments required to permit a continued credit in the current account.

And so, the choice between a complete write-off of our War and private foreign loans and the elimination of our favorable merchandise trade balance can be put off for a few more years. The anomaly of the world's largest creditor nation exporting more goods than it imports can be made to last a little longer. Foreign bondholders can continue to collect on some of their loans while American exports are pushed and imports restricted. In the junk yard of Uncle Sam, however, there will grow larger and larger piles of gold, silver and the other metals that may be chosen.

Legitimate People

BY PAUL JONES

A Story

GET me right. I'm not one of these racketeers. I don't carry a gun, and I don't stick people up, and I make it a rule to lay off anybody that can't spare what I'm after. I'm just a thief.

Maybe you got an idea a thief's a guy that's too lazy to work. That's a lot of bunk. Take it from me, if I'd put the same amount of struggle into some other line of business, I'd be on Easy Street. Thieving is the most underpaid profession there is.

I guess it's born in you, because my old man was a thief, and a damn good one, too, and his father, from what I hear, was one of the biggest thieves in the old country. It runs in the family.

I got nothing against legitimate people, understand, but I don't get along with them. They kind of give me the jitters. I don't get their angle, that's all.

Here's what I mean.

There's a guy that's manager of one of these chain groceries, a hard-working fellow, but he don't get much dough, and I guess he can't figure out any way to beat the cash register, which I understand is legitimate, if you can get away with it. Anyhow, for a price, he tipped me off to a situation where it looked like I could make myself a little money.

It seems that a lot of classy people

with real jack are now trading in these cash-and-carries where they used to run bills with a fancy grocery. These dames come in with their chauffeurs and, from what he told me, some of them flash considerable rolls.

All right. It's petty stuff, but there was a depression on, and it hit me just like it hit everybody else. So I go and look the joint over. I noticed right away that some of these women leave their handbags on the grocery counter while they stroll over to the other side of the store to take a slant at the vegetables.

It looked like a cinch. In I went, and I wasn't in the store two minutes when I spotted this expensive-looking purse lying right on the counter. Nobody was near it, and nobody was looking at me, so I put it under my coat and went out.

Half a block up the street, I ducked into an alley, and opened the handbag. The system is, you take the money, and toss the leather away as soon as you can.

I like to drop dead. There wasn't anything in it but a powder puff, a handkerchief, four pennies and a slip of paper, all folded up. I looked at the paper, and I want to tell you, I felt cheap. Because what it was was a food order, good for five bucks' worth of groceries, like they give out down at the Poor Board, if you're on the rocks.

I mean, I was mortified. Here, I said to myself, you got to get this back some way, even if you have to drop it on the sidewalk, like she might have lost it on her way in.

Furthermore, I got to feeling sorry for the dame, so I took a twenty out of my own kick and tucked it in her pocket-book. What the hell, you might be down yourself sometime.

So I'm all set to leave the purse some place where she'll find it, and I turn to go out of the alley, and I run smack into a copper, coming in, and he saw the handbag before I could hide it.

"I just found this purse, officer," I said. "Maybe you can give it back to the party that owns it."

All I got for that was a tough look. He grabbed the pocketbook, and blocking the way out of the alley, he put his stick under his arm, and opened the purse.

First he read the food order. It was made out to a Mrs. Grimsby. Then he took the twenty and the four pennies, and put them in his pocket. With that, he lost all interest in the leather and tossed it into an ash can.

I don't mind doing business with a copper. Sometimes you got to. But this guy made me sore, declaring himself in for one hundred per cent of what he thought I'd pinched.

"You can't do that," I said.

"Why not?" he asked me. "You're

lucky I don't give you a going over with this night stick. Beat it."

Well, he had me, because one of the disadvantages of my line of work is you got no rights. So I said: "Wait a minute! What about this poor woman?"

"What do you mean?"

"What's she going to do without her food order?" I asked him. I didn't tell him that I'd put the twenty in her purse, because he wouldn't have believed me, anyhow, and if he had, it wouldn't have made no difference, because he was one businesslike policeman, what I mean. "You want to have some consideration for this Mrs. Grimsby," I told him.

"Don't kid me," he said. "Grimsby's the division leader, and he's got a good job with the city. They don't need food orders any more than fly in the air."

"I don't get it," I said.

"Listen," this copper told me, "why should he pay for his own groceries when he's got a pal on the Poor Board? He'd be a sap."

Thinking about the twenty and all, I got mad. "He's a cheap grifter," I said.

"Say," the flatfoot growled, "where do you get off, talking that way? Go on, beat it, before I run you in!"

So I beat it.

Like I told you, I got nothing against legitimate people, but I can't get along with them. They kind of give me the jitters. I don't get their angle.



Big Salaries and Bonuses

BY J. GEORGE FREDERICK

What is fair pay for our big business leaders?

ONE of the tell-tales by which we can note the change in American public temper is the subject pushed into the limelight by the last Congress, large executive salaries and bonuses.

Superficially the intent has been to criticize large salaries and bonuses during depression times; but at bottom the whole point of view regarding top men in business is seen to be in process of change. It is another one of the earmarks of our basic shift from pioneer American days to the era of a more stable and socially responsible economy.

Once America thrilled with interest, even pride, when told of the huge salary paid to a top executive in business. It was the genuine accolade of success. "Money talks," it was said then; and what a corporation was willing to pay for a man's brain was the proof positive, the certificate of demonstration, of a man's greatness. America's development of the large-scale industrial era after the Civil War was a kind of pioneer era, duplicating in principle the previous pioneer eras in American life; continuing to regard it as only just and right that what a man could seize and command was his.

At first there was no question of high-salaried *executives*; business was largely

made up of *owners* who built unique and successful enterprises. For this reason, up to 1898 or thereabout, salaries were nowhere very large, with the exception of a few railways and "trusts." The owners, or those who closely controlled ownership, got their rewards not so much through salary as through profits, dividends. "Close corporations" were largely the rule; with principal positions filled by an owner from among his family or intimates, or by what were virtually low-salaried assistants who were given little honor, place or authority. It was not at all uncommon, then, for executives of quite large responsibility but little place, title or authority to receive only \$2,400 a year. The line and staff idea of organization, the development of functional professional standards had not yet really started, and the "merit system" was not widely used. All functions were jumbled—the big boss insisted on deciding nearly everything. This "genius" type of business man; the man who built the business up, the owner, arrogated to himself nearly all authority, and tolerated few really first-class men under him. Some of these still linger today; they can not stomach any other form of business, and the men who work for them are what we have come to call "yes men."

Rockefeller and Carnegie were too big for this tight and vainglorious system of little industrial Napoleons, and early saw its doom. They introduced (about 1885) the system of highly paid men; the relinquishment of authority and responsibility to subordinates of high ability. Carnegie's twelve partners were famous for their high salaries and share in profits; for their freedom from Napoleonic dictation from above. Rockefeller relinquished his personal direction of the Standard Oil Company many years before he was believed to have done so. He did not, however, dramatize his delegation of power to his famous associates as did Carnegie, and the public persisted in believing that he was active long after he had placed his affairs in other hands. Rockefeller and Carnegie started upon its career for good or evil the American high salary merit system, priding themselves upon their perspicacity in selecting men and "leaving them alone."

Early in the century a definite change arrived. As the founders of these large businesses grew older (and as sons and relations were often demonstrated to be weak reeds for the business to lean upon), or as it seemed wise to incorporate into a stock company for the purposes of estate division, the era of mergers and consolidations took a spurt. It had begun in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties in a few instances—but now it became wide-spread. This set firmly upon its feet the high salary and bonus plan or merit system in American industry. The merger definitely could not use the old owners as executive heads; they engendered jealousies. So younger men of high ability at high salaries and a bonus contract were chosen. It gave a great lift to the American people, and inaugurated the "success" era, because it

dramatized what seemed to be the American spirit of opportunity and democracy. For several generations the theme song of the success era was this merit system; this open road to wealth and acclaim for even a poor boy, via the high-salaried corporation executive, selected solely on demonstrated ability. What a great land of open opportunity America is, ran this saga; no class spirit, no nepotism, no snobbery! If the water-boy in the steel mill becomes the \$100,000 president, there is your proof that America is the land of the free, with no closed doors. There is no question that millions of American boys tightened their belts and set their faces toward the executive swivel-chairs of high salary, as depicted in countless "success tales" such as were enormously popular for about thirty-five years (between 1888–1923). True, the sneers at such success stories came even before the War; the disillusionment of the more hypercritical was just then flowering in small esoteric circles. Although Ida Tarbell had written early in the century about the Standard Oil, and Lawson's *Frenzied Finance* had appeared long before the War, the criticisms were vented largely upon monopoly and stock-jobbing, which were, after all, depredations of a kind centuries old.

II

The American faith and belief in the high-salaried executive was not easily shattered because it was bound up with the idea of individual opportunity for the ordinary man in a corporate era. The average man's experience as a salaried man in corporate employ indicated that the merit system was more or less genuinely in operation, especially in large corporations. Corporations in competition must have efficiency, and on

the whole corporations gave the best man preference.

The real disillusionment of the American man with regard to top executives in corporations has been of comparatively recent growth: *since about 15,000,000 Americans have become corporation stockholders*. This event (since the War) placed the American citizen in the third segment of his three-fold rôle in modern industrial civilization: (1) employe, (2) consumer, (3) share-owner. For the first time he was sitting at a vantage-point different from his time-honored place "below the salt." He was now a capitalist himself, and could at last stop looking worshipfully up at the mount of his desires, and instead see how things looked from the vantage-point of financial ownership.

Very soon he became conscious of the rather absurd and anomalous position in which this business of being a small share-owner placed him. He received at certain times of the year a proxy to sign—giving the management complete freedom to vote as they should choose, in the name of his tiny holdings. True, he could go to the stockholders' meeting, but up to 1930-1931 this was felt to be a bit stupid. The few cranks who did so were either tolerated amusedly by the officers in charge or given very short shrift. Even at best the small stockholder was in the position of some one kept in the ante-room and not allowed to enter. He was given only such reports of operations as pleased the management, and these were often entirely or partly refused. A great many corporations whose stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange report net earnings only, and only once a year, and while they must supply balance sheets, the operating statements are very sketchy—not to say manipulated.

Not to enter too long analysis of this point, it dawned on the small stockholder that in a corporation whose stock is widely held, the men in power may be a handful of executives who own only one or two per cent of stock, or indeed none at all, while they diddle the real owners, the stockholders, in a wide variety of ways, chief of which are: (1) the use of inside information for speculation in the company's stock; (2) the payment of large salaries and bonuses to themselves even at a time when they stop dividends; (3) operate pools and milk the company by means of holding companies; (4) juggle the company's accounts to hide various forms of use of their position for their personal advantage; (5) practise nepotism and favoritism, and stop (at the top) the strict application of the merit system.

During the depression quite naturally this situation has come to a sharp focus. American stockholders have been very lax and lenient with corporations so long as their stock rose in value and paid fair dividends. Under the impact of the depression and the estoppage of so many dividends, the small stockholder got blood in his eye. He began in much larger number, and with much bolder manner, to attend stockholders' meetings, to speak up, to put the management under fire.

And one of the things he discovered was that despite the fall in stock values, the cessation of dividends, the shrinkage of surpluses, an astonishing number of executive salaries were actually increased instead of decreased, and bonuses continued. The actual facts on this point have now been assembled by the Federal Trade Commission. While it may be true that the figures were marshalled so as to make them look their

worst, and in some instances misrepresent the facts, nevertheless, they are revealing indeed. Out of 138 of the largest corporations in the United States paying \$50,000 or more per year to any executive, sixty-nine, or exactly fifty per cent, actually either maintained or increased the salaries in the depression years to officers over and above the amount paid in 1929. Some did not continue to increase them in all the depression years, and some decreased them for the first time in 1932 or 1933; but one-half of these largest corporations in America ignored the depression so far as executive salaries were concerned, or acted as if it were an occasion to raise salaries, even if earnings dropped. A number of large corporations refused to give any information.

Out of forty of the larger corporations studied, twelve increased their salary or bonus payments despite decreased earnings; twenty-one did not materially decrease them, and seven refused to disclose earnings figures.

As to the average salary paid in these 138 corporation instances, the variations by years and other things make it impossible to arrive at a wholly exact average, but it is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$76,000. Bills have been introduced in Congress to take eighty per cent of all salaries over \$75,000 in taxation, or to prevent corporations from calculating salaries over a certain amount as such in their corporation tax reports.

III

How much justification, in terms of business reality, is there in high executive salaries? The argument is of course that competition for high grade ability sets the rate of salary. This is probably

true only to a limited extent. During the depression some very able men were to be had; yet as we have seen, a great many companies boosted the salaries of their executives; or to be more exact, a great many executives in full control of the corporation's affairs, *boosted their own salaries*. One instance has come to my attention where the one man in complete control asked all lesser executives to accept severe cuts in salary. This they did, and when the salary and bonus figures came out in the newspapers, they found that the executive had preserved intact his own high salary and bonus *by means of the cut the others took*. A storm arose, but the top executive merely disappeared for a month in Florida. Such things are surely not in line with the theory of competition, for when sales are falling and the market for talent is full of available men, one would expect changes to be made; executives dropped and others put in their place; or at least cuts in salary horizontally applied.

Quite obviously, the cold truth is that many managements composed of cliques of top executives entrenched themselves still more favorably in their positions during the depression, and there were no masters to drive them out. In cases where bankers were powerful, the bankers were often co-conspirators for high salaries for the top men they had selected. The directors often being the mere creatures of the ruling group of executives, and the stockholders being powerless, there was no one to stop the management. True, some of them had contracts, and the high salaries for this reason ran on into depression years; but the depression has been an era when even landlords relaxed leases, and when voluntary adjustments have been the rule. Certainly the

stock- and bondholders have often enough been asked to give up their equities.

It is evident that a new type of thinking about executives' salaries and bonuses is unescapable. It began in 1933 when the railway executive salaries were adjusted downward, after the RFC began to pump public capital into the railways to save them. The old "rugged individualistic" picture of the railway president as a masterful captain of industry, a rare genius, worth a fabulous salary, was just naturally obsolete at such a juncture. It is worthy of note in passing that the railway presidents have always been held up as examples of men who were intrinsically worth very large salaries. Men rising from the ranks were held up for publicity purposes as sagas of success—when the realistic truth has been in many instances that railway presidents have been the quite ordinary pawns of large bankers, with not nearly the ruggedly individual scope of initiative and power and rare ability that was popularly credited to them. The Jim Hill and Harriman days passed a long time ago.

One might come fairly near the truth as to top executives and their salaries by saying that when an outstanding man of demonstrated merit and ability is engaged at a high salary, to do an admittedly difficult job, with a bonus for genuine performance, there is some logic in the matter, provided the salary is not above \$75,000, and the stockholders' interests are being genuinely served (as they sometimes are when the company is in a difficult position and is falling behind and thus needs an unusually resourceful man). But when, as so often is the case, there is no excuse for the large salary except that the company is large and the officers can manage to se-

cure it, the situation is quite different. Often the salary roll of top executives is distinctly padded. It is also often true that the high salary standard set in a corporation's period of greatest development need becomes, by habit and tradition, the standard for the job after such great ability is no longer necessary. Thus a new, weaker and less able man inherits the high salary job; often a relative or favorite.

We should not destroy the incentive to genuine merit which good salaries for genuine performance offer to ambitious men. We live in a corporate age, and aspiration to ownership is not in many fields a feasible thing. Aspiration to fine service—a *three-fold* service (to stockholders, employees and customers) is something it would be foolish to undermine by quibbling over a high salary standard. I do not think the present criticism of salaries is meant to do such undermining. The nepotism, favoritism and self-perpetuation, salary roll padding, bonus graft, the attempt to divert surplus earnings into the pockets of insiders instead of to the ordinary stockholders, who are really the victims of the modern corporation racket—these are the objects of attack, and they needed attack a decade or two ago. We want a higher breed of executives, with a most meticulous sense of fiduciary responsibility, and a real sense of being public servants to consumers, employees and investors. In other words a new and more honored profession of technical managers, whose loyalty is high to the ethics of that profession, and who want good but not fabulous salaries. One of the effects, already observed, of the publication of the salaries of top executives, is a determination on the part of minor executives that there shall not be so great a disparity between them.

Minor executives' salaries in many instances have hung around the \$7,500 to \$20,000 levels while top executive salaries were five to ten times these sums. This is obviously on its face a discriminatory abuse of the power of such top executives for self-profit, and not a true measure of difference. Many minor executives bear the real load of responsibility.

The percentage of the average business investment which salaries represent is not great, of course. The Federal Trade Commission found for instance in the stove manufacturing field that officers' salaries represented 2.5 per cent in 1921; furniture manufacturers' 4.7 per cent. The percentage of total salaries to investment is generally below six per cent in most industries.

As regards the dreams of radical reformers, of a society in which the only reward will be public appreciation and a sense of social duty well done, and in which will rule the principle of "from each according to his ability, and to each according to his need"—this is already known in Russia to be an Utopian im-

possibility. There is definitely higher pay and larger material reward to executive classes in Russia, with the added proviso that they subordinate their political opinions and free speech, or be ousted. Nowhere in the world is operated the pure principle of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need." The realistic facts concerning the human race forbid it. At the same time the payment of salary roughly more than thirty-five times the level of a common decent American standard of living is probably not very defensible, except in very unusual cases. There exist in human minds certain elemental scales of justice, and a ratio of from two to thirty-five times the ordinary decent American standard of living sticks in the fairest American minds as the top limits of a sound ratio, leaving plenty of room for reward for both ambition and scarcity of ability. Beyond that it now takes on a swinish aspect, and incites suspicion of sinecure or extortion or stranglehold on what is no longer regarded as entirely private enterprise.



The League's "Black Baby"

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

Liberia has exhausted the patience of her fellow members in the League of Nations, and there is thought of depositing her as yet another responsibility on President Roosevelt's doorstep

FOR ten years the august Council in Geneva has had a peck of trouble with those carefree "Americoes" of freedom's own republic. They are so far off—between Sierra Leone and the French Ivory Coast. Their realm has no port—luckily, seeing that yellow fever is rife and all ships liable to contagion. The powers have been haunted by this Liberia. After all, it is a "sovereign state." It has a four-year President; a Senate, too, and a Lower House, as well as a Supreme Court and an army. America has from the first served as model and pattern for the "Americoes."

Anyhow, here is all the panoply of a "nation." It was launched (from the United States) over a century ago, apparently with the blessing of James Monroe—whose historic name an unimaginable capital bears unto this day. And yet dreadful whispers have long floated overseas from harried and hunted savages of Liberia's hinterland. How *they* ever heard of the League is a mystery. But their long wails boil down to this: that President King was a "blackbirder" and slave-raider; that his "Administration" was a gang of

murderous robbers; his armies (both native and hired) a merciless Attila-horde—burning and looting, raping the tribal women and driving these "inferior" pagan blacks into the African waste, there to starve or fall a prey to prowling beasts.

The powers were staggered at this indictment of Liberia. One of their own League members, too! Even an "Ally" who had "declared war" upon Germany and suffered a salvo or two in consequence from the five-inch gun of a submarine—until its amazed commander realized he was shooting at a tropical zero and withdrew for very shame. Yet a "Christian" country was his target, one settled in the long ago by dusky Puritan exiles who set up a proud Lone Star banner that bore this device: "Love of liberty has brought us here!"

So the League of Nations scouted as slander all the evil tales that came from heathens of the bush frontiers. In Geneva's Council Chamber, State Secretary Grimes and Mr. Sottile gave the "facts" a different tinge. Liberia (her delegates vowed) had nothing to hide but her own lack of loans. There was a

growing shyness on the part of Americans to help the "Americoes"—those husky offspring of their own exuberant loins.

Moreover, if white snoopers *were* to be sent out there to inquire, they must respect the President's office, and also "the political, intellectual and economic independence of Liberia." All such investigators should be under the Chief Executive. If a white adviser were named by the League, he must take *his* advice from the "Palace"; from Monrovia's learned Congress, or from courts of justice of spotless Periclean purity. Furthermore, any experts in accounts and finance which the powers might send must pass Liberian examinations on landing to make sure they were up to West African standards in their several jobs. Foreign Minister Grimes made quite a hit as he laid down the republic's law to these foreigners in Geneva.

But who was to pay the expenses of investigation? Why, the League itself, Mr. Grimes said with surprise. It was a League idea. And the League was rich, whereas Liberia . . . ! But in fact, all the republic needed was "adjusting"; then she could "go" at *any* mileage to the gallon.

The Secretary-General demurred at this. The League could not advance funds for a Commission without "an assurance of reimbursement." At last Mr. Grimes agreed to cable Monrovia on this delicate matter—"But I haf' no much hope of success." At his black elbow sat Mr. Sottile, who now hopped up with fluent pidgin English.

"No use a promise. If we gave, we may not keep." Even their state officials had not had a dollar of pay for the past eight months.

To me, it was highly humorous to see

men like Sir John Simon and Viscount Cecil, with Barthou of France and Aloisi of Italy, debating gravely about Liberia as though that tragi-comic pest-hole were a civilized, or even a semi-civilized land. When the truth flamed out later on in the Christy Commission's report, even State Secretary Stimson found it a "shocking indictment."

II

New facts came rolling year after year. Gradually Liberia was seen as a sort of jungle patch as big as England or New York State. Here some 15,000 black "Americoes" lorded it over heathen and Moslem tribes, about two millions in all. The main industry seemed to be collecting taxes from those primitive folk. And the process used was simple. A ragged (but well-armed) Frontier Force swooped down upon tribal villages under a black general who was all medals and gold braid. Some of the victims were meek, and paid up in foodstuffs, ivory and cattle. Other clans were meeker still, and parted twice over under threats of burning their huts and wholesale shooting of the "rebels."

But some of the Kru-coast men could fight; and often Liberia's prowling Foch had his black hands full in a hornet's nest of desperate resistance.

Then that general would hire Mendi mercenaries to help him: warrior-looters from the Sierra Leone border. The havoc of a typical tax-collection was conveyed to the League of Nations by Dr. M. D. Mackenzie, of its own Health Section. He found fierce *battues* going on in the Sasstown area. Forty-four native villages had been set ablaze by President King's brigand army. Over a hundred natives had been killed, and 12,000 unwilling taxpayers—men,

women and children—of the Borroh, Dio and Wissepo clans had been chased out of their flaming huts into tropic and waterless wilds beyond, there to die of hunger and thirst in an unmapped region of gorillas and pigmy elephants.

After these raids, the army of freedom's state marched home to hand over its booty to the Chief Executive, his Senate, Congress and Treasury. Besides payments in kind, our golden general rounded up every hefty male he could get chains upon. For "blackbirding" and tax-gathering went together as part of Liberia's national defense. Money the state must have—not for any public works, but mainly for executive and ministerial pockets. It was there the various American loans had melted. And the sale of slaves at \$300 each formed a tidy presidential perquisite besides. After all, what were these outlying pagans for if not to provide revenue for the superior "Americo-Liberian" Administration which, all the world knew, was molded on George Washington's own ideal polity?

So these hapless savages were periodically rounded up, just as the native Princes of India corral their jungle elephants for labor in the teak forests of Burmah. President King had an ever-ready market for his army's catch. He took bids for his slaves, body and soul, from the cocoa-planters of the Portuguese Isles of São Thomé and Príncipe. At one time this arrogant Negro was selling three hundred captives a month at the figure I have named above.

Well might the League ask what was to be done about Liberia? Britain's House of Lords gave a full-dress debate to the future of a "Black Baby" that nobody cared to nurse. I was in the gallery of that Scarlet Chamber, and caught exclamations of horror from the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. To His Grace, the Lone Star Republic was "one of the most lamentable tragedies of history." Neither "could we rest while this blot on civilization remained."

Both Viscount Cecil and Earl Buxton were for pitching Liberia out of the League forthwith. And as Sir John Simon's spokesman in the Lords, Earl Stanhope wound up the sitting with a call for "drastic action." Misery and misrule had long been Liberia's lot; and in the past two years "things had gone from bad to worse." The republic was riddled with plague: "Not only was she thus a danger to herself and the rest of West Africa, but also to the whole world." Yet this monstrosity, Lord Stanhope grieved to say, was "a Foundation Member of the League," together with Great Britain, France and Italy! Truly, the irony of Voltaire is justified on the crazy governance of human affairs.

How does the Monrovia Government take this torrent of scathing? With injured pride, blocking every measure of reform and only asking for more and yet more "loans." Dr. Cuthbert Christy's report spoke of "tragic" finances. Britain's Lord Privy Seal could assure the League Council that this shabby wreck of a state "had no budget, no accounts, no money." And not only did Liberia take no steps to control yellow fever and plague—she couldn't be bothered even to notice them, and so continued to wallow in vileness, more than pleased with her own estate. Did not this abysmal "republic" break off relations with the United States over a default on a loan? And to the French Chargé d'Affaires President Barclay complained of "insult" to his high office and person on the part of a *very* rude American Minister!

III

But what is the metropolis of Monrovia like? It is a nightmare: a foul yet funny purgatory of sickening smells and obscenity. Yet what a book that dreadful warren would make; a true best-seller, if done by a master hand. Why has no great newspaper put a correspondent there, to tell droller and madder tales than were ever flashed in the most extravagant movies. An army mutiny, for instance, raging outside the tumble-down Treasury to get a few dollars in exchange for soiled and tattered I.O.U.'s. A battered door opens presently, and the Minister steps out in a well-cut suit and high hat.

"Soldiers of the Republic!" he bawls at the swaying mob—"Haf' courage once! Practiss-s the patience yett-t-t!"

Those hungry troops shamle off to "practiss" it—for machine-gun barrels are now poked out of the broken windows. . . . Weeks drag on into months. Another siege threatens. The "Palace" itself is in peril (a shove would overturn that ugly barn). This time two glib Americoes hustle round among the desperate men.

"We buy yo' vouchers! Five per cent of face value!"

The offer is meaningless to these Negro dupes. But when it is made clear that *real* money is meant, there is a wild stampede to sell scraps of paper for silver dollars. Those same vouchers a grafting Chancellor promptly redeems at par, in the true Liberian "system."

And then the law court scenes and cases. One day a giant Americo had "words" with a real American—who was a noted boxer. The native pressed for a bare-fist fight: it was very brief, and brought trouble in its wake. In the first round, the huge Liberian was

knocked out and he lay lifeless for twenty minutes. The white man was at once arrested for *murder*! Court hearings were a screaming farce; the black judge above all, with his pompous "English" and shrill wrangles with his "prisonaire." The latter was given *twenty years in jail* for his heavy upper-cut, plus a fine of \$20,000. The "condemned man" strolled home laughing with his consul, and the case at least was dead and buried.

Then an Englishman was haled up for exceeding the speed limit in his car on Liberia's one and only public road. When he proved he was doing only ten miles an hour, the magistrate nearly choked.

"Haf' silence, sah; I mastah hee-ye! Nevah yo' unnahstan' Republic's law. Haf' you NO culta? Hed yo' no fat'er, no mo'ter to gif' yo' culta? Max'mum speed hee-ye is fifteen miles, sah! An' yo' espec' me let yo' off by confessin' ten? No, sah. Twenty dollahs fine. . . . Soldiers of the Republic!" At this stern call, four scarecrows moved upon the victim—who promptly moved out, leaving fifty cents as a *douceur* for his prospective jailers.

Seen from the sea, this awful town shows nothing but a flimsy customs shed, flying the Lone Star flag which not one in a million could identify. Your ship lies afar off, safe from all contact with a poisonous coast. The newcomer is aghast at Monrovia's "Broadway." Broad it is; a wide swathe cut in a jungly place, with a narrow strip in the centre, trampled flat by slouching, half-naked Americoes.

The sides form thickets of rank weeds and noisome gutters, bridged here and there with broken gin-cases. Even big rocks crop out on Monrovia's "Main Street," as when the world began.

Abject huts of rubble or unhewn stone, crumbling to bits and with yawning thatch, form teeming lanes full of black humanity and fearsome smells. Before the doors lie open drains and dung-heaps, on which horrible dogs nose for food and fight all day.

Here and there a bloated carcass or a heap of filth clogs up the sewage, and putrid pools overflow to invade wretched hovels in which one could not house swine. Larger dwellings lean this way and that, as though about to collapse in the reeking lanes. Through these shuffle Liberian citizens, more indecent than any nudist, and partly covered with dirty rags of evil suggestion.

Upon holed and rotting porches loll other Liberians, hailing the stranger boldly in a lingo which is hard to make out at first. There are no railroads here; no lights, no sanitation or decent water supply. Beside this capital of a League of Nations member, a village of Hot-tentots or Zulus is a model settlement.

As for the "White House" of this black inferno and the Congress, Treasury and public offices, these depressed me even more than the bestial squalor of the streets. How consular and other foreign officers, as well as American and European traders can live here and keep their reason is an eloquent tribute to the soul-strength of civilized man.

The mission schools form a bright spot in this darkling hell. Where is the white visitor to stay? What shall he eat, how escape these frightful odors, from which our house-dogs would flee? The consular corps are very kind to callers, and so are the missionaries. And always there is the nearby jungle, where at least one can breathe without retching. One may even encounter wild beasts that are clean, and stark savages who are

not "Americoes," but men and women of self-respect and poise.

IV

Truly this Liberia is a haunting memory; it is also proof positive—if any were needed—that the Negro "nation" is a contradiction in terms. Look at Haiti's incredible record since Napoleon's legions sickened and died there long ago. I was in Port-au-Prince in 1915 when raging citizens dragged their President limb from limb, and then paraded past the legations, waving bits and scraps of their late Chief Executive, who had fled for refuge to the Minister of France! Yet how beautiful a land is Haiti; a tropic Switzerland, where coffee and cotton grow wild. But if that Carib paradise is "hopeless," what shall I say of freedom's own realm, which calls itself Liberia?

As a political problem, this lurching republic persists. The League wants to wash it out of Geneva, once and for all. But where? All signs point to the custody of the United States. But surely Washington will have a say to that. The League Council has withdrawn "assistance" from the Black Baby whose tantrums have disturbed its harmony these many years—just as they jarred on Theodore Roosevelt in 1909 over the endless "debt adjustment."

Great Britain—after a recital of misdeeds for which her Lord Privy Seal finds it "hard to apply terms sufficiently strong"—seeks to dump this foundling into somebody else's arms. "It is the view of His Majesty's Government," Mr. Eden told the full Council in Geneva, "and I state it with the utmost earnestness—that Liberia has so grossly failed in her obligations as a member of the League of Nations, that the League is quite entitled to consider her expul-

sion under Paragraph 4 of Article 16."

Very well. But the Black Orphan—like the dead cat in the cistern—is still *there!* Who is going to care for it? The British Minister goes on to tell us. "On humanitarian grounds" it was proposed "to approach the United States Government," since that power "appeared to be the most closely associated, both historically and economically, with Liberia."

There you have it. A back door is to be found in the White House for a black waif that nobody wants. The French Foreign Minister agreed to this. So

did Baron Aloisi on Italy's behalf. The League Rapporteur said ditto, and the entire Council concurred. So Europe was through with this clinging curse. To America these "Americoes" properly belonged. Over there was their "Open Door." State Secretary Grimes and Mr. Sottile put in a strong Monrovia protest at this slur upon their "sovereignty." Nobody heard them. Neither has anybody heard from President Roosevelt about a new "code" of conduct for the foundling which the League would push into his all-embracing arms!

Man Alone

BY FRANCES FROST

BENEATH the blowing summer sun
the burst leaves shaken in the gust
will soon be crumbling webs of dust
against the sunken rocks. The run

of clear and downhill streams will shrink
gulped by heat, where now the shy
muzzles of drifting creatures drink
under a soft and kindly sky.

Star-flowers bloom in ripening land
where copper mushrooms soon will raise
their curved roofs into rain. Where stand
young grasses, maple-slopes will praise

the summer's end with fiery leaves.
But striding the bare and wingless wood,
man alone will regret the good
in the gentian's death, in the gathered sheaves.

Is There Any Solution for the Labor Problem?

BY FREMONT RIDER

Who believes that there is at least a method of finding the solution, if we are willing to try it?

“LONGSHOREMEN Strike in San Francisco”—“Labor Riots in Cleveland”—“Steel Workers Threaten Strike”—“Typewriter Employes Demand Union Recognition”—“Truck Drivers Mob Police”—“Body Makers Walk Out”—“Two Men Killed in Attack on Factory”—such headlines as these are repeated week after week, month after month, year after year, increasing in times of general prosperity, decreasing in times of depression—when jobs become more desirable. Headlines to which the average citizen’s reaction has become a mixture of impatience, bewilderment and apprehension. The “labor problem”: is there, he asks, no *solution* to it? Are men and women never to find a way to work together, employer and employed, director and directed, leader and led—whatever you may term their relationship—happily and efficiently? Must we, always and forever, have this stupid record of strikes, lockouts, riots, sabotage and bloodshed—continual headlines of struggle, waste and discontent?

When the President inserted “Sec-

tion 7-A” into his courageous recovery programme I strongly suspect that he had very little idea of the immediate and continually growing trouble that this section was bound to create, for, if the whole programme should finally come to grief, there is no doubt that future historians will record that it was primarily Section 7-A which wrecked it. But, if Section 7-A, abruptly and quite unnecessarily, made the labor problem more acute, that was all that it did: it did not create it; the “problem” is one that has always been a thorn in the side of civilization. The men and women who work have as a whole never been satisfied with either the terms or the rewards of their labor. As a whole they had little reason to be. And it is quite beside the point to say that men and women will never be satisfied with anything, that “divine discontent” is our common heritage. The problem is not so much to make the workman entirely satisfied with what he has, as to make him feel that he is working under a system which, continually and automatically, is giving him all that he is at the moment fairly

entitled to have, and that also is so functioning as to be likely continually and automatically to give him more.

In one of his most searching essays Walter Lippmann pointed out the will-o'-the-wisp quality of all social "final settlements," the inherently evanescent character of all economic "solutions." Because we live in a world of live men and women we live in a constantly changing world, a world where nothing is stable or static, least of all human needs and hopes. The poorest workman in the United States is probably better provided with the "satisfactions" of life than the richest one was a few centuries ago. No workers today in any other country in the world enjoy a tithe of the material things which our workers here take for granted. But is this any reason for condemning them because they want still more? Of course not. Neither for wanting it, nor for trying to get it.

What I am driving at is this: that, because there is practically no limit to what men may want, so any attempt to formulate a "solution" to the labor problem must formulate a means, not an end, must outline a method for attainment, not a result to be attained.

In attempting such a solution, if we are to do justice, we must be extremely careful that, in endeavoring to help one class of workers, we do not injure some other class. We must be careful, for instance, that, in endeavoring to help the urban industrial worker, we do not do injustice to the rural agricultural worker; that, in seeking to help the manual laborer, we do not harm the brain worker or the white-collar man; that, in attempting to aid present workers, we do not injure the young, the old, the dependent—that is, those who have passed, or who have not yet reached,

their working years. It is necessary to mention this because it is unfortunately the fact that altogether too much of our so-called recovery legislation has failed of its object, just because, however well-intentioned, it apparently failed to look beyond the needs of the one particular class for whose benefit it was devised. The result was that, although that class was benefited—temporarily or superficially—the lot of other large classes of the population was definitely made worse than ever.

So, for example, the farmer and the agricultural laborer were helped, temporarily and superficially, by some of the Administration's AAA measures, but much of this benefit was nullified, on the one hand by continually increasing taxes, and on the other hand by the rapidly mounting costs of almost everything of urban origin which they bought. Throughout the whole recovery programme there has seemed to be this grave lack of thinking through and coördinating the various policies put into effect, with the result that, again and again, the desirable result of one was squarely nullified by the ill result of another. That is why, in any labor proposal, it is particularly important to examine all sides of it, to follow out—with all the counsel available—all of its ramifications and consequences, to visualize it, not in theory but in practice—in order to be as sure as may be that, in attempting to right great present wrongs, we do not do even greater new ones.

II

Two years ago I spent a night with an old college friend who was running a canning factory in Maryland, down in that great garden belt, the Delmarva Peninsula.

"Business?" I asked him. Only to learn, as I had expected, that business was "terrible." I prodded him with a few questions.

"Look here," he said abruptly, picking a can of tomatoes out of a full case ready for shipment, "what do you pay your grocer in New York for these?"

"About four for a quarter at the A. & P.," I said.

"Yeah," he replied. "We sell 'em to the chains at under three cents a can—and they have to pay all transportation costs, remember. We pay the farmers hereabouts less than twenty cents a basket for the tomatoes that go into that can—less than a cent a can. The can and the solder and the cases cost me another half cent. We get out of it for ourselves, for all our manufacturing costs and profit—only there isn't any profit these days—three-quarters of a cent; while—now get this—for this *label* I pay almost another half cent. You're in the printing business: how come? Less than a cent a can to the farmer for the stuff in the can that the public buys and eats: as much, or almost as much, for the label wrapped around it?"

"Why don't you leave the label off?"

He shrugged his shoulders. I looked at his label. It was a particularly gaudy example of four-color-and-embossed-imitation-gold tomato still life. "That's easy," I replied. "The engravers who made the plates for that label, and the lithographers who printed it, are strongly unionized, and are among the highest paid workmen in the United States. They get at present nearly seventy dollars a week. What do your folks here get?"

"Seventy dollars?" He whistled incredulously. "I pay my cannery girls \$5.50 a week," he said, "and that's higher than the average."

"And the farmer—at twenty cents a basket—what does he get for his tomatoes?"

"He—he just gets left," said my friend. "They don't pay him, after taxes and fertilizer, even five dollars a week." He paused contemplatively. "Something's damn wrong," he concluded.

He was right. Something was wrong. Something, for that matter, is still wrong; for the disparity between agricultural and industrial labor, between the seventy-dollar-a-week lithographer and the five-dollar-a-week farmer (and the latter, incidentally, working half again as many hours, and twice as hard!) hasn't been ameliorated appreciably in the two years that have elapsed since this conversation. When you look for the "cause of the depression" it might be worth your while, it seems to me, to remember that tomato can label! It is still the city worker, the industrial worker, whose labor troubles get all the newspaper headlines. The farmer, and his helpers, having learned patience from Mother Nature, have suffered, and for many years, relatively far greater wrong in silence.

But why is it that farm incomes are so far out of line with industrial incomes? Primarily—and I should like to emphasize this putting of the horse before the cart!—because farm wages are so far out of line with industrial wages. There is a cause and effect; but cause and effect, as they have been customarily analyzed, should be exactly reversed. Why are they so out of line? Primarily because government has, for many years, done just what it has continued to do in its recent recovery measures—followed the policy of favoring the industrial worker over the agricultural worker, both by direct legislative enactment and by the uneven enforce-

ment of existing law. Why, for instance, has the present Government specifically refused to admit agricultural labor to the benefits of its minimum wage and maximum work week provisions? Partly because, although it admitted the injustice of such a discrimination, it felt it was "impracticable" to do otherwise. Partly because, knowing that the farmer, as owner and employer, was in desperate straits himself, it thought that it would help him if it tried to keep agricultural wages low. A curiously persistent fallacy this, a fallacy disproved again and again, but still recurring, that wages that are far below the level permitting of proper subsistence at accepted national standards are in the long run profitable to the employer paying them. Sweatshop incomes for farm labor are no more profitable for the farmer than similar incomes are, in the long run, profitable for the industrialist—and for exactly the same reasons.

This fallacy is like that other one, which is just now so popular in certain recovery circles, and to which Mr. Ogden Mills tersely and grimly answers: "The paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty can never be solved by doing away with the plenty." No, our farm problem can never be permanently solved by governmental price-fixing, or by plowing under cotton or burning wheat to make an artificial scarcity, or by any sort of "farming under dictatorship." This fallacy of "overproduction" seems to have deceived a great many usually intelligent people. It lies in thinking that there actually exists in the world at present a real surplus of any good thing produced by human effort. Such a thing may occur some time in the indefinite future of the human race; it certainly has never occurred yet. There have been—and let's try very hard to

keep our thinking straight in this matter—temporary local gluts, due in some cases to lack of effective distributing machinery, but mainly due to lack of sufficient effective purchasing power. And the curious thing is that all these gluts, or practically all of them, will be found, on careful analysis, to arise from governmental interference, in some form or other, with the world's business and economic machinery.

Too much cotton, when millions in the world lack adequate covering? Too much meat, when millions in the world are starving? Too many plumbing fixtures, when, according to a recent survey, only fifteen per cent of the farmhouses of North Carolina have so much as running water, and when it is estimated that less than one per cent of the world's population have bath tubs? Too much furniture, when there are several million homes in this country alone with no furniture whatever of any kind save the crudest of home-made beds and chairs? Too many automobiles, when ninety-seven per cent of the world's population are without them? Why, we haven't as yet so much as scratched the surface of even our own country's reasonable consumptive needs, to say nothing of the needs of the rest of the world. Overproduction? We are not yet within a million miles of producing enough of *anything*.

Yet, altogether too many of those who these days are doing our writing and our "planning," blinded by the lavish surfeit which they see immediately around themselves, talk glibly about "overproduction"; and, assuming the validity of this false premise, proceed to lay out an economic "regimentation" of our national life along socialistic lines. They aim to increase the prices of products by artificially restricting the pro-

duction of them. If they do succeed in this it will simply mean that they have succeeded in putting so many of the good things of life still further beyond the reach of those enormous groups of the population who have never yet been able to buy them; and in preventing their further purchase by those who had just begun to be able to buy them. And this, this progressive deprivation of huge masses of the population, is what the "regimenters" call "adapting production to demand."

No! One of the most important steps we must take, if we are to have any solution of the labor problem, is to sweep away any and every endeavor to boost product prices by artificially throttling output. The real solution, the American solution, lies in exactly the opposite direction. First we must increase purchasing power—beginning always with those most poorly paid, or now out of work and so not being paid at all—so that more and more people may have the means to buy more and more things. Second, we must remove the governmental interferences with business and industry so that they may be free to continue, as they have in the past, to develop ways to cut their costs of production, and so may be able to supply the enormous new consuming markets which lie now untouched because people have not at present the means to buy. American business never became great by "adapting production to demand"; it became great by stimulating common people to want more and more of the good things of life—and then by cutting costs to bring those things within their reach.

III

The outstanding reason, it seems to me, why all the attempts that we have

so far made to "solve the labor problem" have utterly failed has been that all our attempts have been palliative and evasive. We have been, on the whole, time-servers, trying to salve over crises by ignoring fundamental issues. We have followed, not justice, but temporary expediency. We have sought to find the pap or bribe that would quickly quiet an ugly situation rather than develop a remedy that might be immediately harder to apply but which would nevertheless have the merit of tending to prevent the ugly situation recurring. By and large we have *bought* labor peace: and, like all payers of tribute, we are finding that the impost grows ever heavier upon us.

Sometimes "capital," so-called, has dominated the specific situation and has dictated the settlement of it: sometimes—and increasingly so of recent years, as it has gained political and financial power—organized labor has held the whip hand and has done the dictating. It pleases our vanity to be told, as we have been told repeatedly, that it is "public opinion" that is the deciding voice in labor controversies; and this is quite true in those cases, comparatively few in number, where public opinion is roused. But of most labor controversies the general public never hears anything. They are decided *in camera*, and the most important of all the parties in interest, the public at large, has nothing whatever to say about the decision reached. And even more seldom, in any labor dispute, has the great inarticulate mass of unorganized labor had any champion to protect *its* interests.

It is not to be denied that it is extremely hard to base a labor decision upon moral issues rather than expediency, extremely hard to do even-handed

justice to all the parties in interest, extremely easy to let prejudice and bias and pre-judgment creep into pronouncements in which fairness would seem both essential and easy to secure. There is no better example of this danger than Section 7-A itself. The intent of Congress in framing this clause is clear enough: what it *meant* to say in Section 7-A was unquestionably this: "Employees shall have the right, *but shall not be obliged*, to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. *In choosing representatives* they shall be free from interference, restraint or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, *and from interference, restraint or coercion of labor organizations, and their agents.* . . . No employee, and no one seeking employment, shall be required as a condition of employment to join, *or to refrain from joining*, any company union, *or to join*, or to refrain from joining . . . a labor organization."

But, if the strictly even-handed phraseology of the preceding paragraph, one that carefully swerves neither to the right hand nor the left, was what Congress *intended* to say—and the contrary would be almost unthinkable—the fact remains that this was not at all what Congress actually did say, for, in Section 7-A, as it was enacted, all the matter italicized in the above version fails to appear. I do not myself believe that Congress, when it passed Section 7-A, had any intention of being so biased or of making union membership mandatory upon all workmen, any more than it had any intention of making the NRA itself mandatory. But, as it is worded, organized labor is hardly to be blamed for reading such a forced interpretation into it; the phraseology used is so obscure and indeterminate

and one-sided that almost any interpretation is defensible.

Indeed, not until this phraseology was somewhat clarified by the interpretation which settled the automobile controversy of the early spring—"settled" it temporarily of course—did the Administration itself seem to be at all clear as to what Section 7-A really meant. It had officially ruled, as a matter of fact, that it was, by implication and to some degree, mandatory. It had also ruled that, in any collective bargaining, only one group of workers was to be entitled to representation, namely *the largest single group*; by this ruling definitely seeking to disfranchise all minority interests, whether union or non-union, even though these various minorities might, collectively, constitute a large majority of the entire body of workers! This latter ruling, however, whether applied against either a union or a non-union body, was so clearly unjust, and so clearly contrary to the intent of the law, however one-sidedly or obscurely the latter may be phrased, that it is not surprising that it was not permitted to stand.

The fundamental equities of this question of the rights of minority labor interests, and of collective bargaining rights in general, are perfectly clear. Just as the right to bargain collectively should be inherent and unquestioned, so the right to bargain individually should be equally inherent and unquestioned. The right of any workman to join any labor organization he pleases should be inviolate and unabridged. So should be his right, at his pleasure, to refrain from joining any labor organization. And the Government, obviously, not merely in theory but in fact, should protect him in one set of rights just as much as in the other.

IV

About a dozen years ago I happened to overhear a conversation which revealed to me one side of labor unionism of which, if we may judge from their writings, many students of the theoretical phases of labor economics are ignorant. Of itself unimportant, this chance bit of conversation was, nevertheless, profoundly informative, and it is quoted here to try to give a clearer realization of some of the hurdles that any real solution of the labor problem will have to take.

Few except those who have been in intimate contact with what is termed "organized labor" in this country, that is with those specific labor unions which are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor (and a few others), have any knowledge of its practical ideology and actual workings. Most of us fail to realize, for example, that the American Federation of Labor is, essentially, a great business organization, organized, like every other great modern business corporation, to secure as great profits as possible for its members; that, like every other great modern business, it has an enormous force of salesmen, whom it calls "organizers," whose compensation depends upon their go-getting ability in selling the memberships whose dues constitute the income of the business; that its executives, like the executives of any other business, hold their jobs only for so long as they run the corporation profitably for their members.

And finally, like every other large corporation dependent for its income upon the sale of a product, and selling a product the supply of which is limited, the American Federation of Labor is astute enough to realize the enormously

greater power it would wield, and the tremendously greater profits it would consequently be able to make, if it could only secure for itself an absolute monopoly of the sale of that product. In seeking, as it does, to secure such a complete national monopoly of the sale of all labor, the Federation is doing nothing more than follow the accepted example of one school of business economists. There is here no intention whatever of questioning its right to make just as large incomes for its members as it lawfully may, or of questioning its right to seek, by every proper and legitimate means, to increase its membership and its powers. What one may properly question, however, is the wisdom, from even its own viewpoint, of some of its fundamental policies, and the validity of some of the economic theses on which it founds those policies.

The conversation to which I am referring will, I think, make all these points clear. It occurred in the office of the head of an industrial concern which was noted for its liberality in its labor relations. It ran a completely unionized plant. In an industry in which the practice was unknown it gave vacations with pay to all its employes. It supplied life insurance to them, and paid the entire cost of it. It paid union wages—and those wages happened to be about the highest paid any members of any union in the country. It tried faithfully to observe all union rules. Surely, you would have said, here was a concern that was, from a union standpoint, a model employer of labor.

Yet for years, as a matter of fact, this concern had found itself subjected to a constant barrage of union trouble. Finally, one day, goaded beyond endurance, the proprietor of this business turned on the union delegate who had

come to his office and asked him why it was that he, doing his best to make his employes contented and happy, should be singled out to be the object of special union annoyance. Because I happened to hear that union delegate's answer, and because it made a great impression on me at the time, I can almost quote it.

"You think you run a model union plant here," he said, "because you try to keep your men happy. You're all wrong. That's not what we want. Where would our union be if all you bosses did that? I'll tell you. There wouldn't be any union, and I wouldn't have any job. Hell, no! What we want, what every union wants, is *trouble*. Not too much trouble, I don't mean. Not strikes. They're too expensive. But a little trouble—all the time. Grumbling. Discontent. Continual bad feeling between the men and the bosses. And, if these things aren't there already, then it's our job to put 'em there. Happy? Secure? Not much! What we want is to have every man in your shop bitter, discontented, always afraid he's about to lose his job. *That* makes him keep up his union dues, and holds our organization together. The more hard-boiled an employer acts, the more we love him. He saves us doing a lot of missionary work."

Now it is, of course, unnecessary to point out that the viewpoint of this labor leader is the viewpoint of utter economic ignorance. There is not the slightest doubt that, if organized labor were right now to make a complete about-face in its attitude towards its employers, if it should tomorrow seek, instead of continuing to fight them, sincerely and whole-heartedly to coöperate with them in the common good, it would find that its moral prestige and its social, political and financial powers

would be immediately and enormously increased. Its leaders would find themselves in positions personally far more lucrative, incredibly more influential, greatly more satisfactory in every other way; just as, by the same move, its entire rank and file would find themselves, financially and in every other way, immensely benefited by such a sweeping change of policy. But the contrary spirit is so deeply ingrained in unionism that it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of the present organization of labor ever making such a profound tactical revolution.

Yet, for all that, I have sometimes ventured to hope that such a change of policy was not quite an impossibility. For there are in the organized labor movement—I am happy to be acquainted with some of them—leaders of the deepest sincerity of purpose and of the highest idealism. There are labor leaders who have as broad an economic vision, as sound business judgment, as deep a patriotism, and as keen a sense of the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the present employer-employee relationship as any employer has. What I have hoped for for years has been that, from this labor group, there would arise men, or a man, big enough in personality, and far-seeing enough, to realize the possibilities, for him and his fellow leaders and for the great mass of American working men and women, that would lie in such a brand new spirit and form of labor unionism, one based on such an honest working together of employer and employed rather than in continual warfare between them. I am not sure that such a man will not yet arise. I can only assure him that, when he does, he will be amazed at the number of men on the employer side who will meet him more than half-way.

Of course with labor leaders of the other sort, leaders of the type of the man I quoted above, nothing can be done. Just as nothing can be done with the men of exactly the same sort of mentality—and there are plenty of them!—on the employer side. So long as there are labor leaders who see no jobs for themselves except as generals in an intermittent but perpetual battle, so long as there are employers who fail to appreciate that the profits of peace can be far greater than those of war, just so long will these men at the top, like our friends the munitions-makers, see to it that labor warfare is made to continue, regardless of the terrible losses suffered by the combatants on both sides.

V

I am going back to fateful Section 7-A again, because, among other things, it is also an example of that unwillingness or inability to think a problem through that I have already remarked upon. It says that employes shall have the right to "bargain collectively." Bargain collectively about what? About all the "conditions of their employment." But "conditions of employment" is so all-inclusive a phrase as to be almost meaningless. It may mean—and labor would naturally interpret it to mean—every possible detail or phase of business in which labor is, either directly or indirectly, involved. And that, when you come to think about it, means practically every detail of business.

But consider further. The right to "bargain collectively" of itself means little, or nothing. In business, when two parties "bargain," one or the other makes a proposal, which the other party accepts or rejects. If, after all the "bargaining," no mutually desirable pro-

posal is advanced, no deal results, and the two parties go their ways. Each party has full power to propose, each full power to refuse to accept. But, in labor "bargaining," when the two parties reach the "no deal" stage, they have reached only the beginning of their difficulties, for, with the "no deal," they have ordinarily come to what we call a strike or a lockout—not the end of the problem but simply the posing of its terms. Is this all that the labor union leaders who got Section 7-A inserted in the National Industrial Recovery Act meant by the term "collective bargaining"? Obviously not.

As a matter of fact this phrase "collective bargaining," when it is used in connection with any labor dispute, is a wholly evasive one. Somewhere, in every sort of negotiation, there comes a time when each side has to make a decision, yes or no, upon the point or points at issue. And the real question that lies behind this fair-sounding phrase of the NRA is this: shall labor have, or have not, the dominant voice in labor controversies when the deciding stage has been reached? The trouble with Section 7-A is that, at just this critical point, it calmly walks out on the turmoil it has stirred up. It doesn't suggest, even by implication, what government is going to do when the "collective bargainers" shall have failed to agree. What then? Strikes? Riots? Bloodshed? And, if not these, what? That is why Section 7-A is so disappointing to those of us who are looking for a real solution of the labor problem. It foment trouble which it makes no effort whatever to resolve.

And it is just as evasive for organized labor to claim that all it wants is "equality of bargaining power." Just as what it wants is not bargaining power, but

deciding power, so also what it really wants is not equality of deciding power, but dominance. As a matter of fact, by virtue of the peculiar position in which it stands, labor could not stop at equality of either bargaining or deciding power, even if it would. It is, and must be, by the inevitable logic of the situation, either subordinate or dominant. The only question is whether it shall be subordinate to the employer or to the general public interest.

That is the real reason why every employer who has had any experience with organized labor, as it has been conducted in the past, is either openly or quietly opposed to it. I know of no other economic matter on which business men as a whole are more nearly unanimous. And this opposition is not based on the feeling that labor leaders are simply grafters and racketeers. Some of them are, of course; but business can not show a perfectly clear slate. It is not because even the most conservative unions, if they are unable to gain their ends by reason and persuasion, resort to, or wink at, "direct action"—and this sometimes means violence of the ugliest sort. It is not because even the best led unions, being legally irresponsible, find it only too often convenient to break their most solemn pledged agreements. Business men too, when they found it legally possible, have been known to do the same. It is not because labor unionism has sometimes officially sought to maintain that it is a "state within a state," and that its own laws are superior in provenance even to those of the United States itself! (As recently as May of this year, for example, the International Typographical Union specifically insisted that its "union laws" were not subject to amendment or veto either by the NRA or by any other

governmental authority.) It is not—and keep this clearly in mind—because labor unions are always seeking for their own members higher and higher wages, regardless of the cumulative effect of such increases upon their less fortunate fellow citizens; for, so far as employers are concerned, there are thousands of them who thoroughly approve of shorter hours, of higher wages and of better working conditions, and who yet are implacably opposed to the control of their businesses by organized labor.

No, the reason why the vast majority of business men distrust unionism is because they realize that its dominance—so long as it retains its present form—would eventually mean the destruction of their businesses. In recent years they have come to see more and more clearly that organized labor, as it is at present conducted, involves no mere questions of wages and hours and working conditions. All these things are relatively trivial and subordinate. To the business man labor union control of his business has become an actual matter of life and death, and fighting off that control has become for him nothing less than a matter of self-preservation. And, if that is the case, you can hardly blame him for fighting!

In much the same way the increasing distrust which the average neutral citizen, connected with neither the employer nor the employe side, has come in recent years to have of organized labor has been due to the fact that he has come to sense more and more clearly that altogether too much of its basic thought is alien to our American spirit and tradition. For the American spirit, the American tradition, is preeminently one of personal liberty, of free initiative, of individualism. Labor unionism, on the other hand, not as it

need be, of course, but as it is at present conducted, demands the complete merging of the individual will in the will of the mass, the complete denial of individual liberty in labor matters. And this denial has gone so far that it is not too much to say that, either openly or tacitly, organized labor tends at present, in its sympathies, its vocabulary and its tactics, in the direction of socialism or communism rather than in the direction of those things for which the American Republic stands. Although it has had a most amazing development in the new world, labor unionism has apparently never been able to rid itself of a sort of economic inferiority complex, has never succeeded in sloughing off the social biases of its origins and readapting itself spiritually to its American environment. Paul Einzig, in his recent *Economic Foundations of Fascism* puts it: "Politicians and [Socialist] authors succeeded in convincing the working classes that there was an irreconcilable feud between employers and employees."

Our labor unions, it has seemed to me, have, only too much and too often, acted more like wolves, slinking furtively on the outskirts of our social order, holding themselves outside all law, awaiting opportunity to dart in and cut down some one of the industrial herd, temporarily weakened by economic circumstance or otherwise vulnerable. That picture is not one which conforms with my idea of the innate dignity of labor. Labor unionism would seem to me to have in it too much of good intent, to have done—with all its obvious faults—too valuable a work in the past and to hold within itself too great possibilities for social service in the future, so to demean itself. I would give it more powers, not less, and a new social dignity, because I would see to it that those pow-

ers were conjoined with correlative responsibilities. I would see to it that it made itself, not a blurred mirror of European class distinctions and class hatreds, but a vital, constructive part of the American economic system and the American social order. This is not chimerical; it can be done; I see no good reason why it should not be done.

Of course this accusation of socialistic bias will be promptly denied by many of the leaders of the organized labor movement. They will point out that less than one-third of the organized unions are, as unions, avowedly communistic, and that these "radical" unions are the ones in which foreign membership and influence is overwhelmingly strong. They will point out that, although many of the members of the non-communistic unions may be, individually, Socialists or Communists, their unions as bodies are continually fighting what they term the "left wing menace." And they will tell the truth, for it is a fact that this internal fight between the communistic and non-communistic elements in labor unionism constitutes today one of its greatest disruptive forces.

But this does not negative my first statement. All the laws, rules and strategy of labor unionism are based, not on the assumption that the employer is a partner with the employe in a common business enterprise, in the prosperity of which both will share, but on the assumption that he is an enemy to be beaten, and that the more thoroughly he is beaten the better off the employe will be. The unionist continually repeats that all workmen are engaged in a "class struggle," in a "fight" against the "bosses." And all labor leaders realize perfectly well, if they are wise, and admit openly, if they are sincere, that the complete final success of labor unionism

in its present form would, and could, of necessity logically mean but one thing, the complete and final destruction of the present business system, the end of the private ownership of all productive property, and the end of the American Republic, and of the American social order. In very few cases as yet have we been able to see the complete dominance of any one industry by a union; but, in those few cases where such dominance has become measurably complete—as, for instance, in the legitimate theatre, in the periodical printing industry in New York City, with the railroads—we have been able to witness the slow but inevitable choking to death of what had previously been flourishing industries.

And, because all those who have really studied the facts realize perfectly well the inevitability of this destructive impetus, I see nothing to be gained by glossing it over or seeking to deny its existence. Professor Slichter of Harvard, in his *Modern Economic Society*, writes: "It is often said that unionism of the type prevalent in the United States does not seek to overturn the existing economic order. . . . But examination of the changes they are making in industry indicates that they are revolutionary, and, in fact, are nibbling at the very foundations of the economic order. For the very essence of private property is the right to make decisions, and when unions limit that right they are making a fundamental change in private property. . . . It is a delusion to pretend that this is not revolutionary." And he adds: "But most revolutions are accomplished by men who know not what they do."

VI

But, if union labor, so long as it has its present ideals, policies, methods and

basic viewpoint, is disqualified from making the sole or controlling decision in the labor matters with which it is concerned, so also, one must be prepared to admit, is the employer almost equally disqualified. For in the past he, perhaps quite naturally, but nevertheless short-sightedly, has also sought simply to try to get all he could for himself. There is no use denying that, by and large, neither side has ever had any tender regard, or in fact any regard at all, for the rights of their consumers, or for the rights of the general public who were not their consumers. Neither has had any broad economic vision. Neither, generally speaking, has taken into account, or has sought to take into account, the social implications of the labor decisions which they have reached.

But the only important third factor in labor controversies is that party in interest which is, after all, the most important one of all, the general public. Should it have the controlling decision? Despite many obvious and grave objections, I yet see no logical, or indeed possible, alternative. First, because, whatever the decision reached, it must "pay the bill"; second, because, if its decisions ask of the employer the unreasonable or the economically impossible, it alone is in a position to indemnify him for the loss which it has occasioned him; third, because, being neutral, it is at least more likely than either other party to render unbiased judgment between them.

On the other hand reference to the general public means reference to "arbitration," and the record of arbitration in labor disputes has been an undeniably ghastly one. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how the record could have been other than disappointing, when one analyzes the conventional

set-up and procedure of a typical board of arbitration. You know the time-worn formula. The employer selects a "representative"; the union selects one; these two representatives, after interminable squabbling, dead-locking and wire-pulling, select a supposedly neutral third member. And it has sometimes seemed to me, as I have read some of his decisions, that the chief qualification of this third member must have been his profound ignorance of the matters in dispute and of all economic theory and business practice. When it finally comes to handing down the board's decision, the two first representatives of course *always* cancel each other out, leaving Profound Ignorance to "settle" the entire dispute alone. And, since of course Profound Ignorance never by any chance dares to invoke, or to attempt to establish, anything in the nature of fundamental principles, since his job, as he conceives it, is simply to "get the men back to work," his decision in practically every case is a "compromise." Whatever the issue is, he "splits the difference." That means that the public pays more for the product made or the service given; but that otherwise the "decision" gets nowhere; that nobody is really satisfied and that nothing is really "settled."

Of course this whole conventional set-up is wrong. What would we think if two litigants in a suit at law were invited to appoint "representatives," the two to name a third, and the three to settle the suit? And what would we further think if the three, in formulating their decision, ignored all such considerations as law, justice, precedent, or the public good. Think of it. We deem it socially necessary to select twelve neutral men to adjudicate a hundred-dollar legal claim. Yet we permit three

men—and with two of the three impenetrably biased—to adjudicate a labor dispute involving hundreds of millions of dollars of property values, and affecting intimately, for good or ill, the lives of hundreds of thousands of men and women.

There must be, before we can hope effectively or wisely to settle *any* specific labor dispute, it seems to me, two things: (1) soundly conceived, broad-*visioned*, *national labor policy*, a policy resting on common justice and the general weal, rather than on physical violence or political expediency or financial advantage or the extreme personal pressure of any one economic group, a policy codified in sufficiently definite form to constitute an established—however tentatively established and however growing and flexible—and clear background of precedent; (2) a jury, appointed in each specific dispute, to apply that codified policy, as justly and wisely as may be, to the issues of that dispute, a jury large enough to be fairly representative, a jury, so far as may be, neutral and unbiased in its viewpoints, a jury—Heaven helping!—informed and incorruptible. "Representatives" of either employer or employe have of course no place on such a jury: they are litigants, not judges. Nor should the jury be made up, on the other hand, of men who have been either mere political hacks or of men who, however well-intentioned, have been remote from the actualities of life. Some of the jury, perhaps a majority of its members, should represent that special portion of the general public which is most interested in the dispute, namely the consumers of the product or the service involved, for the reason that, though neutral as between the two disputing parties, they are likely to have some reasonable knowledge

of the issues involved in the dispute.

And, it is needless to add, when such a jury as this renders a decision, that decision should be as binding upon both parties as any other judicial determination.

VII

Have we, by these progressive steps, advanced at all toward a possible "solution" of the labor problem? May we recapitulate them? Basic justice rather than temporary expediency; recognition of the rights to consideration of all the parties in interest; willingness to attempt to "think through" the labor problem in all its aspects; unwillingness

on the part of society at large to surrender decision, or dominance in decision, to either of the two original disputants; reference of all labor disputes to informed and neutral boards of arbitration, governmentally appointed—with full powers; the necessity of attempting, soberly and clear-eyed, the formulation of a national labor policy.

None of these steps may sound exciting. None of them is revolutionary. But, as basic principles, as guides toward a solution, can just issue be taken with any one of them by any American citizen of good intent? Do they not at least point out the road along which we might well travel?



Come, Jenny

BY EVAN COOMBES

A Story

THE oldish man crept in between the sheets like one who has found the day too long. The day had been only sixty years long but he was ready for bed. He was so nearly through living that he slept hour after hour, his arms straight down his sides, as though he sought to accustom himself to death, to harden himself to the rigors of the long cold sleep that awaited him.

His wife established herself at the bedside and there she rocked and stayed. Others in the house came and went, moving soft-footed as the cat about the darkened room: the servants, the nurse and physician, the man's sister and his man friend. The only one in the house who did not come was his mother, poor daft soul, bedridden and without wits enough to know she had a son. But the wife stayed on in the low rocker; the hours turned again to night and still she would not leave. She must be there, she said, if Edward should speak, to hear his slightest word. It might be of all words the most significant, the last.

Thus Edward and his wife spent their final night together. She sat watching him by the dimmed light of the lamp, while he lay immobile; nothing of him appeared to move and yet he changed. Subtly, as the night advanced, his face

grew younger; lines that had taken a lifetime to engrave were erased in a few hours. After midnight he lay beside his wife like her young lover, sleeping now that passion was over, not only of a single night but of all life. Misled by the bodily presence of her husband, she tried to speak to him, leaning close and putting her small plump hand over his cold one. Edward, she urged him, Edward, do not go without a word. But the years he had lost seemed to come between them; her voice could not reach across that space of time. Frightened by this double recession into youth and death, she went to the door intending to call the nurse, when she heard a faint stir behind her.

Edward had raised himself in bed. His eyes were open but he was not looking anywhere in the room. The walls had moved away that he might leave.

"Come," he said quietly. "Come, Jenny."

He said this name with such tenderness that his wife, Sara, could not go to him. The name had stricken her. She stood motionless while Edward went on his way without her.

II

During the hours that followed, Sara heard the name ringing in her ears like

a discordant bell. The name itself was not untuneful, but the sound of it confused her grief. If she wept for the Edward she had known, her husband always gentle, she could not weep for the Edward who had proved faithless with his last word. He had gone from her, not only with death, but with another woman. Death, she recognized: she had met him at other beds; but who was Jenny? When she named over all the women she had ever known or ever heard Edward speak of, Jenny was not among them. This love had been his secret, one that he had carried hidden deep in his heart for many years, and finally bestowed upon his wife. It had been his last bequest to her, like a codicil to his will, but that the secret thus became her own, one that she too must carry hidden, she did not realize until she talked with his maiden sister, Ada.

For as soon as morning came, Sara, unable to be alone or still, wrapped her purple robe tightly about her small stout figure, tied the cord as about a purple bundle, and sought Ada where Ada was always to be found, in the bedroom of the ancient mother. That daft old lady was sleeping peacefully, unaware of her bereavement, while Ada sat by, an empty coffee-cup in her angular hands. Looking up as Sara entered, she asked with her usual abruptness:

"Did Edward speak at the end? You did not tell us last night. Had he no word of love for any one?"

It was then that Sara realized that she must not tell the dreadful truth. No one must know that Edward's word of love had been illicit. She sank down in a chair and covered her face with her hands and she did not emerge until she had determined upon the best thing to say.

"Yes, Ada, he said two or three

words, but the sad part of it is, that's all I know. He spoke softly and I was on my way out of the room."

"But the inflection of his voice? Did he seem to be calling a name or saying farewell?"

"Perhaps it was a name but not in farewell. It was more as though he called some one to him."

"And you have no idea who it was?"

"I have no idea who it was," she replied, sighing heavily, for the truth was solid under her words.

Ada put down the coffee-cup and arose.

"Really, Sara, I don't see how you could have helped hearing something." Her voice was rough with tears and dissatisfaction. "It seems very queer, not a syllable."

She began to pace the floor, suddenly halting at the foot of the bed as though struck by the sight of her ancient parent lying there, so tenacious of life, living on while younger hearts failed. The mahogany four-poster, the aged woman, the patch-work quilt of motley silks, these three composed a trinity, harmonious and inseparable. She seemed to have become part of the bed, caught and rooted there, deriving her strength from the wood like a mythical figure imprisoned in a tree; only her head was visible, dried and withered from long exposure to time.

"Whatever name he called," said Ada with extreme bitterness, "it wasn't Mother."

"Men often do, when they are dying."

"We may be sure that Edward did not. She was always hard, enforcing her will on him from the very beginning. She seemed to resent his true nature and was everlastingly after him, driving him, trying to make him different. I

don't believe he ever did anything he wished to do."

"That's a terrible thing to say, Ada."

Sara could not resist argument with her sister-in-law even at a time like this. "I'm sure I never knew what Edward wished, he said so little. Besides, he needed a strong influence, some one like his mother to direct him and make him succeed."

"Succeed! Let him not succeed but let him live his own life in his own way. Why did she make him take up the law? Not because he was suited to it but because she wanted him to carry on the family tradition. And he yielded because he was not combative or self-willed enough to fight it out. That he succeeded at all, as you call it, was thanks to his secretary; Miss Quinlan was a better lawyer than Edward, and Mother was too, for that matter."

The old head on the pillow suddenly took on life. One eye opened and vitality sprang there as she cannily peered up at her daughter.

"Mother, Mother?" she repeated sharply. Her tone was worn thin and brittle by years of use. "I knew Mother, knew her well. She baked cookies. She made green tomato pickles in a crock."

"There's love for you," said Ada, standing tall and denunciatory at the foot of the bed, "remembering her mother by her pickles. She never loved any one but herself. Edward knew what she was, hard, domineering, selfish. He did not call her name at the end. What love could he have had for her?"

"Love?" queried the old mother. "What's love?"

Her old daughter laughed. "Yes, Mother, what's love? You tell us."

"Love, bosh," she muttered. "Girls love dolls, boys love dogs, I love cats. Where's my puss?"

The gray cat curled in a basket twitched one ear.

III

In this way Sara kept Edward's secret to herself, telling every one who asked the same thing she had told Ada. And yet, as the days passed, the possession of this secret caused her increasing distress. It was not that she wished to share it with any one, since to betray Edward would be to betray herself; what would her pride not suffer to admit his greater love for another woman? No, it was the thought of the other woman, the mystery surrounding her that Sara could not endure. Was she fair or dark? Where had he met her? Was she young? These things and many more Sara longed to know, and she turned the woman's name over and over like a little locket with a hidden spring. Jenny, Jenny. The name evoked a small person, demure and wren-like, a widow perhaps, who had come to consult him about an estate; a widow dressed in black with that coy touch of white that is so becoming, so alluring, like a bridal hope, a promise of spring in the midst of winter. It seemed fairly certain that Jenny was a client, and therefore, when the faithful secretary called one afternoon with condolence and a brief-case, Sara resolved on an adroit line of questioning. For no matter how discreet Edward might have been, he could not have deceived the keen eyes of the efficient, the redoubtable Miss Quinlan.

"You must have known my husband very well indeed," said Sara, "you were associated with him so many years."

"I knew him as well as a secretary can know her employer through a purely professional relationship."

Literal and decisive was the speech of Miss Quinlan, qualities evident in her

entire person, in the poise of her upright figure, in the cut of her tweed suit and her smartly cut hair. The softly rounded Sara however, with her black silk contours, faced this worthy opposite without alarm. There had never been anything between the two women but courtesy and contempt.

"You were invaluable. I don't know what he would have done without you," Sara continued graciously.

"He would have found another secretary," was the accurate reply. "He only needed some one who could have carried on his practice much better without him. Don't misunderstand me. My regard for your husband was not lessened by my opinion of him as a lawyer. But Edward Morris was not made for the law, and he exhausted himself by his constant efforts to reconcile its operations with those of justice. You see, he would allow his emotions, his sentiments, to become engaged."

"Ah yes," said Sara, "his sentiments became engaged."

"And I believe, Mrs. Morris, that his untimely end was brought about by a distress of the heart, not only physical but spiritual. He loved peace and was always amid contention. He was an idealist, and yet was forced to come into daily contact, as the lawyer must, with man in his worst and most evil aspect."

"Not to mention woman," said Sara. She saw an opening and deftly interposed her question. "In fact, there is a woman I want to ask you about, some one whose case apparently worried my husband. I could not understand what he wanted me to do about it, because he spoke indistinctly and all I heard was the first name. No doubt you can tell me about a woman named Jenny?"

"No," Miss Quinlan answered promptly, "I can not."

"What do you mean, you can not?"

"Precisely what I say, Mrs. Morris. In private life, I never equivocate."

"You might mean that you knew but could not tell me."

"True. But I mean that I do not know and therefore can not tell you."

"But it may not be a recent case. Think back. Years ago perhaps, don't you remember a widow named Jane? Or perhaps a ward, a young girl he was fond of, called Jenny?"

There was a leaning forward in Sara's tone and attitude that exceeded her caution, and the keen eye of the secretary became keener and lit with a peculiar gleam.

"No, I am truly sorry, I can not remember widow or ward named Jane or Jenny or even Genevieve. Have you asked your husband's friend, Matthew Parr? He will surely know some Jenny, and possibly the one referred to." Rising to go, she added: "I can assure you that Mr. Morris's relations with his clients and every one in the office were always most formal. If you must know who the lady is, I advise you to seek her outside the law."

"I may have been mistaken in the name," said Sara, as serenely as she was able.

IV

When the door closed upon Miss Quinlan's departure, Sara could not get to the telephone quickly enough, and an hour later Matthew Parr responded by entering the room where she sat awaiting him, tapping the floor with a plump impatient foot.

"You look quite pink, Sara," he said. "Was Miss Q. too much for you?"

Her cheeks were indeed pink and as she rocked back and forth her black silk

appeared unduly ruffled like the plumage of an angry bird.

"Sit down, Matthew. I want to talk to you."

"For the first time, I believe. It must be very important."

"It is. You are the only one who knew Edward well enough and long enough to tell me what I want to know."

"My only qualification of any value whatever," said Matthew. But he seemed to be undisturbed by his balance of worthlessness. He sat down, crossing his long arms, crossing his long legs, and viewing Sara with some curiosity.

"I can not tell you why I ask this," she said, "but do you know of any other woman in Edward's life?"

"You astound me!"

"Don't put me off. Answer me plainly."

"Upon my word, you sound like Miss Q." He smiled and dug in his pocket, bringing forth a pipe which he held as tightly as though he expected it to be snatched from him. "I know this is against the rules, but unless you allow me to smoke, I can not undertake to answer your question."

"Smoke your pipe, Matthew, if it will help you to tell the truth. The windows can be opened after you are gone."

Leisurely, he filled the pipe from an old pouch, pressed down the tobacco, sought innumerable pockets for matches, and finally produced a light, sucking his gaunt cheeks more and more hollow.

"Now," he said, smoking comfortably, "what was your question?"

"How you enjoy tormenting me. You know perfectly well what I asked."

"Yes, and there's no need of evading you. I do know of another woman in Edward's life."

Sara sat forward, her cheeks pinker than ever.

"Tell me all about her. What is she like?"

"I don't know what she is like now. It may disappoint you to learn that this happened before you were married. After marriage, of course, romance ceased for Edward."

"I am not disappointed, whatever you mean by that, but I am surprised that it happened so long ago. Was he very much in love with her?"

"He was deeply in love with her. She was a beautiful creature, perfectly formed, body and soul, for the allurements of men. He worshipped her, and being a confounded idiot, did not realize that a woman with a genius for love must exercise it, and no one man is sufficient. The night he found this out, he came directly to me. I remember how white and shaken he was, and how he traveled up and down the room. 'I shall never love woman again,' he said, 'never love woman again.'"

Sara was silent a moment, looking down, turning the rings on her fingers.

"He never changed his mind, Matthew."

"Oh, well, his love for you was different, not desperate or passionate like this affair. I'm sure he was a good husband to you, living your kind of life, and trying to make you happy."

"It made him happier too." She was mildly defiant. "If I took him into social life, it was for his own good."

"For his own good! Don't you know that detestable phrase is an acknowledgement of guilt?"

"No, but I suppose you would have had him as vagabond as yourself, drifting from one thing to another, reading poetry, going fishing, and accomplishing nothing."

"You have outlined the ideal existence and I used to think he agreed with me. But alas, you ladies, all trying to do him good. God bless the ladies, I say, in Edward's life."

"And what about you, Matthew, since we are speaking so plainly? Weren't you a disappointment to him? Why did you see so little of each other in later years?"

"To my eternal shame," said Matthew gravely, "I deserted my friend. I ceased to understand him, thinking he had gone over to the enemy, and he on his side, must have thought me renegade indeed. And now that we have had our say, I shall apologize and depart."

"Just a moment." She looked up at him hesitatingly as he arose. "Would it surprise you to know that Edward never forgot her, his first love, and the last word he spoke was Jenny?"

"Jenny!" He sat down again abruptly. "But that wasn't her name!"

"Not Jenny?" she finally enunciated.

"No, it was Della. I know nothing about a Jenny." He sucked his pipe and stared. "But look here, how do we know Della was his first love? Perhaps there was a young girl when they lived out in the country. Doesn't Ada remember?"

But Sara did not appear to be listening.

"Della," she said, with the utmost contempt. "Who cares about a Della!"

V

Up the stairs Sara hurried, straight for the bedroom of the ancient Morris, where she knew Ada was to be found. The old mother blinked dozily on her pillows; the old daughter sat knitting by the window, spinster in the late afternoon sun that gave no warmth, but cast a ruby glow throughout the room.

"I smelled Matthew's pipe," said Ada.

"You did indeed. I sent for him." Out of breath, she sat down heavily in the first chair she came to, lifting the cat that was sleeping in it to her lap.

"Whatever did you want to see him for?"

"About Edward." Betrayals no longer concerned her or her own pride. Desperately, she plunged: "I did not tell you the truth, Ada. I heard the name Edward called when he died."

"I thought it very queer." The knitting needles went faster. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it was the name of a woman and it wasn't mine and I don't know who she was. Matthew thought you . . ."

"What was it?"

"Jenny," she cried, "that's the name your brother called, Jenny!"

"Never heard of her," said Ada emphatically.

Sara burst into tears.

With the sound of her weeping came a soft chuckling from the bed. Crying or laughing were one to the old mother, who seemed to find this an occasion for mirth.

"Oh, Jenny," she repeated in a high-pitched voice, "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny . . ."

"Quiet, Mother," said the daughter sternly.

But Sara held her tears, suddenly struck.

"Ada, I believe she knows."

"What could she know about Edward that I do not?"

"You might have forgotten. Matthew thought Jenny was a girl, some one Edward knew when you lived out in the country, perhaps a little girl he played with."

"H'm, I doubt it. But of course, his childhood was not mine. When he was twelve, I was only three. If Jenny was a little girl, I wouldn't remember."

"Jenny, Jenny, Jenny," the call came softly from the bed.

Sara arose, and holding the cat in her arms, its body limp with sleep, she went to stand beside the bed.

"Mother, you remember the little girl named Jenny, don't you?"

She looked up slyly from her pillow, only her head visible, severed by the edge of the quilt, a silken guillotine. The merry face might have been a jester's head on a stick, decked as it was by the motley patches of bright silk, feather-stitched between, crazy quilt fit for a daft old lady, feather-brained.

"Little girl?" she queried. "Used to be little girls long ago. Aprons with pockets. Sprigged muslin and pigtailed."

"No good asking her anything," said

Ada. "Try to forget about it. Whoever Jenny was, it's all over and done with."

Sara held the cat closely in her arms for comfort, while its coat twitched under her teardrops.

"But he must have loved her dearly. I can see him now as he sat up in bed, a kind of joy in his face. He seemed to be young again, and he did not look at me or anywhere in the room. And he said so quietly, 'Come,' he said, 'come, Jenny,' as though she was the only one he wanted to go with him."

"Edward going somewhere?" asked his mother, tugging at the edge of the quilt.

"He's gone, Mother. Edward's gone."

"Off by himself, I reckon. Boy always going off by himself. Tramping the woods and hills. Bread and apple in his pocket. No one with him but that old setter he loved. I heard him calling her awhile back."



The Country Press Reawakens

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

*As buying power goes out again into the farming communities,
the country newspaper shows its tenacious hold on
American life*

J MILAM, who edits and publishes a country newspaper, without use of linotype, power press, electricity or telegraph, had asked me down for a squirrel Mulligan. He had made the point clear that he is not a hunter of squirrel, or otherwise; that he is opposed to killing anything, including time.

But a subscription had lately been renewed in squirrel meat, and since young squirrel makes excellent stew, the editor-publisher felt that something should be done about it. The situation touched me so deeply that I hurried to the spot; my decrepit coupé moaning along through forest lands golden and scarlet in the heyday of early autumn, until finally it came to a coughing halt before a low rock courthouse lined with hitching posts.

This particular country courthouse is first anchorage for the county seat town of Jasper, Arkansas, a square of small shops which offer their goods in disciplined resignation to bringers of dependable trade—time-tested countrymen and hillside farmers.

Second only to the courthouse, the *Informer*, wedged between the drug store and produce station, is the best

loafing place of the village. There the casual sitter-down, or the bringer of local tidings, is not distracted by the vibrating roar of power presses, or by linotypes that never-endingly click and putter like sleet falling on dead grass. There is no railroad in the county, and no telegraph office. The telephone exchange is home-owned and home-operated. Sometimes it works and sometimes not. Mail reaches the town but once a day, and to a great part of the surrounding countryside it gets out but twice a week. But the *Informer*, which J. Milam issues weekly and by hand, with hand-set type lifted from a rack that has been producing an uninterrupted flow of *Informers* for the past thirty-three years, goes tranquilly on.

Strolling into the office, I heard a subdued gurgle of cookery, and a deft clicking of type letters being slipped into a metal "stick." A customer waited at the editor's desk, a sunburnt and grinning youth in faded blue overalls, a young man of the land who had brought in a basket of late squashes to settle up a year's subscription; also triumphant news. Overnight he had become father of a nine-pound boy.

J. Milam left his type case to deliver

congratulations and to accept the basket of squashes. I studied the publisher and editor, firmly tall and sunbrowned; sleeves rolled, hands and wrists blackened in miry contrast to his immaculate linen breeches and unsullied white shirt. He addressed the elated news-bringer:

"That's mighty fine. Doc Stewart came by for a cup of coffee last night just before he left for your place. So I held the space for you. What's the young man's name?"

"Edward Junior."

The Informer removed his horn-rimmed spectacles with something of a start.

"But your name is Dave."

The customer smiled reassurance.

"Sure it is, but me and my wife decided to name the boy Edward after her Pa and Junior after me. We reckon on callin' him E.J.—anyway till after he's growed up for startin' to school. Then he'll be Edward, or maybe just Ed."

II

J. Milam smiled, made record of the renewed subscription, stored the squashes in a handy corner, and stirred the stewing squirrel meat before he went back to type-setting. Copy was being born. I lit a cigarette, pondering upon the ease of its birth, and the simplicity of equipment for its obstetrics—a paper-cutter, a shelf for type cases, a rack with drawers of loose type; a flat press no bigger than a dressing table; a rolltop desk equipped with a dictionary, almanac, *Agriculture Yearbook*, a loose-leaf calendar, a Bible and a mound of loose paper—all in all, the elemental ingredients of publishing centred in no more than a ton of metal and in a very few cubic feet of space.

It is said, perhaps with as much truth as smartness, that whereas the American business man opens his conversations by talking first about business and then about himself, the gentleman of the press speaks first about himself and then about business. But J. Milam began by talking about his business. He believes that the country newspaper is basically sound first of all because it is, or certainly should be, part of the life blood of American agriculture, which remains not only the mightiest of American trades from a numerical standpoint, but also a rather definitely molded way of living. He believes that the place of the country newspaper is proven and secure so long as it can uphold reader loyalty, the one priceless ingredient, the lamp-rubbing Aladdin of all journalistic longevity.

He believes that reader loyalty rests upon sympathy and service on the part of the paper; sympathy with the seasonal and enduring problems and viewpoints; service, first in honest reflection of countryside news, and editorials that are pertinent and sympathetic; second with impartial summaries of the more outstanding State and national news—for the benefit of the one-paper reader; and finally, where it is possible, by intelligently linking local news with news trends that are more far-reaching.

The first mission is the most important of all. For the life of the country press lies in the local and the intimate, in the casual interests and the more than casual hopes of rural America.

Textbooks of college journalism define news as "anything timely that interests a number of readers, and the best news is that with the greatest interest for the greatest number," which makes a nice line to recite, at least in college journalism classes. But

J. Milam, as one who earns his living from written copy, rarely ever bothers with verbal recitations. Moreover, since it is a newspaper's job to speak for itself, the *Informer's* editor expressed its practices of country news presentation by handing me a galley of type, from which I quote verbatim and right gayly:

"Chinquapins are ripening, squirrels are fattening, sorghum-making time is here and local hunters are again looking over their hounds with careful eye.

"Capt. George Clark, deputy sheriff and collector, returned Monday from a vacation trip to various and sundry places. He has taken off his necktie and is again wielding a calculating and figuring pencil.

"A very effective and soothing treatment for sore throats is to gargle every hour or two with warm salt water.

"Methodist Episcopal Church Notes:

"Thanks to the men who have been helping so splendidly, we will soon have a new roof on the church. It is going to look fine. Be a booster and help the church.

"Although autumn does not begin officially until September 21, the fall series of dominoes has begun, and daily games are being played by Dr. O. A. Moore, H. L. Raney, and Ned Brooks.

"When the rest get through telling their rattlesnake killing stories Art Hoyer will tell one about a 54-inch 'big boy' that he killed recently. Wonder if he has the record? Anyway, Art is still chuckling because his rattlesnake was longer than Doyle Spencer's.

"The next Newton county singing convention will be held in Limestone beginning next Saturday at 2 o'clock p.m. We hope to have all classes in the county represented, so come and let's have a good convention.

"Boyd Robinson fell off a stave truck last week and was bruised up considerably. His injuries are not serious, however, and he is getting along nicely now."

As one reader to another, I believe the column to be packed with news; solvent and sincere news, perhaps lacking in "big significance," but profoundly worth while in that it reflects and interprets a great section of American life.

III

The issue was flowering into publication. J. Milam stood over his rack, lifting out type letters with his fingers, slinging them into column forms with the carefree certainty that comes of a generation's practice as a hand compositor. On the bench before him were scraps of paper, scrawled with notes and figures, but as a working technique he writes directly with type, rarely bothering with manuscript copy other than that contributed by local correspondents.

I read over a handful of the latter. Most of it was scribbled in pencil; much of it semi-literate; most of it written by farm wives whose lives have been spent in the communities about which they write; modest scribes who record the every-day happenings and views of their own small worlds, receiving for the service no pay except in subscriptions. Few of them sign their work. Yet they write on, through flood and famine, drought and pestilence—miniature historians who expect neither money nor fame.

Their writings are frequently incisive and quaint, sometimes brilliant. I picked at random an obituary, scribbled on brown wrapping paper with a very dull pencil:

"Uncle John Spencer, 89-year-old

postmaster at Plumlee, died Saturday, September 10, and was buried on Mt. Sherman Monday, beside his wife, with most of the mountain in attendance. Beautiful flowers and an ideal September day helped make Uncle John's final farewell gathering a time of inspiration and happiness for all. Inspiration because of the fine life that had been lived among us, and happiness because Uncle John's earthly troubles are over and he has gone to a greater service in realms beyond the limits of time. . . .

"Uncle John used to hunt a lot when young. In those days there was plenty of deer and wild turkeys everywhere on Mt. Sherman and of course a great many squirrel and other small game. Even while sick, Uncle John said laughingly 'I'll probably be tearing out to Harve Raney's cove when I feel better, if the deer are still running.'

"As postmaster of Plumlee, six miles west of Jasper, for the past fifteen years, Uncle John insisted that the account books balance to the penny every day. . . . And the Post Office Inspector said that Uncle John was keeping the office better than most of the young P.M.'s. 'I like my work and I think my patrons are fine people' Uncle John often said. . . .

"Last year, at 88, Uncle John said he'd like to make the hundred mark. But old age complications weakened him gradually, until finally he passed into deep sleep to wake up in eternity."

J. Milam believed this one of the best bits of writing that he has ever thrown into type. It is longer than most of his items. As a rule he prefers to condense each story into a maximum of a hundred words. He has found that rural interest can be held best by short, pertinent items, shaped to the spirit of the prevailing language and interest. He points this out as a fact and not as a criti-

cism. He believes that country people by and large, like townspeople, are getting to be better readers all the time. Schools are helping in this. So also is the magnificent current flow of national and world news. So also is the "newer spirit of social justice." The forgotten man is gradually becoming remembered, and he is anxious to do his part of the remembering, and to take advantage of his privileges and obligations as a contemporary American.

In this connection, J. Milam is not a "sectionalist." He believes that country people are country people and townsmen are townsmen pretty much the world over, and that the two classes have a great deal in common. He believes that "local color" belongs to every community and section, and for that matter to every one of God's acres—just as do air and sunlight, death and birth, and changing seasons. He regards local color, as fodder for feature writers or novelists who would picture one particular section of the nation as a quaint and folkish exception to all others, as a rather watery and unconvincing mixture of duck soup. But he believes that the country man, usually a little less confused by the uproar and hubbub of modern living than the townsman, is likely to ponder a little more deliberately upon the ways and vagaries of life, and government, and destinies.

In spite of isolation and distances, he finds that countryside news is rather easy to gather. Being the real life pattern of his people, it is also their conversation. J. Milam's personal formula for news-gathering is simple: "Keep listening, and never do more than half the talking."

Naturally the country editor must live close to his people. J. Milam, like legions of journalistic confederates,

names such a course as both a deliberate choice and a personal privilege.

IV

All this belongs in the general catalogue of the country press, which as an American institution is as old as the farming frontiers and even more enduring, in the sense that it lives on, even after frontiers have tumbled into the Pacific. There must be both economic and contemporary reasons for this survival.

The outstanding current news of the country press is simply that the country press is today meeting a reawakening and a renaissance of power and of health. Financially and tangibly speaking, the life of the country newspaper rises and ebbs with the income level of the farming profession.

Therefore recent black years which have left rural America altogether too much in the red have presented the country newspaper with an acid test of survival. Over the nation as a whole, between 1929 and 1933, country newspaper advertising appears to have fallen about thirty per cent; its gross circulation about fifteen per cent, and its copy lineage about twenty per cent. During those darkish years the nation's total of country newspapers fell from about 2,800 to about 2,600, which in comparison with rural banks and mercantile establishments was surely not a distressing casualty rate. Moreover, even during these years when crop prices lagged below one-half of their pre-War levels and sagged perilously near a century's low, the number of weekly newspapers with preponderantly rural circulation actually increased in a few sections of the South and West. It is hard to say why or how. But the statement is supported by reliable records.

But now that new dawn is showing at the far end of the agrarian valley; now that the market worth of farm crops has risen about a billion and a quarter dollars within eighteen months; now that the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has showered farming realms with some four hundred million dollars in cash bounties for acreage limitation and proposes to circulate an additional seven hundred millions into farm pockets during the remainder of 1934; now that the nation by and large turns again to the old and sure refuge of earth for defense against forces which threaten its very life; now that we are restoring the earlier adage to the effect that it is really the farm dollar that turns the wheels of American commerce; now that farmers can and are buying again, the destinies of the country newspaper seem definitely upon the up-grade.

Recently the General Extension Service of the United States Department of Agriculture completed a "rural buying-power survey" of about 2,800 of the 3,100 counties and parishes of the United States. Study of this survey shows that the new thrust of farm buying is centred primarily upon staple necessities and materials for farm repairs and maintenance; that the farmer is buying cautiously; that moneyless years have given him abundant time to differentiate between dispensables and non-dispensables; that current farm buying power is markedly penalized by the need of paying back-taxes and delinquent debt.

But the survey also indicates that the American farmer, by and large, regards his local newspaper as a necessity, rather than as a luxury; that his increasing consumption of the city daily newspaper is not damping his demand for the local

or county weekly or semi-weekly. The survey indicates in a general way that country newspaper circulation is gradually increasing throughout the farming areas of the South, Southwest, Midwest and Far West, along with more restricted areas of the Piedmont, Tidewater and of New England. It tells specifically that country newspaper advertising is scoring a nation-wide increase of from five to ten per cent over the average volume for the past three years; that the increase of advertising volume seems to be greatest in the Southwest and the Corn Belt, where numerous counties report thirty to forty per cent increases in country advertising; one of the best-proven yardsticks for local buying power. Still another evidence of the reawakening of our country press is forwarded by the Ayers estimate that about 117 new weekly newspapers have been foaled within the past eighteen months.

V

J. Milam, for one, lists all of these as promising symptoms. He believes that the country editor is again entitled to puff a mellow pipe now and then, or even to absorb an occasional bottle of beer—out of sheer satisfaction. Farm buying power is coming back, which means that the country newspaper again has a fair chance to regain its pull, provided, of course that it can muster sufficient heft to perform the pulling. It means that more subscriptions are being paid in cash, rather than in firewood, pumpkins, stewing apples, home-raised fruit or meats.

But in view of the fact that the squirrel Mulligan was still yielding delectable aromas and great culinary promise, J. Milam hurried to put me clear on the point that he cherishes reader loy-

alty of a calibre to induce the subscriber to pay his subscription in produce and provender when cash is relentlessly lacking; that he relishes squirrel meat and sundry other payment in barter—with the single exception of a very much alive goat named Perry who recently appeared as payment for a five-year subscription, and proved itself such a pestiferous nuisance that the editor pleaded to extend the subscription another year if the subscriber would only agree to take the outrageous beast back home again. Perhaps all of this is merely a roundabout way of saying that rural America is becoming a happier realm now that the yeoman again becomes able to trade in clean money rather than in cumbersome barter.

So much for the immediate news of country newspapering. Our attentions were momentarily turning to the squirrel stew. The county judge, beaming and coatless, strolled in ostensibly for a casual chat and a turn at non-constructive whittling. The squirrel Mulligan was becoming right. A storekeeper and a village barber appeared from the sky-blocked alleyway as if by intuitive magic. J. Milam took recess from professional duties, set the wrapping table with plates and cutlery, served up the stew and set the feast. The squirrel Mulligan was an eminent success.

Like most of his brethren of the fourth estate, J. Milam would almost rather talk shop than to eat. When the opportunity comes for combining the two then all is doubly well. So we ate, and talked shop.

In common with more famed and better publicized helmsmen of the press, J. Milam defines the country newspaper as a working laboratory and an experimental source of national journalism; as the varyingly clear spring

that gives forth the first headwaters of the vast and torrential river of publications.

Personally I take issue with his definition in but one respect—the substitution of *literature* for *journalism*. And I would not trump or trick in matters of definition, for I would abide by the staid dictum of the *Oxford Dictionary* in calling *literature* “the use of letters for promulgation of thought or knowledge; the communication of facts, ideas, or emotions by means of publication.”

The country newspaper’s interests hold backgrounds of significant endurance; of repetitions endowed with personal variety and freshness. For its purposes every homestead has a story, or more likely several stories, even if the item be nothing more than mention of a particularly promising bed of sunflowers, or a new quilt lately patterned by the farm wife, a successful strawberry harvest, a home-made dining table, a new barn roof, or an extraordinarily big hog. For it is with these workaday items that the true weave of rural America is fashioned.

The country newspaper can still afford to be conversational and casual, and reasonably spontaneous in text and in substance. It need cater to no cliques of “intellectuals.” It can be free of the dogmatic shackles of both corporation creeds and academy formulæ. It need not beguile, or seek to lure, or flirt with the tired-eyed sophisticate whose enthusiasms and convictions have long since been dissipated and put to rout. A given institution of a given countryside, it need not combat competition with devious and tricky snares.

What is still more important in a literary rôle, editing a country newspaper presupposes no unreasonable mania for “spot” news; no blood-houndish fervor

for “hot copy.” It can sprinkle the new and untried news with the older and better proven; factual occurrence with pastoral reflection and bucolic drollery and clothesline talk. And these stay the truest literature as well as the most convincing living ways of American life.

These credos lead directly to Editor Milam’s conviction that the country weekly is not being harmed by the increasing rural permeation of the city daily. He knows that rising rural literacy and accompanying interest in national and international news chronicles of the day are very surely increasing the rural demand for the daily newspaper. Study a newspaper trade journal, and you will notice that from various and sundry inland cities and towns—Atlanta, Raleigh, Des Moines, Kansas City, Louisville, St. Louis, Columbus, Dallas and dozens of others—come optimistic increases of the “territories” of the local daily paper, while the office of the Postmaster General marks a notable increase in the volume of city newspapers delivered over rural routes in farm communities which comprise trade areas and hinterlands of those cities.

J. Milam, who has spent his lifetime at publishing a country newspaper, looks upon this development as an asset, rather than a liability of his bucolic profession.

“From a standpoint of countryside demand, I look upon the country weekly and the city daily as colleagues, rather than competitors.”

Perhaps the best support for this viewpoint rises from the fact that current statistics prove that the country circulation of both now seems to be increasing at a closely uniform rate in very much the same areas of the vast American farm realm. J. Milam dwells upon the fact that both the country

weekly and the city daily remain distinctive entities in themselves; the former keeping with its time-tested rôle of presenting the local and the intimate; the latter a more pretentious but perhaps a less effective clearing house for the world panorama of hourly and communicable occurrence. Just as the country newspaper is likely to have neither staff nor space for offering full coverage of State, national and international news, so the city daily, in the vast majority of instances, is too rushed for operating time and too crowded with competitive news releases to allow regular coverage of the workaday life of the unheralded farming community. True, it may carry a given quota of rural "features" and farming news, just as the country newspaper is nowadays obliged to give over a conservative percentage of its columns to summary of State and national news, or to linking and interpreting local news in terms of general. But by and large the city daily must continue to abide that proverbial State-desk adage which tells that, to justify city space, countryside or area correspondence must answer two de-

mands. It must be of outstanding local interest to the given locale and it must also be of dependable general interest to the casual reader.

In practice, this adage proves a stern yardstick and an enduring barrier to duplication of content of the city and the country press. But J. Milam is but vaguely interested in formulated techniques for newspapering. He says that good writing is good writing and bad writing is bad, whether it be in his Newton County, Arkansas, *Informer*, the Ginger Blue, Missouri, *Beacon*, The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the New York *Times*, the *Odyssey* of Homer, or the Holy Bible. He believes that the best newspaper is the best written newspaper and that the one real test of good writing lies in its potentialities for utility and entertainment to good readers. And he believes that the country newspaper reader is very probably the best of all newspaper readers because he is likely to be the most thorough reader and the most securely bound to the vital interests of his environment.

Therefore the country press survives. And therefore it reawakens.



Poland Plays a Dangerous Game

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

In the maneuvering for position of European countries anticipating a new war, Poland snatches at an opportunity to break into the circle of great powers

TWENTY years ago Poland was no more than a geographical expression denoting a vaguely defined territory divided among Germany, Russia and Austria. Fifteen years ago it was a young republic, independent indeed, but just learning to toddle; it was sandwiched between a hostile Russia and a resentful Germany, and only too glad to snuggle under France's protecting wing as one of her obedient allies and satellites. To-day all is changed. Poland is one of the pivotal states of Europe, eagerly wooed by Russia, Germany and France alike. It is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the powers in whose hands rests the fate of Europe. Will there be another war? Who will be involved? Who will win? It is by no means as far-fetched as it may seem at first blush to suggest that the answer to these questions may well be determined by the action of the Polish Government.

This situation arises from the fact that Poland occupies a geographical position of the utmost strategical importance, and at the same time has developed great inherent strength. If Great Britain, France and Italy can play the rôle of great powers with a population of

forty million apiece, why should not Poland break into the select group when she has a population of over thirty million? To be so near the charmed circle and yet so far is most tantalizing, and the Poles are doing their best to worm their way in.

They are not altogether without the resources to sustain the rank of a great power. Poland has in large measure consolidated her internal unity. This in itself is an achievement of no mean order. In the Eighteenth Century Poland had been partitioned among Russia, Austria and Prussia, and for about a century and a half—save for a brief interlude under Napoleon—the three fragments of the old Polish kingdom were subjected to three quite different administrative and educational systems. Austrian Poland (Galicia) alone enjoyed a certain measure of autonomy, and was allowed to cultivate the Polish language and literature; those regions which were under German or Russian rule were the victims of harsh experiments in Germanization and Russianization which succeeded in destroying much of the Polish cultural life without uprooting the stubborn Polish national sentiment. The German yoke,

though heavy and galling, was at least efficient and free from graft; the Russian Government inflicted upon the Poles not only tyranny and oppression, but corruption and slovenliness as well.

Each of these three different methods of government could not but leave its separate and peculiar impress upon the people, even to the extent of influencing their outward demeanor. General Niessel, one of the French members of the Interallied Mission which visited Poland in 1919 to assist in setting the young republic on its feet, remarked a difference in the manner in which the inhabitants of the former Russian and German regions manifested their welcome to the Mission. The Poles of Warsaw, who had been habituated to the slipshod methods of Russian rule, swarmed out into the street and even on to the running boards of the cars; the Poles of Posen (Poznan), on the other hand, who had been formed in the mold of the traditional Prussian discipline, did not overstep the limits of the sidewalks. When the three fragments of Poland were once more reunited after the War, they found each other a little strange in their ways, and it required many years to infuse into them a common national outlook. There are still sizable minorities, numbering altogether about thirty per cent of the population—Ukrainians, White Russians, Ruthenians, Lithuanians, Germans, Jews—who are not unanimous in their praise of Polish rule; in some cases their disaffection has been repressed with the utmost harshness, despite the fact that by the minority clauses of the peace treaties Poland is obligated to treat them with consideration. However, so far as the Poles themselves are concerned, it may fairly be said that they

have been consolidated into a strongly knit whole. They have a highly developed consciousness of their past greatness, and are eager once more to make the name of Poland ring in the world as it rang in the days of Casimir the Great, the kings of the Jagiello dynasty, and John Sobieski.

More than any other man, Marshal Józef Pilsudski has been responsible for whipping Poland into shape. A stubborn fighter for independence in the old days, he has seen the inside of both Russian and German prisons. Since Poland became a sovereign state in 1918, he has been almost continuously at the helm of Poland's destiny, first as President of the republic, then as Prime Minister, and now as Minister of War. As in the case of Stalin, a relatively minor official post is the velvet glove that conceals the iron hand of the dictator. A new constitution, which he caused the Polish Parliament to enact in December, 1933, vests autocratic powers in the President, and is believed to presage Pilsudski's intention once more to assume that office. Pilsudski, however, is sixty-seven years old, and he delegates all the more arduous activities connected with the management of Poland's foreign policy to his right-hand man and former private secretary, Colonel Józef Beck, who, at forty years of age, is one of Europe's youngest foreign ministers.

II

Marshal Pilsudski and Colonel Beck are anxious to bridge the narrow gap separating Poland from the status of a great power. In their pursuit of this goal they have a valuable asset which serves to bolster up Poland's aspirations. Poland occupies a key position on

the map, of such a nature that she cannot be ignored in any diplomatic alignment that may be arrived at.

Poland's geographical position is highly important for two reasons. First, she is situated between Germany and Russia. There can be no war between her two great neighbors without Poland's being in some way involved, as the ally of one belligerent and the enemy of the other. With the mutual aversion of Germany and Russia now surpassing their dislike of Poland, each power has become eager to safeguard itself against future contingencies by having Poland as its ally. Secondly, Germany lies between France and Poland—which is another way of saying that Poland forms the eastern section of the iron ring that France forged around Germany at the end of the War and is still anxious to maintain.

Poland is now the recipient of tempting offers from all three powers, and, in accordance with the classical tradition of diplomacy that is still honored more in the observance than in the breach, is in the enviable position of being able to auction off her support to the highest bidder. The Poles relish their new situation. They like being made a fuss of and being free to pick and choose at their leisure among the three suitors, instead of being confined to playing the rôle of a pawn to France's queen. It makes them feel that they are indeed one of the great powers—that select group of nations who decide when and where the next war is going to begin, and, if they have been wise enough to pick the winning side, have the fun of playing at that most fascinating of all jig-saw puzzles, the apportionment of slices of territory among the victors. This job of picking the winning side in advance is a ticklish

business, and Poland, who has not had much experience in this field, is applying herself to the task with furrowed brows and all the industriousness of a young co-ed who is cramming for a stiff examination.

Aside from the consolidation of Poland's internal unity, the one factor that has contributed more than anything else to Poland's new importance is the National Socialist revolution in Germany. The emergence of Hitler inspired profound anxiety in both France and Russia. To France, it signified that the hour was drawing rapidly nearer when Germany would seek revenge for her defeat and try to recover Alsace-Lorraine. France had signed a military alliance with Poland in 1921; the rise of Hitler made her feel the necessity of the Polish alliance more than ever before in order that the iron ring might be kept firmly clamped around Germany's neck.

To Russia, the change in the German situation brought a sense of acute alarm, for Hitler had long pointed to Russia as a country in which Germany could find all the land she needs for colonization by her surplus population. The profitable commercial relations which had for many years subsisted between the two countries were disrupted. The Russians, already upset by the imminent prospect of war in the Far East, decided to insure themselves against trouble in the West by effecting a *rapprochement* with Poland, with whom their relations had not been of the best since the Russo-Polish War of 1920.

When the Nazi tide engulfed Germany in the early part of 1933, it was widely felt that there would develop a dangerous tension with Poland. So indeed for a time there did. The ex-

istence of the so-called Polish Corridor, severing East Prussia from the rest of the Reich, had long been the sorest of all German grievances against the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. It was a grievance felt by Germans of all parties, and the Nazis had been the most strident of all in their denunciation of the treaty. It was believed that Germany would strike the first blow for territorial revision by an attempt to annex Danzig and abolish the Corridor. The Poles were extremely nervous. Their utterances expressed the fear of imminent attack. M. Miedzinski, intimate friend and spokesman of Marshal Pilsudski and editor of the official newspaper *Gazeta Polska*, voiced their determination to resist German aggression in these words: "Our reply to all German claims is our guns!"

During this period of German-Polish antagonism, Russia and Poland drew rapidly together. The three-year non-aggression pact which had been signed by the two countries on July 25, 1932, was strengthened on July 3, 1933, by a supplementary convention defining the concept of aggression in elaborate detail. Most of the other border states also subscribed to this treaty, but Lithuania made herself a conspicuous exception for reasons that will be explained later.

III

Since Poland was also an ally of France, her *rapprochement* with Russia was a source of no little anxiety in Berlin. Fears were wide-spread in the Nazi high command that these hostile countries, all of which labored under the dread of a revived Germany, might unite to crush her before she could rearm. To avert such a disaster,

the edict went forth among the Nazis to put the soft pedal on all references to annexing Danzig or taking the Corridor away from Poland. Had any of the previous German régimes adopted such a course, they would have been flayed alive by the fanatical Hitlerite agitators; but they were now in office, and there were none more extreme than themselves to denounce them for betraying Germany's claims.

Indeed, it may be said that the Nazi dreams of conquest are conceived on so vast a scale that their ambitions in the Corridor seem by comparison a mere bagatelle. Up to the present, the Nazis have been absorbed in the task of extending their influence into Austria. If they should eventually prove successful—and they have recently had to disavow their designs in that direction in order to conciliate Mussolini—they would be able to use Austria as a propaganda base for penetrating into Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. But the rounding out of Germany's southern frontier by absorbing Austria and the lion's share of Switzerland and Czechoslovakia would be a mere appetizer for the cherished project of founding a titanic German Empire in eastern Europe. Russia, whose area in Europe alone, to say nothing of Siberia, is ten times that of Germany, is the only country in Europe that can furnish the land necessary for colonization on the grand scale visioned by Nazi prophets. In embarking upon a crusade against Russia, it would make all the difference in the world if Poland were Germany's ally instead of her foe. If, by foregoing the Polish Corridor, it should be possible to obtain Polish help in conquering vast territories in Russia—as extensive perhaps as the entire present area of Germany—it were

short-sighted to let any petty quarrel over Danzig and the Corridor block the consummation of such an alliance.

Besides, after a war of conquest, it might be possible to offer Poland compensation elsewhere that would make her willing to surrender the Corridor. Such a war would in all likelihood, as one of its incidental features, involve the mopping-up of the Baltic states. One of these states, Lithuania, might furnish Poland with an attractive alternative to the Corridor. Neither Poland nor Germany is on good terms with Lithuania. Poland seized Vilna, the historic capital of Lithuania, in 1920. Lithuania has consistently refused to recognize the validity of this act or to resume normal diplomatic relations with Poland. It was for this reason that Lithuania's signature was conspicuously absent from the Russo-Polish non-aggression pact of July 3, 1933. She preferred to negotiate a separate pact with Russia to which Poland was not a party. Germany bears a grudge against Lithuania because the city of Memel was taken from Prussia and given to Lithuania by the peace settlement. It can therefore readily be seen that neither Germany nor Poland would be stricken with grief at seeing Lithuania wiped off the map. A plan for the partition of Lithuania has been accordingly advanced unofficially in certain German circles under the inspiration, it is believed, of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, head of the foreign affairs department of the National Socialist Party, who was himself born in the former Baltic Provinces of the Russian Empire. Under this proposal, Germany would take Memel and offer the rest of Lithuania to Poland in exchange for the Corridor. Poland would

in this manner gain her access to the sea and be relieved of the menace of German resentment. Such a plan, probably with some additional compensation at Russia's expense, ought to satisfy the Poles, so some Germans feel. The Poles have so far given no public indication that such a plan would be acceptable to them; even if it sounded tempting, they are unlikely to embrace it until they are sure that Germany is strong enough to carry out her part of the bargain by defeating Russia.

There is, however, another contingency that must not be lost sight of. There has recently been public though unofficial discussion in both Poland and Lithuania on the possibility of effecting a political union between the two countries. Now that they are faced by the prospect of a partition between Poland and Germany and by the withdrawal of Russian diplomatic support for Lithuania's claims to Vilna (due to the Soviet *rapprochement* with Poland), it is believed that the idea of a voluntary union with Poland, accompanied by a guarantee of the maintenance of Lithuania's territorial integrity, is beginning to appeal to her political leaders as the lesser of two evils. If such a Polish-Lithuanian union—which would, after all, merely restore a relationship that obtained prior to the partition of Poland—should be consummated, Germany would be deprived of one of the choicest morsels of bait she is now dangling before Poland's eyes—in fact, Poland's possession of Memel would then become a source of discord between them.

In the meantime, however, there have been very distinct signs of a *rapprochement* between Germany and Poland. The fruits of the shrewd Nazi

stratagem in disavowing any intention of attacking Poland were soon made evident. The German-Polish tension suddenly subsided and to the surprise of the world, and the uneasiness of France and Russia, was replaced by a joint declaration of mutual non-aggression on November 15, 1933. Of course, the Poles did not involve themselves in a military alliance. They were already committed to France, and they wanted to see what she and Russia had to offer first.

The anxiety of France and Russia was deepened when the joint declaration was supplemented by a formal treaty, signed at Berlin on January 26, 1934, whereby Germany and Poland definitely engaged themselves not to resort to war to settle any disputes that might arise between them for a period of ten years. "The attempt to settle the differences between our two countries by war," asserted Hitler, commenting on this pact in his speech to the Reichstag on January 30, "would in its calamitous consequences be out of all proportion to any possible gain." The Poles feel that for ten years at least they are relieved from the danger of any German attack—always assuming that Chancellor Hitler does not emulate the example set by Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg in 1914 of regarding a treaty as a scrap of paper. The Poles are therefore resolved to take full advantage of this period of anticipated security by freeing themselves from French tutelage and seeing what they can get while paddling their own canoe. Their policy is to maintain friendly relations with all until they have definitely decided which of the three suitors makes the best offer with a reasonable certainty of being able to deliver the goods.

IV

The German-Polish *rapprochement* was regarded with deep suspicion in Moscow. In his speech to the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party, delivered on the very day the German-Polish treaty was signed, Stalin gave evidence of his uneasiness by the nature of his remarks on Poland. "Our relations with Poland in the past were not very good," said Stalin. "And now these undesirable relations are gradually beginning to disappear. They are being replaced by other relations which can not be described as other than relations of *rapprochement*. . . . This does not mean, of course, that the incipient process of *rapprochement* may be considered as sufficiently durable to guarantee the final success of the matter. Surprises and zigzags in policy can not by any means be considered as out of the question in Poland, where anti-Soviet moods are still strong." The suspicion soon became wide-spread in Russia that the German-Polish treaty contained some kind of a secret clause aimed at Russia. To allay the Soviet Government's anxiety—as well as that of France—on this score, Colonel Beck in his review of Polish foreign policy on February 5 assured the world that "Poland's action is not directed against any power." Further to mollify the Kremlin's pique, Colonel Beck betook himself in the middle of February to Moscow in an effort to set Foreign Commissar Litvinov's mind at rest. It was the first occasion on which a European foreign minister had visited the Russian capital since the Bolshevik revolution, and the Soviet Government dined and wined Colonel Beck on a sumptuous scale. As a mark of their mutual esteem,

the two Governments agreed that their respective ministers to Moscow and Warsaw would be raised to the rank of ambassadors—a gesture by Russia toward gratifying the Polish yearning to be regarded as a great power. The official *communiqué* announced that “the exchange of opinion between MM. Litvinov and Beck has revealed . . . the firm resolve of the governments they represent to continue their efforts in the direction of . . . a *rapprochement* of the peoples of these countries in all fields on the basis of the non-aggression pact and the convention defining aggression.”

Having tantalized the Germans by his visit to Moscow, Colonel Beck now made another gesture in their direction. The heads of the Foreign Office press bureaus of both countries met at Berlin and entered into an agreement of a sort that would only be possible between governments that exercised the most sweeping powers of censorship over all means of influencing public opinion. A *communiqué* issued on February 27 summarized the agreement in these terms: “In order to develop the consequences of the German-Polish accord, the representatives of the two parties have decided to collaborate constantly in all questions relating to the formation of public opinion in the two countries, with a view to awakening a mutual understanding and to creating a friendly atmosphere. A complete agreement has been reached on the subject of the measures to be taken in the different fields: press, literature, stage, cinema, radio.” This accord, which of course means that any criticism or ridicule of either country by the citizens of the other is to be discouraged, betokened a determined effort to allay the ill-feeling that had long existed between

the peoples of the two countries. To give practical application to the new spirit animating their relations, the two Governments signed a protocol at Warsaw on March 7 terminating the tariff war that had raged between them since 1925.

V

All these maneuverings on the Eastern Front, and in particular Poland's *rapprochement* with Germany, caused many sleepless nights in French governmental circles. France at last began to realize that the Poles were chafing at their humiliating subordination to their ally. Beneath all the flowery talk of a sacred bond between the two sister republics, the Poles were convinced that France was prepared to maintain the alliance guaranteeing Poland's integrity only so long as she considered Poland's existence necessary to her own safety. If there were any other less entangling way of obtaining a guarantee of French security, the French statesmen would drop Poland like a hot potato. Every agreement with Germany into which France had entered whose provisions did not extend to Poland was regarded with suspicion. Such fears were first aroused by the Locarno Pact of 1925, whereby Great Britain and Italy bound themselves to come to the assistance of France or Germany if either power should be attacked by the other. This pact afforded no protection to Poland; she seemed to be left out in the cold. Again in 1933, when France subscribed to Mussolini's Four-Power Pact, the Poles took it in ill humor, and it was one of the factors that influenced them to begin their *rapprochement* with Germany.

The announcement of the signing of the German-Polish pact convinced the

French that they could no longer afford to treat Poland cavalierly, as if she were still a minor power. M. Paul-Boncour, the French Foreign Minister, made the best of a bad situation by telling the press that he "rejoiced" to hear of Poland's friendly relations with Germany, but the French were not slow in resolving upon diplomatic counter-measures. Unfortunately, however, the political crisis that afflicted France in February prevented her from taking any immediate action.

In the meantime, another complication arose that added to France's troubles. This was a recrudescence of ill-feeling between Poland and Czechoslovakia. As Czechoslovakia is one of France's allies and forms a vital section of the iron ring around Germany, the dissension between the two countries could not but cause France concern. Like so many other tensions in Europe, this dispute is a heritage of the peace settlement. When the former Austrian dominions were being apportioned between Poland and Czechoslovakia, there was some difference of opinion as to where the dividing line should be drawn. The Poles were deeply aggrieved when the Teschen district was assigned to Czechoslovakia. However, their war with Russia and their fear of Germany made the Poles swallow their ire, and for many years nothing was heard of their dissatisfaction. But in March and April, 1934, there was a marked worsening of Polish-Czech relations. The Czechoslovak Government arrested three Polish citizens traveling through Teschen on a charge of engaging in subversive agitation. The Polish Government in reprisal expelled twenty-one Czech business men from Poland. The Polish press hurled charges that the Czechs were adopting

a "monstrous" attitude in their efforts to "Czechize" the Polish minority of 30,000 in Teschen. The Czech press accused Poland of entering into a secret agreement with Germany for the partition of Czechoslovakia. The Polish press retaliated that the Czechs were jealous of Poland's good relations with Russia and Germany and feared a loss of trade thereby. The Czechs, they loftily intimated, apparently could not reconcile themselves to the fact that Poland had become a great power and was no longer in their class. "The legend of a weak Poland," asserted the official *Gazeta Polska*, "was comforting and calculated to flatter certain Czechoslovak circles. They founded thereon great hopes, so tempting that today, when the situation has radically changed to our advantage, they do not have enough plain courage to face the truth and disclose it to their citizens."

It was because of Poland's apparent drift away from France and her tart attitude toward Czechoslovakia that the French Foreign Office went into action. It resolved to make an unusual gesture to Poland. Never before had the Polish Republic been considered of sufficient importance to warrant a personal visit from the French Foreign Minister; but now it was announced that M. Louis Barthou, who had succeeded M. Paul-Boncour in that position, would visit Warsaw. The decision to have M. Barthou undertake this journey was also governed by certain sentimental considerations, for it had been he who, as Minister of War, had been instrumental in negotiating the Franco-Polish military pact of 1921.

Naturally, when the French were paying Poland so marked a compliment, they expected the Poles to evince deep gratitude; and they were there-

fore somewhat cast down when Colonel Beck failed to meet M. Barthou at the station upon his arrival in Warsaw on April 22. It is true, of course, that M. Beck had not been met at the station by the French Foreign Minister when he visited Paris in September, 1933, and he was simply adopting a polite though pointed way of intimating that he thought he was just as good as his French colleague. Poland was now one of the great powers; she had arrived.

However, having thereby given notice that Poland must be treated as an equal, M. Beck, in accordance with his policy of burning no bridges behind him, assured M. Barthou of Poland's friendship. "I am profoundly convinced of the unbreakable solidity of our alliance, of its value and of its favorable effects not only for our two countries but for international relations as a whole." The French Foreign Minister replied in one of those flowery orations that so well accord with the genius of the French language, but that often seem to smack of an operatic libretto when translated into English. "Those who judge from superficial appearances," said M. Barthou, "and those especially who are trying to exploit inevitable difficulties in the life of nations do not know what is possible to two wills born of the same ideal and firmly dedicated to the same end. . . . Between France and Poland, this friendship has become an alliance. . . . I come today to affirm the necessity and the perpetuation of the treaty that links us. Your national resurrection, to which your illustrious Marshal, whose name is already a legend, has given a watchword and an example, has made of Poland a great country, heard and respected. France rejoices to see it."

The Poles, it is understood, as-

sured M. Barthou that they would not enter into any new engagements with other countries without first consulting France, and he made a reciprocal pledge to Poland in recognition of Poland's equality. M. Barthou also did his best to patch up the Polish-Czechoslovak quarrel, and seemed to have succeeded in allaying the tension. On the whole, however, the French were not overjoyed by the results of M. Barthou's visit. One French correspondent summed up his impressions by telling his newspaper that "Poland's policy will yet cause us to experience not a few deceits and a great many vexations."

VI

It was now Russia's turn to receive a gesture. On May 5 Poland and Russia signed a protocol extending the Russo-Polish non-aggression pact, which was due to expire in 1935, for another ten years. The protocol contained a significant clause affirming that neither party was under any obligations that would lead to a violation of the Treaty of Riga. In that treaty, which had been signed in 1921 and provided for the delimitation of the frontier between Poland and Russia, both nations had renounced further territorial claims against each other. The reaffirmation of the Treaty of Riga was intended to be a solemn assurance by Poland that her relations with Germany had not led her into any secret agreement contemplating war with Russia.

Meanwhile, the wooing of Poland by her suitors goes on. On June 2 a conducted party of 800 Polish tourists arrived in Berlin under the leadership of General Augustin, head of the Polish Legion, and they were subjected to suitable attentions from the German Ministry of Propaganda. On June 13, Dr.

Paul Joseph Göbbels, Reich Minister of Propaganda, arrived in Warsaw in response to an invitation from the Polish Union of Intellectuals and delivered a lecture on "National Socialist Germany as a Factor of European Peace." The audience included Leon Koslowski, the Prime Minister, Colonel Beck, the Foreign Minister, and other high Polish officials. It was the first occasion that Dr. Göbbels had had an opportunity to try out his propaganda before a foreign audience. He completed the retreat from the extremist position once so dear to the Nazi heart by assuring his listeners that German National Socialism was guided by the same principle Mussolini had once laid down for fascism: it was not an article of export. It had "no international mission in the aggressive sense to fulfil." Dr. Göbbels had a conversation with Marshal Pilsudski and returned home. Rumor had it that he was paving the way for a personal interview between Hitler and Pilsudski on the lines of the Hitler-Mussolini meeting which was taking place at about the same time.

Upon Dr. Göbbels's departure from Poland, the official *Iskra* news agency published an inspired article which is the nearest thing to an authoritative interpretation of Polish foreign policy that the Government has seen fit to make public. "A sincere and profound friendship links us to democratic France," said the article; "likewise the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' has not prevented us from arriving at an accord with the Soviets. If the German Government wishes to maintain good and correct relations with Poland, we are glad to accept her advances and we shall allow ourselves to be deflected by the discontent neither of political parties nor of those who are irritated because

Poland is conducting a Polish policy and does not wish to pull chestnuts out of the fire for anybody. Nevertheless, this does not mean that, in pursuing the path of good understanding with her German neighbor, Poland is . . . abandoning for a single instant her duty of maintaining the utmost vigilance."

Dr. Göbbels's visit was followed at the end of June by the arrival of General Debeney, former Chief of Staff of the French Army, who came to Warsaw to discuss certain provisions of the military alliance of 1921. It is very likely that journeyings to and fro between Warsaw and Paris, Berlin and Moscow will be the order of the day for some time to come.

VII

There is reason to believe that the next important move by Poland will be made at the September session of the League of Nations. France is anxious to have Russia invited to join the League with a befitting display of unanimity on the part of the existing members. Poland knows this, and as the price of her acquiescence it is fairly certain that she will demand, in recognition of her attaining the status of a great power, two concessions: first, a permanent seat on the Council of the League; and secondly, release from those clauses of the Peace Treaty which give the League the right to supervise Poland's treatment of the minority groups in her population. This will be the fourth occasion on which an important power has sought to tamper with the machinery of the League for its own ends—the three previous occasions having been those on which Japan, Germany and Italy played the stellar rôles. Japan and Germany resigned when their policies were thwarted; Italy remained a mem-

ber but has been noticeably cool. In the present instance it seems likely that a surrender to Poland's demands will be regarded as a lesser evil than her withdrawal from the League.

It will not have escaped remark that Poland and Italy are the only European powers that have shown any tendency toward intimate relations with Nazi Germany. To encourage this tendency, the Nazi tiger which once roared its ravenous hunger to the heavens has begun to purr softly. To conciliate Mussolini, Hitler has disavowed his ambitions in Austria; to conciliate Pilsudski, he has renounced his designs upon the Polish Corridor. Both Mussolini and Pilsudski have been rather wary in their approaches to the apparently tame tiger, for such beasts have been known to resort to their claws rather unexpectedly; none the less, the approaches have been made. What Hitler's ultimate ambition is, he has made quite clear: he wants to expand German territory at Russia's expense. In deferring this hope, he has bowed to the exigencies of the moment; but if he could succeed in building up a Central European bloc consisting of Germany, Poland and Italy—and including Italy's two satellites, Austria and Hungary—he would have gone a long way toward the attainment of his objective. It is far too early to say that such a bloc has been formed, or even that it is in process of formation; but it is foreshadowed as a distinct possibility that can not be omitted from any appraisal of the existing international situation. The events of the next few years—even of the next few months—may be decisive in clarifying what is still uncertain in the present diplomatic alignment. It can not be overemphasized that Poland's decision will have the

most far-reaching consequences. Without Poland, such a bloc would be ineffective; with Poland, it would represent a solid agglomeration of five states with a total population of over 150,000,000. It would be a much stronger grouping than was formed by Germany and Austria-Hungary during the last War—and everybody knows that it took the whole world four years of bloody struggle to beat that combination to its knees. Like the Central Powers in the War, it would enjoy the advantage of interior lines of communication, blanketing Central Europe from the Baltic and the North Sea to the Mediterranean and cutting off France in the west from Russia and the Little Entente in the east. The Little Entente itself would be disrupted. Czechoslovakia would be completely surrounded, save for the narrow corridor, running between Poland and Hungary, that connects her with Rumania—a passage that could be easily closed. It is not inconceivable that Rumania, which has a strong "Iron Guard" movement sympathetic with the Nazis and a long-standing fear that Russia may some day seek to get back Bessarabia, might decide to throw in her lot with such a bloc. The whole European Continent would once more go into the melting pot, and no one can tell what it would look like when it came out again.

If Poland chooses to align herself with France and Russia, she has a reasonable assurance of security and maintenance of the *status quo*. If she throws in her lot with Hitler, she will be embarking upon an adventure whose results can not be predicted, save that it means war: an adventure that holds forth a prospect of vast conquests in the event of victory, of calamitous consequences in the event of defeat.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

WHAT the situation will be in a Germany gone mad, with her destinies in the hands of three imitation Napoleons, every one of whom is unquestionably psychopathic—one of them, Göring, has spent months in hospitals for the insane and symptoms of paranoia

in Hitler's actions are undeniable, just as it is obvious that while Thyssen may be less insane than his two partners, he is a long way from being a balanced human being—by the time this Landscape appears, is far too much a matter of speculation for a cautious Landscaper to venture upon.

But several books have been published recently that will still be worth reading no matter what the turn of events, because they give the necessary background for the understanding of the strange course taken by the Teutonic people since the rise of Hitler, a course that has brought them into another encirclement which promises in time to rival, if not to exceed, that of the years preceding the outbreak of the World War.

In other words, Hitler has helped the German nation out of a tight fix into a tighter one, and the only path of escape at this moment seems to be another war.



The New German Emperor

One of the best of the books referred to is Ernst Henri's *Hitler Over Europe* (Simon and Schuster, \$1.90), which is a Belgian journalist's version of the situation. It has one fundamental defect, or so it appears to the non-

Marxist Landscaper, which is that the author has followed too closely the Marxian theory of history. One striking example of the apparent errors into which this riding of a thesis leads him is his suggestion of the possibility of a Fascist empire, led by Germany, and consisting of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Esthonia and Latvia, the Ukraine, and Holland and Belgium.

It is his belief that fascism will have to come in all these countries because Marx said it was the phase of capitalism immediately preceding dissolution and the dawn of the Communist Utopia. Then, if a Germany under three Napoleons, and cordially detested by civilized peoples the world over, can hold itself together, there will be nothing much to it except a debacle for the rest of Europe and perhaps the rest of the world. This is indeed a hazardous bit of prophecy, as may readily be discerned.

But when M. Henri turns his attention to a study of the forces behind

Hitler, and to the struggle between these forces and the hopeful, but misguided and betrayed Brown Shirts, the leaders of whom were executed recently, he has something to say that is worth listening to. His book will help to illuminate, for example, such matters of public interest as the recent revelations that the German dye industry has been paying the world's most expensive and successful press agent, Ivy Lee, \$25,000 a year to run its propaganda service in this country.

Hitler's real power, however, derives, says M. Henri, from Thyssen, the German steel baron, who is today the real emperor of the nation, and whose nefarious plans include reducing the German working man to a state of serfdom.

In fact, the whole industrial and economic background of the German situation is better explained in M. Henri's book than anywhere else, and it should be read for an intelligent, clear-headed analysis of events that are almost certain to have an important bearing upon the future course of European civilization.

Göring and the War

M. Henri is of the opinion that Thyssen and Hitler will finally be forced to fight for the sake of their feudalistic empire, and his opinion of the chances of victory rests upon the possibility that Göring, who is, of course, an ex-aviator, and who therefore pins his faith upon this arm of warfare, if permitted to go ahead with his plans for an air fleet of something like 20,000 planes, in a surprise attack including the use of gas and bacteria, might give the Germans a victory. At this point, his book takes on the aspect of a dreadful nightmare. But it must be remembered that the German plans for the conquest

of Europe were as carefully laid in the World War, and eventually came to nothing. Also that if such an attack as seems to be in the mind of Göring were ever launched, Germany would have to conquer or die, as she would, in the event of defeat, be forever an outcast among the nations.

There is also interesting material in the volume on the possibility of an alliance between Japan and Germany, with its bearing upon the fate of Soviet Russia, both in the East and in Europe.

M. Henri's suggested remedy is that the rest of the world lend its support to the working classes within Germany against Hitler. This is in line with his general admiration of Marx, however, and since such support would lead to communism, it is obvious that bourgeois republics like France—and England, too, since England is essentially a bourgeois republic in spite of the monarchical form of government—are but little likely to respond to the appeal.

Hindenburg's Shame

Another recent book that is worth reading for the sake of the light it throws upon the situation is called *The Berlin Diaries* (Morrow, \$2.50), which is a purported record of recent events coming mainly from the pen of a German General, called here "General X." There is much to be learned from this sensational volume about the personalities of such men as Von Papen, and a great deal in it about Von Schleicher, now dead. Also there is a complete revelation of how Hindenburg was bribed to back Hitler by the gift of an estate in East Prussia. Those who have hitherto considered the old Field Marshal as the hope of Germany will, if they accept the statements of "General X," suffer a great disillusionment. It is very hard to

know whether everything set down in this book is the exact truth or not, but reading it with open eyes is bound to result in considerable enlightenment. The parts dealing with Germany's preparations for the coming war are of great interest, and as shocking as M. Henri's prophecies.

Also there is Hamilton Fish Armstrong's excellent small book, *Europe Between Wars* (Macmillan), which is a consideration of the entire continental situation, based upon the prophetic words of General Bliss, who said early in the World War that the struggle would continue in one form or another for thirty or forty years, or until there was a decisive victory for one side or the other. In other words, Mr. Armstrong believes that Versailles did not end the conflict that began in the summer of 1914, and that warfare is merely one of its many phases. His book is one of first-hand observation and solid thought, and contains in its relatively few pages what thoughtful men ought to know about world affairs at the moment.

Art and Dictatorship

There is some interesting comment, too, upon the state of art under dictatorships of whatever kind. Mr. Armstrong, being a liberal, does not believe that first-rate art can flourish under rigid state control, a point of view that seems to the Landsaper to have everything to be said for it.

A statement of this kind published elsewhere drew the immediate fire of an ardent Communist, who said that fascism might interfere with art, but that the U.S.S.R. had proved that artists could live and work under its dictatorship, which is very difficult of proof. Communist propaganda in this direction has been copious and extravagant,

but hardly convincing to any one willing to try to make up his own mind. It is a simple fact that the artist can work only in a reasonably free atmosphere; Mussolini's plea in 1926 for a great Fascist literature, for example, has been totally without results, and the "rotten corpse of liberty" has continued to produce far finer flowers than any totalitarian state.

In Richard Rowan's *Spies and the Next War* (McBride, \$2.50), there is abundant evidence to sustain Mr. Armstrong's well reasoned belief that peace treaties may bring conflicts into different phases, but that they do not actually end hostilities. Mr. Rowan, who is a civilian student of the work of secret service agents, maintains that there are more spies at work today than there were at the height of the World War, and that the most avowedly pacific nations employ just as many of these daring workers as such openly militaristic countries as Japan. In addition to these revelations, there are some good chapters on the work of spies in the last war, including tales of people by the side of whom Mata Hari fades into complete insignificance—she was never very much, anyway. There are also some exciting drawings of forts, and so on, and a number of codes. The next war has already begun, says Mr. Rowan, who also maintains that when actual fighting begins the saboteur will play a larger part than ever before, a statement he backs with an abundance of reasons.

Novels of the Nazis

There have been a number of novels published this year dealing with Nazi Germany, including such distinguished works as Lion Feuchtwanger's *The Oppermanns* (Viking, \$2.50), but none

more poignant nor more comprehensive than I. A. R. Wylie's *To the Vanquished* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), which is a fair book in that it tries to give the reasons for the almost incredible conditions that exist today. The plot of the book is a love affair between a pathetic young tramp who becomes a Storm Troop leader, and the daughter of a liberal physician. There are the usual pages about the brutality of the Brown Shirts, with no apparent exaggerations, and the best the two young people can work out is an escape from the country, with the hope that they may make new lives somewhere else in the world. Some of the scenes are tremendously dramatic, especially the one in which the doctor, already cruelly used, tries to save one of his tormentors stricken with typhus. The book is written with economy and sincerity; it is definitely a work of art, and at the same time an illuminating document.

Balder Olden's *Blood and Tears* (Appleton-Century, \$2) is another novel on the same subject, and very well done indeed, one of the best books in its category. There are similarities of detail in all these novels, inevitably, and it is anything else but pleasant to read them, but they contain a great deal of the truth which people ought to know. How much good it will do anybody to know this truth, the Landsaper hesitates to say, unless, perhaps, George Bernard Shaw's most recent remarks are taken seriously, and sanctuaries for human beings established along the line of the great work the world is doing in preserving its wild life. This is, however, a bit too reasonable a plan to give one any hope that it will be followed.

Also to be read in connection with the German situation is Cardinal Faulhaber's *Judaism, Christianity and Ger-*

many (Macmillan, \$1.50), a series of lectures on the religious situation by the Archbishop of Munich, which explains what has been done to the churches by the evil forces of the Hitler-Thyssen combination.

Good for Hot Weather

If some antidote is needed for this largish dose of horror the Landsaper has prescribed, there are, as usual, many books that are doors to distant worlds wherein it is possible to forget the fevers and the frets of this one. Fevers, certainly, may be cured by a reading of Sven Hedin's *The Conquest of Tibet* (Dutton, \$5), which has more than two hundred drawings by the author, and which recounts his amazing adventures in the Hidden Land of Asia during the early years of the present century. Most of the time he was up somewhere around eighteen thousand feet above sea-level, and it was so cold that sitting here under a pear-tree in Connecticut on a hot afternoon, almost a nudist, the Landsaper can not imagine the degrees of frigidity endured by Dr. Hedin and his faithful natives.

The result of his many journeyings was the exploration of vast stretches of *terra incognita*, the discovery of a great mountain range, the visiting of the sources of several rivers, such as the Indus, and the collection of a large amount of most entertaining material about people and animals. Dr. Hedin did not see the wonders that the mystics always associate with Tibet, for he is a scientist, but it is not necessary to be a mystic to appreciate the nerve and courage of the man, and his superhuman endurance of all kinds of hardships and perils. A grand adventure story, which is of high value, also, in its additions to the sum total of human knowledge.

Another good book about the East is Walter B. Harris's *East Again: A Narrative of a Journey in the Near, Middle and Far East* (Dutton, \$4), which is done with a great deal of charm, and which contains also its full share of useful information about a number of countries destined to play a large part once more in the history of the world.

Books About China

And specifically about China, there is Sergei Tretiakov's *The Autobiography of Tuan-shi* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50), an extraordinary story of a young Chinese lad who told his Russian teacher the whole story of his life, who turned Communist and visited Moscow, and who then disappeared. Where he is now nobody knows, but he left behind him a tale of great interest and charm, which the Russian has made into something unusually fine.

André Malraux's *Man's Fate* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50), winner of the last Prix Goncourt, also deals with China, and has for its background the Shanghai of the first revolution, in which the Communists played so large a part. It centres about the life of a Chinese terrorist, who is about to kill a man as the book opens. It is a vivid, bloody picture of a town in torment; whether one chooses to regard it as Communist propaganda or not, it is an excellent novel, the result of both open-eyed observation and careful workmanship. As in the case of the German novels mentioned, fiction of this kind has its very definite value in its ability to make history human and personal; often it is nearer the truth than the so-called facts in the case.

Alice Tisdale Hobart's *River Supreme* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), a novel that was issued sometime last year under the title of "*Pidgin Cargo*," mean-

ing opium, is another good novel of China, and is, as a matter of fact, the first volume of a tetralogy of which Mrs. Hobart's very popular *Oil for the Lamps of China* is the second. Hers is a simplified China that anybody can understand, and perhaps oversimplified, although the general public certainly has approved of her method in the book just mentioned.

River Supreme deals with an American descendant of hardy sea-faring stock who settled in China and determined to conquer the Yangtse for commerce. He did, and left behind him a son who after one unfortunate marriage with an American girl who would not, or could not, adjust herself to the life of the country, found happiness with a youthful playmate who was also born in the country and had enough of its blood to understand it and to feel at home in it.

The background is sketched in, but attractively done; the principal defect of the book is in its characterization, which is weak. Also Mrs. Hobart does not write with any distinction. But her ABC pictures of the awakening China and of Americans in the country have their value, and it will be highly interesting to see what she will do with her ambitious project. *Oil for the Lamps of China* was, it should be said, considerably better than *River Supreme*.

For a World Cruise

One may, with the fiction that remains to be considered, range the wide world over, from the plains of the river Don to villages in the heart of Andalusia, and from American suburbs to Fifteenth Century London.

Four of the best of recent novels are summarized as to background in the foregoing paragraph. They are Mikhail Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don*

(Knopf, \$3), a long novel—238,000 words—dealing with the life of the Cossacks from a short time before the World War down through the earlier phases of the Russian Revolution, a gigantic panorama in which this noted young Soviet writer proves himself a master of a certain kind of pictorial fiction, although there is little belief to be placed in Maxim Gorky's statement that the book may be compared with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, nor is Sholokhov another Gogol as has been said. He lacks Tolstoy's great humanism and Gogol's delicious sense of humor, as well as his ability to create unforgettable characters. Sholokhov's people are static, and are types rather than strongly marked individuals. But the book reads well, and gives a fine, clear impression of the wild and patriarchal life of the Cossacks before they fell under the rule of the Soviets. One may suppose that they are a different people now under the blessings of communism, and probably a good deal less colorful and interesting. The translation of *And Quiet Flows the Don* is not a very good one, as there are mistakes in English in plenty, and also the literal rendering of many of the Cossack idioms is confusing.

Spain to the Life

Marguerite Steen's *Matador* (Little, Brown, \$2.50) is a remarkable novel of Spain, centring about a retired *torero* and his family. The Landscaper can testify that it shows great insight into the customs of the country and the peculiar character of its people, and in addition, it is a real novel, with a good story and fully realized individuals. The writing is not of the highest quality; otherwise here is a novel in the old sense, long and rich, with plenty of both humor and tragedy. How Miss Steen

learned as much about Spain and the Spaniards as she did in her relatively short stay there can only be explained by her very genuine talent for fiction. She is, praise be, no mere painter of surfaces, but something much more important.

This is one of the best novels of the present year, and the feeling the Landscaper has about it does not arise from his own great affection for the country about which Miss Steen writes. She is, as it happens, a good novelist, one of the most expert writing today, as she has proved more than once.

The excursion to medieval England is conducted by Philip Lindsay, son of Norman Lindsay, the Australian novelist, and his book is called *London Bridge Is Falling* (Little, Brown, \$2.50). It is a story of the bridge just before and during the time of Jack Cade's Rebellion, and the climax is the battle on the bridge between Cade's followers and the Loyalist troops, ending in the destruction of the picturesque shops and houses that lined the famous structure at this period. There is a love story, too, or several, and a hero whose fortunes may be keenly followed, but the chief interest of the book is in the infinite detail of the every-day life of the times. Mr. Lindsay, who is still a young man, has made himself an authority on Tudor and Elizabethan England; his research is careful and thorough, and his books are emotional enough, too. His *Richard III*, one of the best of this year's biographies, was commented upon here recently, and he has done other successful books, but none that the Landscaper has read with keener interest than this new novel, hereby recommended as a choice offering, which will bear frequent readings by those with a taste for the historical.

Our Own Times

One skips back from this far journey to our own times in Josephine Lawrence's *Years Are So Long* (Stokes, \$2.50), an American novel which deals with the problem of the dependent old, and does it poignantly. It is the story of an elderly couple with several children who have failed to save anything for their declining years and who therefore find themselves at the mercy of young people struggling to meet the demands of modern society. There is no place for them either physically or mentally; they have to be separated and to live apart, seeing each other but seldom. They have no luck fitting into the lives of their children, and everybody is made unhappy by their plight, which ends in the death of the man and the removal of the woman to a Home, a fate she has dreaded more almost than death.

Miss Lawrence has taken an extreme case, and in some other respects her novel does not meet the highest standards of either social propaganda or fiction, but it is a very human book, and fair to both sides, dealing with a problem that is the direct outgrowth of present-day conditions. It has a powerful lesson for those who wish to heed it, although there is no mention of the fact that this old couple might have saved every penny after their children left home, and then lost it all through the crookedness or stupidity of some banker, or perhaps merely through the ups-and-downs of our less than charming economic system.

Other Recent Novels

Other recent novels include a reissue of Phyllis Bentley's *The Spinner of the Years* (Macmillan, \$2.50), another

story of Miss Bentley's industrial Yorkshire, which she knows so thoroughly; Ronald Fanger's *Duel* (Viking, \$2.50), a Norwegian psychological novel of the lives of two men, one of whom is ruined by the success of the other, the author being a distinguished critic and quite well known in his native land; Elizabeth Eastman's *Sun on Their Shoulders* (Morrow, \$2.50), a novel of the Finns around Cape Cod, and interesting as an excellent picture of another small section of America; Henrietta Buckmaster's *Tomorrow Is Another Day* (Henkle), a first novel about a group of decent and ambitious young people, mostly writers, and how they work out their problems, a good first novel with distinct promise for the future; and Lady Mary Cameron's *Duchess by Appointment* (King, \$2.50), an amusing bit of social satire by the author of *Merrily We Go to Hell*. For entertainment, too, there is Virginia Faulkner's exceedingly clever story, *Romans and Countrymen* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), which is only for the sophisticated, but which is brilliant and filled with quotable epigrams. The author is only twenty-one, and you may make a note of her name, if you fancy this kind of writing, for she is certainly going somewhere.

Concha Espinax's *The Woman and the Sea* (Henkle, \$2.50) is another of the recent novels, a translation of this author's *Agua de nieve*, which appeared first in 1911, and which is not one of her more important novels, not a very good book at all, as a matter of fact, in spite of its glowing introduction by Ernest Boyd, and the encomia of the critics scattered over its jacket. Doña Concha is Spain's only woman novelist of the moment, and has, therefore, a somewhat exaggerated reputation, although

she has done two or three good books, one of which, *Altar mayor*, has not yet been translated into English. It would have been a better choice than *Agua de nieve*.

Good Short Stories

Langston Hughes's *The Ways of White Folks* (Knopf, \$2.50), a volume of short stories of Negroes and whites, contains some of the best stories that have appeared in this country in years, and strengthens the Landscaper's long-held opinion that the author is far and away the most talented member of his race who has ever written in this country. They are bitter stories for the most part, often savagely ironical, but done with admirable art. Panteleimon Romanoff's *On the Volga* (Scribner, \$2.50) is another collection of excellent short stories by one of the best of the present-day Russian writers.

By a long road, we arrive once more at the miscellaneous division, and one of the most important and timely books to be considered under the heading is Norman Lombard's *Monetary Statesmanship* (Harper, \$4), which is a comprehensive consideration of the whole problem of money, banking, and public fiscal policy, written by the ex-vice-president of the Stable Money Association. Mr. Lombard has added greatly to the permanent value of his book by quotations from hundreds of authorities, which run down the sides of the pages opposite his own consideration of the various questions he discusses. It is his belief that a stable price level reached and maintained by intelligent manipulation of the currency is the "way out," and he attempts to answer every objection that has been raised to the scheme, arguing calmly and intelligently, and in such clear English that

even the Landscaper had no difficulty in following him.

He believes a central bank which would have the authority to issue currency as a means of raising or lowering, or stabilizing the price level, is needed, and he is firmly convinced that some kind of commodity dollar is a necessity if we are to avoid alternating periods of depression and prosperity. It is, of course, impossible to do more than summarize the thesis of the book here in the fewest words, but of all the dozens of volumes on economics and on monetary matters that have appeared this year, the Landscaper has seen none that seemed to cover the situation so fully as this one.

The Diehard Landscaper

A "sound money" diehard, such as the present writer, can not, to be sure, admit conviction by Mr. Lombard's ingenious and intelligent arguments, but there is no doubt that he has done a good job for his side of the case. He believes the public should be educated in monetary matters, and that bankers should be better trained for their business. The Landscaper has a minimum of faith in these remedies, and less in more laws, also suggested by Mr. Lombard; he still hasn't explained how we are to make people want to do right when they can make more, temporarily at least, out of doing wrong, and we know that education isn't worth the snap of a finger in this direction. However, let's not quibble; the Landscaper is no economist, anyway, and has only recently learned to add comfortably, after years of effort, and even now, the results are not always entirely satisfactory.

A most curious and fascinating book, whose author seems to have ranged the world and many libraries over for his

material, is *Tracing Our Ancestors*, by Frederick Haberman (The Kingdom Press, St. Petersburg, Florida, cloth, \$1.75; paper, \$1). Mr. Haberman believes the Anglo-Saxons are the direct descendants of the Adamic race—nothing to do with Louis Adamic, of course—who were a special creation of the Most High, and who moved from India down into Phoenicia, and from there throughout the world, certain tribes of the Hebrews having an active part in these migrations and scattering their blood far and wide over the early world. The Jews, he maintains, were only a fragment of the Hebrew peoples, and of a different type.

Standing by the Bible

The basis of his argument is the Bible, and he contends that in its prophecies everything that has ever happened was foretold, that the Higher Criticism has been losing ground steadily the past few years as archeologists verified the Biblical story, and that with the proper key, the Biblical narrative may be read as truth, also as a forecast of what may come. He has faith in the New Deal, and is sure the Anglo-Saxon blood of this country and of England can save the world, if it will.

He has a swastika on the jacket of his book, and says that the German choice of this ancient emblem has great significance, although just what this significance may be is not explained as fully as it might be. He discusses the Cross as a symbol at great length, speaking of its wide-spread prevalence almost from the dawn of history, and tracing its influence on human affairs, although without mentioning the possibility that it was from the beginning phallic, which accounts for its wide-spread use in religion, since man very evidently began by

worshiping the sun and the generative organs wherever he had any religion at all.

These comments do not mean, however, that the book itself is not excellent reading for any one who has an interest in the story of mankind, and more particularly in comparative religion, and in the history of words. The range of scholarship is astonishing and the conclusions, whether one agrees with them or not, are food for a great deal of speculation. The author insists, among other things, that the Scotch-Irish are the finest people that have ever lived in the world, and since it has long been one of the Landscaper's favorite theories that this breed has furnished a sort of backbone of American civilization, it was a pleasure to come across such a high recommendation.

There are many strange things in the world, and a large number of them are to be found in this book, which is hereby strongly recommended for people with an interest in such matters.

Other books of recent publication that belong on even the choicest reading lists include Carl Carmer's *Stars Fell on Alabama* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), a picture of a Southern State which for its completeness has hardly been equalled. Mr. Carmer lived in Alabama six years and found it a land full of interest. He traveled widely and saw the lives of many different kinds of people, and he has written a book that is most engaging reading. It is, at the same time, full of accurate information and observation, altogether a singularly fine piece of work.

A Good Biography

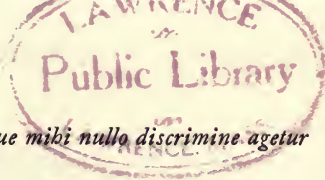
One of the best of recent biographies is Mariano Tomas's *The Life and Misadventures of Miguel de Cervantes*

(Houghton Mifflin, \$3), an authentic and interestingly written life of a great man, done with careful, but unobtrusive scholarship, and taking full advantage of recent research in a neglected field.

And for those who like prejudiced and angry books which are at the same time intelligent, there is Ivor Brown's *I Commit to the Flames* (Harper, \$2.50), in which Mr. Brown, an Eng-

lish critic of standing, sails into the Lawrence cult, and a number of others of the follies of our times. He asks a return to the rule of reason, and we shall have to grant his wish in time because of one obvious fact, which is no more than this: mankind may not find salvation through the use of its intelligence, but it will certainly not find it by turning its back on brains and glorifying the emotions.





Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Goldfish Bowls

MR. IVY LEE has just mailed us a printed copy of an address he made in July on "The Problem of International Propaganda." Coming after the recent Senate investigation of alien propaganda in this country, this roused a rather lurid curiosity, but the pamphlet's contents are not particularly inflammatory, though they are interesting. Mr. Lee merely faces the question squarely and advocates more, not less, of international propaganda.

His argument is that gunfire is apparently still the only language universally understood among nations, and that the reason for this is mistrust—mistrust inspired by lack of knowledge and understanding. Thus the purpose of his international propaganda is to attain peace and the outlawing of war through universal education in the aims and desires of the various peoples. Unfortunately, the efforts made by most modern governments to inspire understanding of their policies in other lands have taken the form of "press departments" to give hand-outs to foreign correspondents, who are naturally skeptical of these, and become more so when their

efforts to check the facts are hindered. By way of showing the futility of such attempts to hoodwink other nations, Mr. Lee quotes Will Irwin: "Nature has endowed the human mind with a curious sixth sense for truth. It is slow, this instinct; it burns dimly, but persistently." And Mr. Lee, for this reason, advises governments to assist journalists "to obtain quickly, accurately and authoritatively the information their newspapers seek to publish for their readers." The newspapers, we are to believe, of course, seek nothing but the unalloyed truth.

Mr. Lee also quotes Ortega y Gasset in his contention that the governing classes of the past no longer rule, that the ordinary man (even under modern dictatorships) "has resolved to govern this world himself." American governments, as an example, for the past twelve years have been unable to gain our entrance into the World Court, opposed by the mass of our people. This stubborn determination of the common man to rule, in matters which seem vital to him, is the thing which makes essential greater understanding among the peoples of all nations.

One obstacle to such understanding

is the technique of official communications between countries, which grew up when most governments could act decisively in foreign affairs with confidence that they would be supported by their own citizens. Today the people insist upon being consulted, and the high-flown language and delicate subtleties of diplomatic communication are only an impediment to the understanding which must precede assent by the voters. We need to get rid of this "wig and gown spirit."

What Mr. Lee advocates is the direct appeal, through press, radio and movies, frank and openly acknowledged. He would have its technique based upon the most advanced studies of mass psychology, which, he says, show that the "devices and incantations of professional propagandists cease to have effect after a while" and it becomes necessary to appeal to reason. But the appeal to reason must be dramatized, since the mass of men are too busy with their own affairs or too lazy to follow complicated arguments. He advocates purchase of advertising space in newspapers for the printed statement of any case, since it would compel most attention. Similarly, he would have governments buy time on the air for aural presentation. Movies could further dramatize the issues, and in this medium he is willing that schools, churches and homes should aid in distribution of the films.

II

With the main points of Mr. Lee's argument few can disagree. More understanding among the nations would undoubtedly be a good thing, though it may seem stretching it to say that this would prevent wars—France and Germany are pretty well aware each of what

the other wants, and yet the drums are beating. Foreign Office communiqués certainly are not models of clarity and might well be improved upon. Censorships are inexcusable. Likewise, newspapers, radio and the movies could bear up under some additional revenue.

What seems doubtful in Mr. Lee's analysis is the effect all this added propaganda would have on governments, which are, after all, composed of men. The two Governments which have in recent time taken most advantage of these modern means of communication are those of Hitler and Roosevelt. Each came into power on a wave of popular enthusiasm almost hysterical. And each within less than two years has lost a large measure of that popularity: in his latest "plebiscite" two or three million votes more were cast against Hitler than in his first election, despite the full pressure of Nazi coercion; and Roosevelt's party expects to lose from fifty to seventy-five House seats in the fall elections.

It can, of course, be objected that economic hardship is the better reason to account for their loss of popularity. Neither country has regained enough prosperity to satisfy the demands of voters, and large minorities in both have been alienated by certain of the policies followed by their Governments. Nevertheless, the New Dealers, by insistent and multitudinous public appearances, have gained themselves distinct personal unpopularity. Their attempt to explain everything they have done to the populace has resulted in unnumbered contradictions and a vast confusion in the public mind. Even members of the President's family have come in for wide-spread, if quiet, criticism for being so constantly on the radio, in the

movies and in the press, not to mention magazines. The details of the parallel in Germany are not available, but at least it is known that all the modern methods of ballyhoo have been used by the Nazis and that even so Hitler felt it necessary to shoot a number of his colleagues on June 30—perhaps as scapegoats.

One of the basic dogmas of advertising is that you can, by sufficient reiteration, get a great many people to believe anything. Advertisers attempt to influence the subconscious workings of consumers' minds, so that they will react automatically—and favorably—toward a product, and it must be said that the attempts are very often successful and profitable. But this is hardly the appeal to reason. It is difficult to see how a reasonable solution of the War debt problem could evolve through the medium of double-page spreads in a thousand newspapers representing in equally glowing terms the diametrically opposed views of the United States and any European debtor. And if we had the German and French Foreign Ministers outlining their opinions on the matter nightly over our radios, the best

they could in any reason hope for would be our hearty dislike.

These highly developed means of communication spread their wares at a speed and in quantities unparalleled in the history of the world. Popular entertainers—singers, joke-makers, columnists, actors, novelists—obtain an audience wider than that of any other age. But one of the results is that the quality of their entertainment thins out: too much is demanded of them, they are humanly unable to supply it, and soon their audiences become bored or annoyed. The turn-over of talent is prodigious. Movie stars almost never last as long as stage stars; novelists are worn out in a few years; columnists commit suicide, or should. And there is no reason to believe that politicians and statesmen are better able to stand the strain.

Upton Sinclair promises that if he is elected Governor of California he will conduct the office "in a goldfish bowl." Certain of the New Dealers have been acting in a similar manner. Now Mr. Lee would have nations do the same thing. What we need, more likely, is a little decent reticence.

W. A. D.



Social Insurance for America

BY P. W. WILSON

At the next session of Congress this will, in all probability, be a paramount issue. It is time that Americans began seriously to think about it

NATIONS, it is said, acquire empires and develop institutions in a fit of absence of mind. They are unconscious of what is developing within and around them.

Fifty years ago the world had formed a definite mental picture of Bismarck. He was seen with clenched fist—"the man of blood and iron." Within Germany and beyond her borders, his dreaded name was associated with a diplomacy punctuated by three brief and triumphant wars.

Twenty-five years ago, mankind had formed a mental picture, no less definite, of David Lloyd George. He was a pacifist and a pro-Boer, who opposed the war in South Africa. He was a radical who wished to disestablish the Church in Wales and set up a parliament in Ireland.

The student of sociology is beginning to realize that the victories of Bismarck and the radicalism of Lloyd George were far from being their real contribution to the permanent structure of their respective countries. Just as Napoleon's code of law has endured where his conquests collapsed, so are Bismarck and Lloyd George important chiefly to the social historian for one inadequately

recognized achievement. They inaugurated great and enduring schemes of social insurance for unemployment, old age, invalidity, widowhood, sickness, maternity and emergencies associated therewith. In their stormy careers that has been what really mattered.

It is now the turn of President Roosevelt. Of him also there is a definite mental picture. He is the unwearied Titan who fights depression on all fronts, using any weapon that may be available without too careful a consideration of the cost. The White House has resounded with discussions of wages and prices, of prevention of abuses on Wall Street, provision of guaranteed capital to depressed industry, control of harvests and recognition of trade unions. But is that all? Can it be that fifty years hence the name of President Roosevelt, like the names of Bismarck and Lloyd George, will be significant for a much further-reaching initiative? Is he also to be among the pioneers of social insurance?

There is no mistaking the trend of his mind. He has appealed repeatedly for the Forgotten Man, and insurance may be defined as the economic remembrance of the hard cases which otherwise would

be forgotten. During the summer, President Roosevelt declared in definite terms for "social insurance," and it is an open secret that, at Washington, the content of that comprehensive phrase is under examination by what is left of the Brain Trust. Such fact-finding usually precedes what Mr. Roosevelt is fond of calling "action."

In the Great Britain of the pre-War period, the free and independent elector, generally liberal in politics, believed that he knew all about what was going on at Westminster. He read of debates on urgent matters—as they were regarded—education, the size of the navy, the powers of the House of Lords and so on. It was taken for granted that the people would be consulted over any new departure in public policy.

But, for some reason, social insurance, as a slogan, failed to stir the blood. People regarded the idea as a fad remote from the traditions of Great Britain. It was true that Mr. Lloyd George spent a holiday in Germany where he was understood to be studying the subject; and he also had his Brain Trust around him as a bodyguard. But the affair was not taken seriously. Was not Asquith in the saddle as Prime Minister? The pace would continue to be leisurely.

It was with a shock of surprise that people woke up and discovered that a new situation had been created behind the scenes. Outlandish proposals, as they seemed to be, of which not a hint had entered the head of the average man, had been worked out and were suddenly laid before Parliament. On the validity of those proposals a powerful government, supported by a predominant party, staked its existence. The country was committed and, as events have shown, committed irrevocably to a vast

scheme of national responsibility for which there had been no audible public demand—of which the nation had had in effect no previous knowledge.

The people then understood, not by reason but by instinct, that something of vast and incalculable significance was about to change the constitution of the body politic. For many months, there was a tornado of sound and fury, and the popular press played the game for all it was worth. If liberty-loving housemaids were to be humiliated once a week by the obligation to lick stamps and affix them to insurance cards, what was the use of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights? Had King Charles I been executed in vain? It was propaganda designed for the unintelligent and was denounced as today we denounce poison gas. But whatever may be thought of the ammunition, the fight was over a real issue.

In the United States, history is repeating itself. Not one person in a hundred has given five minutes of serious thought to what President Roosevelt means when he broadcasts allusions to social insurance. The nation treats him in this matter as Germany treated Bismarck and as Britain treated Lloyd George.

It happens that I was closely associated with David Lloyd George during those years before the War when he was working out this policy. I believed then and I believe now in social insurance. I go so far as to think that if social insurance is adequate, no country need fear acute depression—still less, revolution. Even the inadequate insurance in Germany has kept the Bolsheviks at bay. I can not but be deeply impressed, however, by the problems, administrative and financial, which would have to be faced in the United States if social

insurance were to be adopted. If ever there were a sphere of policy on which public opinion should be informed and educated it is this.

II

First, let us clearly understand that, up to the present, there has been nothing of the kind in this country. All the pension schemes, whether of States or corporations, if put together, would not begin to be even a nucleus of what is meant in Britain, Germany or other countries by social insurance. In this broader survey, they may be dismissed, one and all, as unimportant.

The question is whether, by compulsion or custom, which in practice may amount to the same thing, fifty to sixty million people in the United States shall be enrolled in a scheme of insurance which shall be aided and guaranteed by the community as a whole. Is the answer to that question to be yes, or is it to be no?

To the fundamental issue, details do not matter. Experience in many countries has shown that social insurance, once adopted and put into force, tends to be permanent and, indeed, to be broadened in its scope. In this country, it is not usual to do things by halves, and if social insurance be once started, the chances are that, in due course, it will be universal.

The British scheme, taken as a whole, costs \$1,250,000,000 in a year. The population of the United States is three times the population of Great Britain and the proportional cost in this country, therefore, would be \$3,750,000,000 or, in round numbers, four billions in a year. It works out at thirty dollars per annum for every person in the country.

The comparison may prove to be an understatement of the position. Take

the British old age pension as an example of a typical benefit. It is, approximately, \$2.50 a week. Occasional pensions granted in this country are more nearly five dollars a week and we hear talk of a ten-dollar pension. If the scale of benefits all round is to be double the British scale, the cost will work out at eight billions a year, and is it certain that the benefits will be limited to double the British scale? An immense sum of money is thus involved.

The first idea of what may be called the "prosperity American" will be that a beggarly dollar or two a week is no safeguard against poverty. What is the use of handing out seventy-five cents a week as in England for the support of a dependent child? The answer is that even a modest insurance may prevent poverty from becoming destitution, and, actually, the benefits work out on a more generous scale than appears on paper. Old folks usually live in a family. The wife as well as the husband has the pension and five dollars a week in England is a help to the domestic budget. The allowance for children is in addition to the allowance for parents, and the various benefits, including provision for sickness and so on, have to be considered not piecemeal but as a whole. They mean that even the humblest home has something at its back. Also, social insurance means that all other forms of saving on a modest scale are made worth while. The battle is no longer hopeless. It can be won.

The prospect of this large expenditure in the United States should be realized in advance and surveyed, first of all as a whole. How is it to be regarded in terms of economics? On general grounds, so I submit, the argument for social insurance is unanswerable. Let us suppose that the national income runs

around fifty billion dollars and that it ought to be much higher. A scheme which puts into continuous circulation ten billion dollars is, manifestly, of appreciable advantage as a corrective of underconsumption. All of us are agreed that there must be a balance between consumption and production. Social insurance provides for a measure of such adjustment, and in the simplest manner. There is no inflation or deflation of the currency. There is no interference with the methods of manufacture or distribution of commodities. There are no codes. But the ability of the people to consume is maintained. The demand for commodities is maintained. Despite all that has been alleged against the dole in Great Britain, as insurance has been most inaccurately described, the system has proved to be, during these perilous years, the steady factor in national finance. It is a commonplace that it has saved the country from revolution. Also, it has prevented a collapse of credit and of industry.

The money distributed by insurance is not thrown into the sea. It is not squandered on luxuries. Every cent of it passes into circulation, contributing to rent, the security of mortgages, the turnover in the stores and, in a word, to the demand for necessities of life. Not only does this money create employment. It creates the right kind of employment, not forgetting an income for farms where food is produced.

It is social insurance that relieves the labor market. As machinery is perfected, labor is displaced and has to be otherwise absorbed. From time to time and in certain areas, there is not enough work for a period to go around and, of course, we have also the calamitous interruption of foreign trade.

Social insurance secures that short

time in industry shall not be accompanied by a diminished demand for goods and services. Fewer people may be needed to do the work that has to be done but there is as much work to be done as before. In such a situation, the first thing to do is to eliminate from active industry those whose age and infirmities entitle them to leisure or odd jobs. Old age pensioners are not loafers on the sidewalk. They are the veterans of industry. They have earned the right to leisure and such leisure will do no harm to their character as citizens. To liberate the old from work is the best way of finding work for the young, and so with the physically disabled and the widows, who ought to be looking after their children instead of trying to earn money to support them.

Social insurance mitigates a real grievance. It removes a genuine dread. It relieves the kind of acute discontent which is always an embarrassment and sometimes a peril to civilization. It was social insurance that in Great Britain defeated the general strike: the people refused to destroy the old folks' pensions.

III

What is roughly described as life insurance has been rapidly developed throughout the United States, and the experience of Great Britain has shown that life insurance does not suffer as a result of social insurance under the state. But life insurance, though entirely beneficial, is not enough. The vast majority of policies are quite small and we have to face the fact that, in the United States as in other countries, the people as a whole are without resources usually described as private means.

A question, obviously of great importance, is whether the existing ma-

chinery of insurance in this country shall be used by the state as an agency for running social insurance. In Germany, numerous approved organizations are so employed, and in Great Britain, friendly societies, trade unions and insurance companies like the Prudential are included in the official and semi-official machinery. A country so vast as the United States may find that existing organizations are useful and even indispensable as constructive allies. There seems to be no reason in principle why the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish organizations, and, indeed, any responsible society of suitable character should not assist in operating this plan.

But there must be fair play. The insurance companies must not regard their function as merely an opportunity for hard-boiled business, to be treated as lawyers treat workmen's compensation. A great human problem has to be solved by means of human relations. And fair play means a definite abstention from graft by all concerned. That evil tradition must be brought to an end.

In considering the stability of social insurance, there is one factor that should be kept always in mind: what upsets all possible calculations is war and the economic nationalism that has followed the last War. A destructive explosion within civilized society is a shock to insurance and all other stability. If we are to solve any problem affecting mankind, we must take it that the race itself retains some measure of its sanity.

Assuming that currency is allowed to be stable within reasonable fluctuations, the actuarial results of social insurance are now ascertained. Over sickness, maternity, widowhood, invalidity and

old age pensions, there is no difficulty. These risks are scientifically insurable according to foreseen averages.

By its very nature, social insurance covers a period of time. The British scheme has been calculated beyond the year 2000 A.D. This is not a sphere of administration in which Congress can pull the machine to bits and put it together again every year or two. Amendments may improve or extend a scheme. But there must be continuity.

Unemployment is a risk that stands by itself. It is determined not by the circumstances of the individual alone or mainly, but by his environment. In nine cases out of ten, the individual can not help his loss of work.

In a world at peace with itself, economic and military, there is little doubt that unemployment, averaging say seven per cent of the workers, would be soundly insurable. Broadly, it would be a form of payment for short time. It is only or mainly the War that, in Britain, has made the position difficult.

Out of the hurly-burly over unemployment insurance three results now emerge into the obvious. First, it is possible to insure against occasional unemployment running up, say, to three months in the year. The precise periods can not be explained here in detail. Secondly, a certain number of workers will drift out of benefit and must be maintained by direct grants from the state. This surplus unemployment, as it may be called, is not insurable under present conditions. Thirdly, unemployment benefit, though it be a palliative, is no real solution of the human problem involved. There ought not to be unemployment on such a scale. It is disastrous to character and a denial of elemental human rights.

In the United States, a scheme of social insurance must be three times as big as in Britain and four times as big as in Germany. Such a scheme, to be what it ought to be, should extend from coast to coast and, obviously, its success will depend on effective administration. This country has the finest material in the world for a civil service adequate to the purpose. The universities and colleges are turning out just the recruits that are needed. Many of these recruits are, at this moment, hard put to it to find a job. The time has come when the progress of the country can not be what the occasion demands unless the Civil Service is organized, once for all, on the strict principles of appointment and promotion which were adopted in Great Britain among other reforms of the Victorian Era.

IV

There are multitudinous details which accompany any and every such scheme of insurance. In the United States, we find a kind of instinctive assumption that this country has to think up something different and try experiments. It so happens that other nations offer experience which is of greater value than any experiments. That experience is at the disposal of this country.

Certain considerations may be indicated. First, a scheme need not be comprehensive at the outset. For instance, it might include sickness but not maternity. When the structure is erected, new features can be added to the content.

Secondly, the aim should be simplicity. Every avoidable complication should be avoided. The German schemes are more elaborate than the British and, to that extent, less effective. One danger of needless rules and regu-

lations is that they bring the individual under control of a bureaucracy and undermine his independence. For instance, in Germany there is a subdivision of the scheme according to classes of workers, and corresponding scales of contributions and benefits according to wages. Also, maternity benefit is awarded in particularized items. Britain treats employment as employment whatever the wages, and gives to the mother a lump sum. Officials in Whitehall consider that a mother knows better than anybody else where the money will be spent most usefully.

Thirdly, simplicity implies a general measure of uniformity. It is all very well to talk about State rights. But if each State runs its own scheme, it means that all kinds of questions of domicile arise. As a means of knitting together a great continental republic and forestalling any possible disintegration, social insurance might be as valuable as railroads, highways and the radio.

Fourthly, any idea of organizing social insurance, as understood abroad, by individual industries is unconvincing. Labor is less of the craft than before and is more mobile. Also, it is of the essence of insurance that it spreads risks from one area of uncertainty to another. The strong and stable enterprises ought to share the burden that falls on the more speculative industries.

The nations which have adopted social insurance appear to be predominantly in favor of contributory schemes, usually based upon payments into a fund by the employer, the employed and the state. All the contributions are, strictly speaking, taxation. But it is only the state subsidy that has to be provided out of the budget.

The adoption of social insurance by a nation and especially a nation like the

United States, can not but be an event that marks an epoch. It establishes a new contact between the citizen and the commonwealth, more intimate by far than the vote or obedience to the law, as usually understood. It represents an acceptance by the state of new and formidable responsibilities for domestic affairs in millions of homes. It is this change not only in economics but in the atmosphere of politics that is involved in the inquiries proceeding at Washington.

The policy of social insurance throws open the door to a vast extension of usefulness for the medical profession. The doctor may have to work hard. But he is assured of his pay. It is of the utmost importance that the authority over him should be carefully separated from the administration of the scheme as a whole. In Great Britain, there is no possibility of bringing pressure to bear on doctors which they ought to resist. It must be made clear that a state medical service, however valuable it may be, in which doctors and nurses are civil servants, is no substitute for sickness insurance which provides for the needs of the home when the breadwinner is *hors de combat*. It is an important question whether medical benefit should consist chiefly of treatment as in Germany or of relief as in Great Britain.

v

Social insurance is an organization of the whole community for the well-being of the overwhelming majority within the community. It is thus national, not sectional, and may well prove to be effective answer to the lobbyists who demand special favors like the bonus for special groups. It can hardly fail to emancipate the more dependent

citizens from the thralldom of political machines like Tammany Hall, and, properly administered, its effect may be to clean up politics in the municipal sphere. Also its central administration is by an authority other than trade unions. These are among the vital reasons why, in Great Britain, social insurance is supported by the Conservative party. It may be costly. But it is a bulwark. If the conservative forces in this country know their business, they will refrain from talking of social insurance as if it were to be denounced as socialism. It is the sound method of forestalling socialism without interfering with the conduct of business, and, in other countries, it has been put over by capitalist parties as a means of working the capitalist system.

The United States is a country that can achieve supreme results if it wishes. Its failures are never due to lack of ability—only to a lapse in purpose. There is today a noble opportunity of carrying out an insistent claim on the community as it ought to be carried out. The entire atmosphere of society from coast to coast would be changed if every adult working citizen, man or woman, had his card or cards, paid to date, and guaranteeing a reasonable mitigation of unforeseeable calamities, physical and economic. Every producer of goods would be more assured of a market for his output. Every distributor of goods would be similarly fortified against fluctuations of business. Labor exchanges throughout the country would diminish unemployment to a minimum.

Such a network of just dealing with unavoidable emergencies would associate the entire citizenship of the United States in a deeper commonwealth of economic mutuality.

The Raid

BY JOHN STEINBECK

A Story

IT WAS dark in the little California town when the two men stepped from the lunch car and strode arrogantly through the back streets. The air was full of the sweet smell of fermenting fruit from the packing plants. High over the corners, blue arc lights swung in the wind and put moving shadows of telephone wires on the ground. The old wooden buildings were silent and resting. The dirty windows dimly reflected the street lights.

The two men were about the same size, but one was much older than the other. Their hair was cropped, they wore blue jeans. The older man had on a peajacket, while the younger wore a blue turtle-neck sweater. As they swung down the dark street, footsteps echoed back loudly from the wooden buildings. The younger man began to whistle *Come to Me My Melancholy Baby*. He stopped abruptly. "I wish that damn tune would get out of my head. It's been going all day. It's an old tune, too."

His companion turned toward him. "You're scared, Root. Tell the truth. You're scared as hell."

They were passing under one of the blue street lights. Root's face put on its toughest look, the eyes squinted, the mouth went crooked and bitter. "No, I

ain't scared." They were out of the light. His face relaxed again. "I wish I knew the ropes better. You been out before, Dick. You know what to expect. But I ain't ever been out."

"The way to learn is to do," Dick quoted sententiously. "You never really learn nothing from books."

They crossed a railroad track. A block tower up the line a little was starred with green lights. "It's awful dark," said Root. "I wonder if the moon will come up later. Usually does when it's so dark. You going to make the first speech, Dick?"

"No, you make it. I had more experience than you. I'll watch them while you talk and then I can smack them where I know they bite. Know what you're going to say?"

"Sure I do. I got it all in my head, every word. I wrote it out and learned it. I heard guys tell how they got up and couldn't think of a thing to say, and then all of a sudden they just started in like it was somebody else, and the words came out like water out of a hydrant. Big Mike Sheane said it was like that with him. But I wasn't taking no chances, so I wrote it out."

A train hooted mournfully, and in a moment it rounded a bend and pushed its terrible light down the track. The

lighted coaches rattled past. Dick turned to watch it go by. "Not many people on that one," he said with satisfaction. "Didn't you say your old man worked on the railroad?"

Root tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "Sure, he works on the road. He's a brakeman. He kicked me out when he found out what I was doing. He was scared he'd lose his job. He couldn't see. I talked to him, but he just couldn't see. He kicked me right out." Root's voice was lonely. Suddenly he realized how he had weakened and how he sounded homesick. "That's the trouble with them," he went on harshly. "They can't see beyond their jobs. They can't see what's happening to them. They hang on to their chains."

"Save it," said Dick. "That's good stuff. Is that part of your speech?"

"No, but I guess I'll put it in if you say it's good."

The street lights were fewer now. A line of locust trees grew along the road, for the town was beginning to thin and the country took control. Along the unpaved road there were a few little houses with ill-kept gardens.

"Jesus! It's dark," Root said again. "I wonder if there'll be any trouble. It's a good night to get away if anything happens."

Dick snorted into the collar of his pea-jacket. They walked along in silence for a while.

"Do you think you'd try to get away, Dick?" Root asked.

"No, by God! It's against orders. If anything happens we got to stick. You're just a kid. I guess you'd run if I let you!"

Root blustered: "You think you're hell on wheels just because you been out a few times. You'd think you was a hundred to hear you talk."

"I'm dry behind the ears, anyway," said Dick.

Root walked with his head down. He said softly, "Dick, are you sure you wouldn't run? Are you sure you could just stand there and take it?"

"Of course I'm sure. I've done it before. It's the orders, ain't it? Why, it's good publicity." He peered through the darkness at Root. "What makes you ask, kid? You scared you'll run? If you're scared you got no business here."

Root shivered. "Listen, Dick, you're a good guy. You won't tell nobody what I say, will you? I never been tried. How do I know what I'll do if somebody smacks me in the face with a club? How can anybody tell what he'd do? I don't think I'd run. I'd try not to run."

"All right, kid. Let it go at that. But you try running, and I'll turn your name in. We got no place for yellow bastards. You remember that, kid."

"Oh, lay off that kid stuff. You're running that in the ground."

The locust trees grew closer together as they went. The wind rustled gently in the leaves. A dog growled in one of the yards as the men went by. A light fog began to drift down through the air, and the stars were swallowed in it. "You sure you got everything ready?" Dick asked. "Got the lamps? Got the lit'ature? I left all that to you."

"I did it all this afternoon," said Root. "I didn't put the posters up yet, but I got them in a box out there."

"Got oil in the lamps?"

"They had plenty in. Say, Dick, I guess some bastard has squealed, don't you?"

"Sure. Somebody always squeals."

"Well you didn't hear nothing about no raid, did you?"

"How the hell would I hear. You think they'd come and tell me they was

going to knock my can off? Get hold of yourself, Root. You got the pants scared off you. You're going to make me nervous if you don't cut it out."

II

They approached a low, square building, black and heavy in the darkness. Their feet pounded on a wooden sidewalk. "Nobody here, yet," said Dick. "Let's open her up and get some light." They had come to a deserted store. The old show windows were obscure with dirt. A Lucky Strike poster was stuck to the glass on one side while a big cardboard Coca-Cola lady stood like a ghost in the other. Dick threw open the double doors and walked in. He struck a match and lighted a kerosene lamp, got the chimney back in place, and set the lamp on an up-ended apple box. "Come on, Root, we got to get things ready."

The walls of the building were scabrous with streaked whitewash. A pile of dusty newspapers had been kicked into a corner. The two back windows were laced with cobwebs. Except for three apple boxes, there was nothing at all in the store.

Root walked to one of the boxes and took out a large poster bearing a portrait of a man done in harsh reds and blacks. He tacked the portrait to the whitewashed wall behind the lamp. Then he tacked another poster beside it, a large red symbol on a white background. Last he up-ended another apple box and piled leaflets and little paper-bound books on it. His footsteps were loud on the bare wooden floor. "Light the other lamp, Dick! It's too damned dark in here."

"Scared of the dark, too, kid?"

"No. The men will be here pretty soon. We want to have more light when they come. What time is it?"

Dick looked at his watch. "Quarter to eight. Some of the guys ought to be here pretty soon now." He put his hands in the breast pockets of his peajacket and stood loosely by the box of pamphlets. There was nothing to sit on. The black and red portrait stared harshly out at the room. Root leaned against the wall.

The light from one of the lamps yellowed, and the flame sank slowly down. Dick stepped over to it. "I thought you said there was plenty of oil. This one's dry."

"I thought there was plenty. Look! The other one's nearly full. We can pour some of that oil in this lamp."

"How we going to do that? We got to put them both out to pour the oil. You got any matches?"

Root felt through his pockets. "Only two."

"Now, you see? We got to hold this meeting with only one lamp. I should of looked things over this afternoon. I was busy in town, though. I thought I could leave it to you."

"Maybe we could quick pour some of this oil in a can and then pour it into the other lamp."

"Yeah, and then set the joint on fire. You're a hell of a helper."

Root leaned back against the wall again. "I wish they'd come. What time is it, Dick?"

"Five after eight."

"Well, what's keeping them? What are they waiting for? Did you tell them eight o'clock?"

"Oh! Shut up, kid. You'll get my goat pretty soon. I don't know what's keeping them. Maybe they got cold feet. Now shut up for a little while." He dug his hands into the pockets of his jacket again. "Got a cigarette, Root?"

"No."

It was very still. Nearer the centre of

the town, automobiles were moving; the mutter of their engines and an occasional horn sounded. A dog barked unexcitedly at one of the houses nearby. The wind ruffled the locust trees in whishing gusts.

"Listen, Dick! Do you hear voices? I think they're coming." They turned their heads and strained to listen.

"I don't hear nothing. You just thought you heard it."

Root walked to one of the dirty windows and looked out. Coming back, he paused at the pile of pamphlets and straightened them neatly. "What time is it now, Dick?"

"Keep still, will you? You'll drive me nuts. You got to have guts for this job. For God's sake show some guts."

"Well, I never been out before, Dick."

"Do you think anybody couldn't tell that? You sure make it plain enough."

The wind gusted sharply in the locust trees. The front doors clicked and one of them opened slowly, squeaking a little at the hinges. The breeze came in, ruffled the pile of dusty newspapers in the corner and sailed the posters out from the wall like curtains.

"Shut that door, Root!—No, leave it open. Then we can hear them coming better." He looked at his watch. "It's nearly half-past eight."

"Do you think they'll come? How long we going to wait, if they don't show up?"

The older man stared at the open door. "We ain't going to leave here before nine-thirty at the earliest. We got orders to hold this meeting."

The night sounds came in more clearly through the open door—the dance of dry locust leaves on the road, the slow steady barking of the dog. On the wall the red and black portrait was

menacing in the dim light. It floated out at the bottom again. Dick looked around at it. "Listen, kid," he said quietly. "I know you're scared. When you're scared, just take a look at him." He indicated the picture with his thumb. "He wasn't scared. Just remember about what he did."

The boy considered the portrait. "You suppose he wasn't ever scared?"

Dick reprimanded him sharply. "If he was, nobody ever found out about it. You take that for a lesson and don't go opening up for everybody to show them how you feel."

"You're a good guy, Dick. I don't know what I'll do when I get sent out alone."

"You'll be all right, kid. You got stuff in you. I can tell that. You just never been under fire."

Root glanced quickly at the door. "Listen! You hear somebody coming?"

"Lay off that stuff! When they get here, they'll get here."

"Well—let's close the door. It's kind of cold in here. Listen! There *is* somebody coming."

Quick footsteps sounded on the road, broke into a run and crossed the wooden sidewalk. A man in overalls and a painter's cap ran into the room. He was panting and winded. "You guys better scram," he said. "There's a raiding party coming. None of the guys is coming to the meeting. They was going to let you take it, but I wouldn't do that. Come on! Get your stuff together and get out. That party's on the way."

Root's face was pale and tight. He looked nervously at Dick. The older man shivered. He thrust his hands into his breast pockets and slumped his shoulders. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks for telling us. You run along. We'll be all right."

"The others was just going to leave you take it," the man said.

Dick nodded. "Sure, they can't see the future. They can't see beyond their nose. Run along now before you get caught."

"Well, ain't you guys coming? I'll help carry some of your stuff."

"We're going to stay," Dick said woodenly. "We got orders to stay. We got to take it."

The man was moving toward the door. He turned back. "Want me to stay with you?"

"No, you're a good guy. No need for you to stay. We could maybe use you some other time."

"Well, I did what I could."

III

Dick and Root heard him cross the wooden sidewalk and trot off into the darkness. The night resumed its sounds. The dead leaves scraped along the ground. The motors hummed from the centre of the town.

Root looked at Dick. He could see that the man's fists were doubled up in his breast pockets. The face muscles were stiff, but he smiled at the boy. The posters drifted out from the wall and settled back again.

"Scared, kid?"

Root bristled to deny it, and then gave it up. "Yes, I'm scared. Maybe I won't be no good at this."

"Take hold, kid!" Dick said fiercely. "You take hold!"

"Well, tell me why we got to take it, Dick. I know, but I want to hear again. I want to hear you say it."

Dick quoted to him, "'The men of little spirit must have an example of stead—steadfastness. The people at large must have an example of injustice.' There it is, Root. That's orders."

He relapsed to silence. The barking dog increased his tempo.

"I guess that's them," said Root. "Will they kill us, do you think?"

"No, they don't very often kill anybody."

"But they'll hit us and kick us, won't they? They'll hit us in the face with sticks and break our nose. Big Mike, they broke his jaw in three places."

"Take hold, kid! You take hold! And listen to me; if some one busts you, it isn't him that's doing it, it's the System. And it isn't you he's busting. He's taking a crack at the Principle. Can you remember that?"

"I don't want to run, Dick. Honest to God I don't. If I start to run, you hold me, will you?"

Dick walked near and touched him on the shoulder. "You'll be all right. I can tell a guy that will stick."

"Well, hadn't we better hide the lit'ature so it won't all get burned?"

"No—somebody might put a book in his pocket and read it later. Then it would be doing some good. Leave the books there. And shut up now! Talking only makes it worse."

The dog had gone back to his slow, spiritless barking. A rush of wind brought a scurry of dead leaves in the open door. The portrait poster blew out and came loose at one corner. Root walked over and pinned it back. Somewhere in the town, an automobile squealed its brakes.

"Hear anything, Dick? Hear them coming yet?"

"No."

"Listen, Dick. Big Mike lay two days with his jaw broke before anybody'd help him."

The older man turned angrily on him. One doubled fist came out of his peajacket pocket. His eyes narrowed as

he looked at the boy. He walked close and put an arm about his shoulders. "Listen to me close, kid," he said. "I don't know much, but I been through this mill before. I can tell you this for sure. When it comes—it won't hurt. I don't know why, but it won't. Even if they kill you it won't hurt." He dropped his arm and moved toward the front door. He looked out and listened in two directions before he came back into the room.

"Hear anything?"

"No. Not a thing."

"What—do you think is keeping them?"

"How do you suppose I'd know?"

Root swallowed thickly. "Maybe they won't come. Maybe it was all a lie that fella told us, just a joke."

"Maybe."

"Well, are—we going to wait all night to get our cans knocked off?"

Dick mimicked him. "Yes, we're going to wait all night to get our cans knocked off."

The wind sounded in one big fierce gust and then dropped away completely. The dog stopped barking. A train screamed for the crossing and went crashing by, leaving the night more silent than before. In a house nearby, an alarm clock went off. Dick said, "Somebody goes to work early. Night watchman, maybe." His voice was too loud in the stillness. The front door squeaked slowly shut.

"What time is it now, Dick?"

"Quarter past nine."

"Jesus! Only that? I thought it was about morning.—Don't you wish they'd come and get it over, Dick? Listen, Dick!—I thought I heard voices."

They stood stiffly, listening. Their heads were bent forward. "You hear voices, Dick?"

"I think so. Like they're talking low."

The dog barked again, fiercely this time. A little quiet murmur of voices could be heard. "Look, Dick! I thought I saw somebody out the back window."

The older man chuckled uneasily. "That's so we can't get away. They got the place surrounded. Take hold, kid! They're coming now. Remember about it's not them, it's the System."

There came a rushing clatter of footsteps. The doors burst open. A crowd of men thronged in, roughly dressed men, wearing black hats. They carried clubs and sticks in their hands. Dick and Root stood erect, their chins out, their eyes drooped and nearly closed.

Once inside, the raiders were uneasy. They stood in a half-circle about the two men, scowling, waiting for some one to move.

Young Root glanced sidewise at Dick and saw that the older man was looking at him coldly, critically, as though he judged his deportment. Root shoved his trembling hands in his pockets. He forced himself forward. His voice was shrill with fright. "Comrades," he shouted. "You're just men like we are. We're all brothers—" A piece of two-by-four lashed out and struck him on the side of the head with a fleshy thump. Root went down to his knees and steadied himself with his hands.

The men stood still, glaring.

Root climbed slowly to his feet. His split ear spilled a red stream down his neck. The side of his face was mushy and purple. He got himself erect again. His breath burst passionately. His hands were steady now, his voice sure and strong. His eyes were hot with an ecstasy. "Can't you see?" he shouted. "It's all for you. We're doing it for you. All of it. You don't know what you're doing."

"Kill the red rats!"

Some one giggled hysterically. And then the wave came.

As he went down, Root caught a moment's glimpse of Dick's face smiling a tight, hard smile.

IV

He came near the surface several times, but didn't quite make it into consciousness. At last he opened his eyes and knew things. His face and head were heavy with bandages. He could only see a line of light between his puffed eyelids. For a time he lay, trying to think his way out. Then he heard Dick's voice near to him.

"You awake, kid?"

Root tried his voice and found that it croaked pretty badly. "I guess so."

"They sure worked out on your head. I thought you was gone. You was right about your nose. It ain't going to be very pretty."

"What'd they do to you, Dick?"

"Oh, they bust my arm and a couple of ribs. You got to learn to turn your face down to the ground. That saves your eyes." He paused and drew a careful breath. "Hurts some to breathe when you got a rib bust. We was lucky. The cops picked us up and took us in."

"Are we in jail, Dick?"

"Yeah! Hospital cell."

"What they got on the book?"

He heard Dick try to chuckle, and

gasp when it hurt him. "Inciting to riot. We'll get six months I guess. The cops got the lit'ature."

"You won't tell them I'm under age, will you, Dick?"

"No. I won't. You better shut up. Your voice don't sound so hot. Take it easy."

Root lay silent, muffled in a coat of dull pain. But in a moment he spoke again. "It didn't hurt, Dick. It was funny. I felt all full up—and good."

"You done fine, kid. You done as good as anybody I ever seen. I'll give you a blow to the committee. You just done fine."

Root struggled to get something straight in his head. "When they was busting me I wanted to tell them I didn't care."

"Sure, kid. That's what I told you. It wasn't them. It was the System. You don't want to hate them. They don't know no better."

Root spoke drowsily. The pain was muffling him under. "You remember in the Bible, Dick, how it says something like 'Forgive them because they don't know what they're doing'?"

Dick's reply was stern. "You lay off that religion stuff, kid." He quoted, "'Religion is the opium of the people.'"

"Sure, I know," said Root. "But there wasn't no religion to it. It was just—I felt like saying that. It was just kind of the way I felt."



Wages and Ethics

BY H. P. LOSELY

How little can we afford to pay our workers?

THE scientist and technician, the inventor and machine-builder are of late frequently accused of amorality—of being afflicted with a passion for mensuration, discovery of natural laws and application of new technique, with a sublime indifference to the consequences which follow. The flood of innovations has undermined so many old-established structures that from all sides we hear cries for a scientific holiday.

The case for continued scientific work has already ample counsel. So I do not here intend to undertake defense, unless it is the style favored by Marshal Foch—attack, attack and more attack. Instead of less science and mensuration, we need more of it, and I propose to demonstrate that in one particular field, that of wages. That field needs to be much more widely explored by scientific method; indeed, it is only by more searching measurement that we can achieve more ethical practice.

We are suffering, not from a surfeit of scientific development, but from an unchecked growth of mercantilism, which unscientifically measures only immediate profits, but fails to measure the losses it causes. Many of us hopefully await a final and complete rejection of the dismal economics based on

Quesnay's "*laissez faire . . . le monde va de lui-même*"—an *auto da fé*, with official recantation of the morality of buying cheap and selling dear, and the formulation of a new doctrine of economics which will not shrink under the searchlight of ethics.

As part of that, we will again have to establish beyond question the fundamental morality of economy of effort—plain thrift. The growing reaction against public extravagance, the realization that even modest savings are being confiscated to provide relief and votes, the exposure that the vaunted abundance is beyond reach of all but a twentieth of our people, all make it now unnecessary to extend the topic. It is daily more apparent that there is so much work to be done that neglect of economy in doing it is indefensible.

There never has been, and never will be in our lifetime, any real shortage of work. Our present difficulties, the appalling losses of under-employment, estimated to have been \$25,000,000,000 a year, are not due to lack of worthwhile undertakings. What is missing is agreement as to terms on which the work will be done, and one of the chief reasons why is that we have had no accepted yardstick to measure what each share of the work is worth.

If the devoted endeavors of industry to achieve economy of labor have fallen below expectations in providing a more abundant life, the partial failure is not due to any flaw in the morality of thrift, but because its gains were neither accurately measured nor equitably apportioned.

So scientific management will have to develop a socially just management, reaching beyond the borders of the single shop. We will indeed have to develop a national labor policy. As Fremont Rider suggested in last month's REVIEW, that policy will have to be fashioned to achieve basic justice and avoid continual surrender to expediency. It may not be an exciting task; it surely will be a long one; yet by it we may replace despair and strife by hope and coöperation.

II

A stern morality of thrift condemns waste, but does not condone buying cheap at the expense of another. Even the commercial mind now perceives that cheapness based on inadequate wages is a false economy, debasing the national standards of life. We have *de facto* conceded that Thorold Rogers was right—fifty years ago—in contending that the state must intervene when compensation to labor becomes so low as to imperil the existence of the state itself. If we have enacted legislation in support of economic morality, it is because public morals can not be maintained without an acknowledged code.

Also, it is becoming clear that we can only establish a *modus vivendi* in industry on a basis of special laws adapted to industrial needs. Our modern world is much smaller and more crowded than that open to Elizabeth's buccaneers, and in a crowded place, the amenities require

a code of conduct. What needs watching is that these new codes be drawn so they can be followed. One can not put a whole industry in jail, or even in receivership. Hence it is far more promising for success that we have taken the course initiated by the Recovery Act—the removal of codification from political bodies, delegation of code formulation to those with craft knowledge, yet wisely reserving to public authority the right of review. This basis of procedure is similar to that used in Great Britain for some twenty years under the Trade Board Acts.

What is now most urgently needed is some set of guiding principles in the light of which a review of many inadequate codes can be intelligently made, and which will constitute a moral authority to invoke in restraining the profiteer and parasite. More than anything else we need, not alms and relief, but that most difficult thing to achieve—even-handed justice in the matter of money wages paid for work done.

That is precisely because, under our system, the wages paid for labor and for use of capital are one of the chief terms which determine whether work will and can be done. The nearer we can get to that medieval ideal of the fair wage and the just price, the freer will be the flow of commerce, because prices will then measure fairly the effort expended in producing different goods, serve to make the most efficient methods also the commercially cheapest, and distribute the proceeds equitably.

This by no means implies any doctrine of value based on labor alone, without profit, rent or interest. Truth in accounting requires that something be allowed for these items. We would have to prevent all losses before we could disallow profits, stop all wear and tear before

stopping rent, and be blind to growth and risk before disallowing interest; the dynamics of nature make all three conditions impossible.

But the old maxim that "cost of production has nothing to do with selling price—you sell a thing for what you can get" is not a safe guide. Some codes recognize special circumstances when sell-for-what-you-can-get is proper, but for the commerce in every-day merchandise, we are coming to the ethical principle that going prices should reflect the true cost of efficient production at an adequate wage, plus an appropriate margin to allow for human frailty, and the total, as closely as may be determined, is the just price—no more, no less.

Needless to say, our past industrial philosophy (?) took little account of any such principle. With bargaining based on expediency without regard for the chain of consequences, break-down was inevitable. The blame does not rest on any one group alone. Many in the owner class, in spite of a sound concept of ethics, found their hands tied by prevailing unfair wages, even before 1929. Unenlightened policies of the wage-earners themselves must share the blame; there was not only greed of an organized minority, but supine acquiescence to unfair wages by a great majority. It is quite as much one's duty to ask for enough, as it is to refrain from asking too much. The only excuse is that we had neither means of measurement nor means of discipline.

III

If we are to establish a basis for determining fair wages, we must first have an adequate concept of what wages are paid for. There is a point of view forcibly expressed by R. H. Tawney in his *The Acquisitive Society*: that no one has any right to demand what he is worth—that

with an important issue at stake, no decent man can stand out for his price—but what he has a right to demand and what concerns his fellow men to see that he gets is enough to enable him to perform his work.

With some qualifications, that expression of morality can provide us with ideals of measurement of the fair wage. It is really the complement to the ideal of the just price. For, exactly as the just price provides adequate wages to labor, those in turn must be based on the just price of rearing the worker and equipping him physically, emotionally and mentally to perform the task. So obviously, the wage must vary according to the skill, risks and effort required to accomplish different grades of work. Any method of wage regulation which ignores degrees of skill and intelligence will run contrary to nature and produce harmful results.

Is there to be a limit to "what a man is worth"? The ship's captain is worth more than the A.B. seaman, but in a disaster, he is the last to leave the ship. That tradition of the sea is simple fidelity to duty. If Mr. Pecora found little evidence of any such tradition in our corporation management, perhaps that was because he was examining flagrant cases of piracy, where the crew was made to walk the plank, while the captain kept the loot. It is a high tribute to the public sense of fairness that, in spite of these betrayals of trust, we still recognize that high salaries may be fairly earned, and that without able direction, wages would be and are very much lower.

Able administrative talent is not developed in one jump from the ranks. To secure an adequate supply, the line of promotion must be maintained. Again we find the need of reward for developed ability; we must have a hierarchi-

cal arrangement, with those who undergo discipline and training to fit them for more responsible work receiving added compensation at each step up. To be sure, there are other motives than cash reward—but they are usually baser ones and more detrimental in their social effect. Briefly, desire for power over others, for snobbish prestige, or for secret influence are all inimical to honesty in business. I hold tenaciously to the concept that the just price, paid in full, is in the long run the best for society. The prophylaxis for racketeering and crime is just an honest reward for honest effort—no more than that.

Our past American practice has not offered sufficient encouragement to develop the intermediate managerial grades. That not only made a shortage of good foremen and department managers, but a further scarcity of top-grade executives with the judgment that experience alone can give. When the capable workman can command about as much by doing his job well as he can get by training tyros, taking the grief of running a shop and risking his reputation, he simply declines to undertake the further education of learning how to manage with skill. The science of management recognizes that its successful application depends on a body of competent foremen, yet in actual practice business (with notable exceptions) has not been willing to pay the real price of securing them; it has too frequently assumed that foremen are born, not made. So it frequently got, instead of foremen with a talent for teaching and bringing out the best in their men, petty bosses who added to their salaries by grafting exactions, kick-back rackets, donations in return for favors, secret commissions from suppliers and employment agen-

cies or even from customers. When business encourages a breed of that kind at the bottom, is it surprising that some of the type work their way to the top?

Colonel M. C. Rorty, a leading practical exponent of the orderly structure of wages has shown, not only what the usual variations of individual earning power are within a group, but what the added compensation should be at each step up, right up to the highest grades. On such a basis, the feasible limits to corporate size set salary limits not much above the ratio of thirty-five times a common decent standard of living cited by J. George Frederick in last month's REVIEW. Many of the criticized exorbitant salaries come from our operation on a poker-game basis of winner-take-all. Instead of recompense to balance fairly the put-in and take-out year by year, we have underpaid minor executives and dangled the carrots of eventual high reward before their noses; it is then rather natural for the lone survivor to take out all he can while he precariously stays on top—and perpetuates the system.

IV

What should the norm be in the ranks? If our concern is that each worker shall get enough to do his work, that means in a society of free men more than subsistence cost, more even than enough to reproduce his kind. There must be some added margin for self-improvement and for risks of change; in modern language, enough to take care of the overhead.

Even the humblest worker has these overhead expenses, though unfortunately many do not realize them. No industrialist figures his costs without including depreciation of machinery, and his code may even prescribe the amount. Yet many of them expect as a matter of

course to hire workers at a wage which barely covers subsistence.

To be specific, many of the codes provide minimum wages of about thirty cents an hour. It is at least to the credit of the NIRA that many disgraceful rates of ten cents an hour have been abolished. But we can not stop with that. When the worker adopts the same ethical theory of charging for his time as his employer uses for his machine, no competent worker, even in the "unskilled" class, will accept less than sixty cents an hour. The immorality of taking less is that it will eventually make the worker a recipient of charity, however politically disguised, and it meanwhile undermines the position of others. That may sound like the harangue of a labor agitator, but it is sound ethics and must inevitably lead to limitations on individual bargaining.

While a minimum wage of \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year (depending on time worked), with gradations upward from that, would be more than we have hitherto accomplished, it is a modest goal. It demands neither machinery nor executives not in existence, but will require elimination of some obsolete machinery and management.

When we come to the problem of equity between various base rates for all grades of workers, from untutored porter to highly-skilled tool-maker, we find one of the perennial sore-spots in industry. All too often, the pay bears no relationship to skill, intelligence, risk or effort required for the job. But the science of management has a technique ready to deal with the problem—if asked to do so. Some years ago M. S. Lott devised an ingenious method of dissecting jobs into some fifteen different factors to consider; what was equally valuable in practice was that he was

able to get workers to evaluate the factors for themselves, not only confirming management decisions, but convincing themselves of their fairness. Only some three years ago, the American Rolling Mills carried out a scientific adjustment of wage rates of some 7,000 men, doing 3,000 different jobs, in four towns, placing them on an equitable basis. Management knows only too well that jealousy, bred by unfair pay, is a serious handicap to good work. Given a chance to apply fair rates of pay, our technicians will do the measuring job quickly enough.

V

Last but not least, consideration must be given to the part played by the division of labor and mechanization in modern industry. We simply could not get our work done by the jack-of-all-trades. Much of the skill needed has been transferred to the machine. To achieve optimum economy, industry has found by the method of trial and error that the worker must be provided with tools which cost as much as his wages for three years for their purchase, and about three-tenths of his current wages for upkeep and renewal. With three times the Biblical tithe going to the maintenance of the capital account, it is hardly surprising that the industrialist is concerned more with economic theories of obsolescence and depreciation than with ecclesiastical theories of obsequies and damnation! With the continuous change in both product and equipment, the new machines offered him make an almost daily dilemma: to buy or not to buy.

So, in considering the fair wage, one must place question marks against the prevalent talk of returning to the worker the value of what he produces. He does not produce alone; he uses a technique built up in the past, and only produces

abundantly by virtue of an investment in tools to which he has no moral claim, and by grace of skilled guidance often far beyond his ultimate comprehension. It is on that ground, and the hard fact that it is always the thrifty who carry the principal burden, that the objection to dominance by labor may rest its case.

Yet we must recognize that the procedure of division of labor has limiting effects on the opportunity of the individual to exercise his skill. As a matter of equity, we must compensate the man for separating him from his tools by increasing the reward for his skill in proportion to the net increase of output. To be specific, while the average worker in 1929 was turning out thirty-five per cent more than in 1921, his wage was only increased from \$1,180 to \$1,325; it should have been raised to \$1,600.

This is not to say that each worker's wage should have been \$1,600 a year, nor even that each class should have been increased thirty-five per cent in the period. Our national policy must be directed to press chiefly for a lifting of those wages still far below the level of equity and thus raise the average. I am convinced that had we followed such a course, we would not have had to undergo the castigation of this depression.

Yet when we come to the practical stage of imposing adequate wage standards on many industries not yet organized to pay them, I fail to see how it can be done without some corollary steps. Higher wage rates will call for the building of more labor-saving devices if costs are to be kept within marketable price limits. The greater investment will only pay if it is intensively used, and that precludes anarchistic competition. The logic seems irresistible; we may and should have competition, but it will have to be within planned limits. Otherwise

the yield of enterprise will not be high enough to pay adequate wages. The margin of human frailty has been too high under rampant individualism.

VI

The *pretium justum* of the Middle Ages was not a price derived by exact statistical measurement, but one arrived at by consultation between masters of the guild—the code authorities of their day. Our far more complicated structure is still more in need of standards of justice and equity. The moral justification of cost accounting is that it should determine which method is the most economical in the long run; if the accounting is to render a true report, it must be based on just figures. From the social point of view, factory accounting which puts down wages at the market price, when the latter is not a just recompense, must necessarily lead to decisions which are socially undesirable.

And in conclusion, let me emphasize the morality of a just monetary incentive. Even the Bolsheviks found that the cheapest method of getting work done was to pay more for results. The basic principle of the monetary incentive in modern industry is that it costs too much in every way to employ taskmasters to goad men to work. It is thriftier by far to establish equitable standards and pay men by measured results. Proper standards of performance not only measure the accomplishment of the routine worker and assure him of fair reward, but what is far more important is that they also measure the accomplishment of the management from top to bottom, and produce a high level of managerial talent. For if we are to attain our goal of economical use of labor, employed in good works, capable, honest management is the prime requisite.

Something New in Peace Machinery

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

The proposed Eastern Locarno Pact marks a significant change in European methods of staving off war

WHO is the most important man in the French Government? There is a good case for arguing that he is neither the President nor the Prime Minister. The President is a ceremonial head of state, not the executive head of the government; the Prime Minister, under the system of coalition ministries which the multiplicity of parties imposes upon the country, is little more than a chairman of cabinet meetings. It is rather in the Quai d'Orsay that one must look to find the key man of the Government. The primacy of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is enjoined on France by the nature of the question that vexes her most: what is the best means of guarding against another German attack? Such is the problem that obsesses the French mentality almost to the exclusion of any other, and it is therefore inevitable that the minister who is charged with the task of solving it should hold the centre of the stage.

Probably the best known French statesman of the last decade was the late Aristide Briand. Prime Ministers came and went, but Briand went on forever

as the indispensable occupant of the Foreign Ministry in cabinets of all political shades. After the death of Briand in 1932, the post of Foreign Minister passed into the hands of lesser men; but there is every indication that when on February 9 of this year Senator Louis Barthou succeeded to Briand's mantle as a member of the Doumergue Cabinet of National Union, the Foreign Ministry once more came into the custody of a man whose name is destined to become memorable in the history of France and of Europe. M. Barthou is a former Prime Minister and a member of the French Academy. He shares Hitler's admiration for Wagner, but has little else in common with the German dictator, whose best-laid schemes he delights to make "gang aft a-gley." Although he is seventy-two and has held his present appointment little more than six months, M. Barthou's official travels have taken him farther afield than any other French Foreign Minister of recent times. While Briand was content to commute between Paris and Geneva, M. Barthou has already visited Brussels, Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest, Belgrade

and London. A trip to Rome is scheduled for the early autumn. This feverish activity on the part of M. Barthou as compared with the placidity of Briand is suggestive of the troublous atmosphere that has enwrapped Europe since Hitler began to lower on the horizon. Briand was the Foreign Minister of a post-War era; his mission was one of conciliation and peace. M. Barthou is the Foreign Minister of what is increasingly feared to be a pre-war era; his task is to see to it that France has as many allies as possible if the approaching thunderheads should unloose their fury.

M. Barthou's appointment marked the beginning of a new stage in France's post-War foreign policy. Prior to M. Barthou's time, this foreign policy had passed through two marked phases. The first phase lasted from 1919 to 1925; it was symbolized by the names Clemenceau and Versailles. It was the period of *revanche*. France felt that she had been grievously wronged and she demanded vengeance. She handled Germany without gloves. When the German government balked at paying reparations in 1923, French troops promptly occupied the Ruhr.

The second phase lasted from 1925 to 1933. Here the symbolic names were Briand and Locarno. It was a period, if not exactly of reconciliation, at any rate of an assuagement of passion. By the Locarno Treaty of 1925 Germany and France pledged themselves to eternal peace. Gradually Frenchmen seemed to be coming to an acceptance of the view that a German attempt at *revanche* was not something to be looked forward to as a matter of course. Slowly, reluctantly, but none the less surely, France consented to one relaxation of the peace treaty after another. Germany's en-

trance into the League of Nations in 1926, the successive reductions of reparations by the Dawes and Young Plans, the evacuation of the Rhineland in 1930, the end of reparations in 1932—every change was a change for the better.

Then came Hitler. It was not long before relations between France and Germany began to deteriorate. If any one date must be chosen to mark the point when the change for the worse definitely took place, we may name October 14, 1933, when Hitler announced Germany's simultaneous withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations. He refused to return until Germany should be granted full equality in matters of armament with other powers, with the implication that he intended to gain his ends by unilateral action irrespective of treaty restrictions. It was just the tactics needed to transform the latent suspicion with which France had always regarded Germany into an acute fear. France had made concession after concession to the Germans; they had reciprocated by installing Hitler in power. There would be no more concessions. France refused to discuss equality of rights until Germany returned to Geneva; Germany declined to return until she was granted equality. The deadlock was unbreakable.

II

To understand the French refusal to grant Germany equality rights, it is only necessary to recall that the quest for security has been the keynote of French foreign policy ever since the end of the War. As the French see the situation, if Germany can attack her again with a fair prospect of success, she will do so. Germany has a much larger population than France; as Clemenceau crudely

expressed it, there are twenty million Germans too many in the world. To equalize the disparity in man-power, France holds that she must maintain her predominance in armaments and trained reserves, and must be free to seek out potential allies. The French are willing to concede Germany equality on only one condition: that they are given, in a form satisfactory to themselves, an unqualified guarantee of security by other powers in the event of German aggression.

France does not regard the League of Nations in its present form as a satisfactory answer to the problem of security. The very fact that the League has so many members makes it unwieldy in any crisis where quick and decisive action is called for. When an act of aggression occurs anywhere, the nations far removed from the scene of conflict are chiefly animated by a desire to keep out of the trouble at all costs. The recent Japanese-Chinese imbroglio made that patent to all. As it requires a unanimous vote of the Council of the League before the provisions of Article X guaranteeing members against external aggression can be put into operation, this article has in practice become a dead letter.

The Locarno Pact represents the extreme limit to which the French have been able to persuade the British Government to go in the direction of guaranteeing them against German aggression. By this pact, Germany and France forswore their thousand-year-old vendetta and definitely recognized the boundary established between them at Versailles as permanent and unalterable. Great Britain and Italy signed the pact as guarantors, promising in the event of violation of the pact to come to the assistance of whichever power was attacked by the other.

Since Hitler began to display his intransigence, however, the French, who have never been quite convinced of the adequacy of the Locarno Pact, have come to regard the value of its guarantees with increasing skepticism. British and Italian help was made contingent upon proof of German aggression; there might be a joker in that. Mussolini had shown signs of flirting with Hitler. Great Britain's far-flung Empire imposes commitments upon her in many other parts of the world; she might happen to be involved elsewhere at the time when the crisis broke, and be unable or unwilling to lend effectual assistance. Germany might succeed in finding allies in Eastern or Central Europe and, as in the late War, make the issue doubtful even if France were supported by Great Britain and Italy. Therefore the French, under the guidance of M. Barthou, have begun to cast about for a new system which could be used to buttress the guarantees of security now afforded by the League and the Locarno Pact.

III

Before considering the methods that M. Barthou has embarked upon in his efforts to find additional safeguards of French security, we must first recall the enormously complicated diplomatic situation with which he has had to deal. In his search for allies to build up the *cordon sanitaire* around Germany, M. Barthou is trying to harness together a team that is large, boisterous and unwieldy, with many discordant and unruly elements among its various members. Russia, Poland, Great Britain, Italy, the Little Entente—all these are among the powers that he has been trying to piece together to form, with France, a mighty dike to wall in the

Hitler flood. It is obviously no easy task. The only discoverable bond of unity among them is of a negative rather than a positive character—a fear of Hitler. But they do not all experience this fear in the same degree. It ranges in intensity from the unconcealed apprehension of Russia to the mild disquiet of Yugoslavia, with Italy's intermittent suspicion somewhere between the two extremes. Some of the countries fear their proposed partners in the new security system more than they fear Germany—witness Yugoslavia's attitude toward Italy.

Their common dread of Germany tends to bring France and Russia together; France wants Russian aid if Germany attacks her, and she is willing to pay the price by reciprocating if Germany attacks Russia. But what if Japan attacks Russia? France has not the slightest inclination to become involved in any such struggle. She has no desire to give the Japanese an excuse to seize French Indo-China. But just as France seeks to keep out of any Russo-Japanese war, so Great Britain wants to steer clear of a Russo-German war. But if Britain is linked to France and France is tied to Russia, how is Britain to keep out? It looks like 1914 all over again. There is, moreover, another ticklish complication. When, under the Locarno Pact, Great Britain gave a guarantee of assistance to both France and Germany, the British made the commitment on the assumption that France would never attack Germany. But suppose the French form an alliance with Russia and then have to come to her assistance if she is the victim of German attack; how will the terms of the Locarno Treaty apply under such circumstances? Would it constitute an act of aggression by France against Germany—calling for British

intervention on the side of the latter? Whatever might be the legal position, it is safe to say that Britain would be loath to find herself aligned with Germany under such circumstances; in fact, if such a war turned against France and she were invaded by German troops, the British might feel called upon to intervene on the French side. The British distinctly do not like these almost il-limitable complications. It is for this reason that they have been noticeably cool toward France's *rapprochement* with the Soviet Government. The knowledge that the British Foreign Office was a drag upon closer Franco-Russian relations gave rise to deep resentment in Moscow, and the Soviet press until recently evidenced its pique by persistently depicting Great Britain as a potential ally of Germany and Japan in a war against Russia—a charge for which there is scant basis in a realistic appraisal of the situation. If Great Britain were prepared to give her neighbor across the Channel an unconditional pledge of assistance in the event of aggression, France, on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, would not be so insistent upon cementing her ties with Russia in the face of British displeasure; but as long as Britain—in which there are powerful forces urging a return to the old policy of "splendid isolation"—refuses to go any further than the ambiguous Locarno pledge, France feels that two birds in the bush are better than just one. The French, in short, find themselves on the horns of a dilemma: how far can they go in the direction of an alliance with Russia without alienating Great Britain and without antagonizing Japan?

Downing Street has been at one with the Quai d'Orsay in recognizing that Germany is the danger spot. But the

British have differed from the French in their proposals for dealing with the situation. The British Government has taken the position that German rearmament in contravention of the Treaty of Versailles is an established fact. It can not be stopped without Germany's consent by anything short of a preventive war—a remedy the public opinion of the world would not tolerate. Therefore, realism dictates that the legality of German rearmament be recognized and that this concession be used to persuade Germany to return to the Disarmament Conference and voluntarily sign a convention limiting the extent of her rearmament. In this way, the British have maintained, Germany would acquire her equality of rights and France would be assured of security.

It is very easy, reply the French, to give Germany equality of rights; but it is a much more difficult problem to guarantee French security. Suppose Germany, having been allowed to rearm, does not observe the legal limits; what machinery are the British prepared to set up to enforce German compliance? The British have displayed conspicuous reluctance to commit themselves on this point. As long as they are unwilling to give France definite assurances, she contends that their proposals only change the situation for the worse: they merely raise the level to which Germany can rearm before she starts breaking treaties. Why, therefore, free her from the stigma of violating the Treaty of Versailles?

The Italian point of view has closely paralleled the British, though Mussolini has on occasion evinced somewhat more warmth for the German contentions. Naturally, it is a part of France's strategy to offer no wanton affront to Italian sentiment that would indispose

Italy to become her ally. But in conducting such a strategy, M. Barthou has to balance himself delicately on a diplomatic tightrope, for in conciliating Italy he must avoid offending the susceptibilities of the Little Entente powers, who fear that Mussolini is planning a Habsburg restoration in Austria-Hungary that may prove a greater menace to their independence than Austro-German *Anschluss*.

IV

Such is the almost infinite complexity of the diplomatic situation—all of whose ramifications have by no means been exhausted by the foregoing analysis—that has confronted M. Barthou in his effort to establish a new security system. To attempt to bring together into one alliance so many discordant states, each one chiefly preoccupied with its own interests, is a task of well-nigh insuperable difficulty. What machinery could be devised that would persuade all these countries to offer the maximum of co-operation with the minimum of friction?

As a solution of the dilemma, the ingenuity of M. Barthou, assisted by some helpful hints from M. Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, has hit upon the notion of a series of regional pacts on the model of the Treaty of Locarno, but modified to meet the special conditions obtaining in other parts of Europe. The core of each agreement will be a guarantee of mutual assistance by all the signatories to any one of their number that is attacked by another signatory. The scope of a given pact will be circumscribed by the geographical limits of the region comprising the signatory powers; they will not be made to feel that they are entangling themselves in an obligation to participate in remote wars that do not concern

them. Where feasible, however, each pact will be guaranteed by one or more great powers outside of the region concerned, but having an interest in the maintenance of the *status quo*.

It will be seen that what is contemplated is in effect the creation on a small scale of a series of leagues of nations in which the responsibilities of the member states will be restricted to a defined area in each case. These regional leagues will be linked together by interlocking agreements within the framework of the big League, but they will have the authority to deal independently with any crisis that may arise in their respective regions. They will presumably be able to act quickly and effectually—to crystallize the issues at stake, so to speak—where the big League, because of its amorphous character inherent in a multiplicity of members scattered all over the world, might falter or procrastinate.

Besides the Locarno Pact, another treaty, although of less importance, has recently been negotiated creating a similar relationship between the signatory powers. On February 9, 1934, a Balkan Pact was signed at Athens by Rumania, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Greece, guaranteeing their respective frontiers against aggression by any Balkan state.

The two additional pacts now being contemplated to take place beside the Locarno and Balkan Pacts are one comprising the powers of eastern—or rather northeastern—Europe, with a view to allaying the tension between Germany and Russia, and another embracing the powers of the eastern Mediterranean. The latter pact would in effect be an extension of the Balkan Pact to include Italy, and would be primarily intended to curb Italo-Yugoslav rivalry.

To preserve the League spirit it is of

course essential that such regional pacts be signed by the powers between whom war is likely to arise. If a pact includes simply a group of nations united for common action against some non-signatory state, it will cease to have the character of a league and become something indistinguishable from an old-fashioned alliance. The excluded power, considering itself menaced by encirclement, will then lie under the temptation to build up a rival alliance, and we shall soon have two hostile blocs confronting each other from behind loaded rifles. The Balkan Pact suffers in this respect through the failure of Italy's two satellites, Bulgaria and Albania, to adhere to the agreement, though there have been recent indications that one or both of these countries may break loose from Mussolini's apron-strings and sign the pact in disregard of the Italian veto.

V

France's failure to obtain from Great Britain and Italy a guarantee of definite action to be taken in the event that the German Government should violate the proposed arms limitation agreement, and her own unwillingness to wait until a German attack should entitle her to call upon Anglo-Italian assistance under the Locarno Pact, have led France to turn to Soviet Russia, which shares her fear of Hitlerism and is therefore favorably disposed to the notion of common defensive measures. The Quai d'Orsay and the Kremlin had been engaged in an active exchange of views since the latter part of 1933. The Soviet Government, it is said, urged that they form an out-and-out military alliance, but France demurred for fear of estranging Britain. However, after protracted negotiations, a common policy was finally agreed upon. The result of

these pourparlers, which seem destined to have momentous consequences, was revealed at Geneva on May 29, when M. Litvinov delivered a speech before the Disarmament Conference that created a tremendous sensation. The Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs announced Russia's approval of the idea of establishing regional pacts of mutual assistance. Recalling that the Soviet government had always advocated complete disarmament as the best means of insuring security, he now made known his conversion to the French thesis in these significant words: "In order to realize the reduction of armaments to any extent whatsoever, the absolute agreement of nearly all states is necessary. . . . For the realization of other measures of security, unanimity is not necessary. . . . Even if there should be dissident states, that ought not in any way to prevent the others from organizing themselves still more closely in order to realize the measures capable of increasing their own security. . . . The more or less universal [Kellogg-Briand peace] pact can be supplemented by regional pacts of mutual assistance. . . . It is not a question of military accords, of groupings of states in mutually hostile camps, still less of the encirclement of any one whatsoever. We must not create universal pacts in which any who desire to do so can not participate, nor regional pacts in which any who are interested in security in a given region can not participate."

In discussions with the Foreign Ministers of the Little Entente powers at Geneva, M. Barthou succeeded in persuading Czechoslovakia and Rumania to resume normal diplomatic relations with Russia. Thus another gap in the French security system was closed up. Jugoslavia, however, remained recal-

citrant on this point, although promising to reconsider the matter later in the year.

On July 8 M. Barthou went to London to disabuse the British of their fears regarding the new project. He had been invited to visit England after an interchange of cutting sarcasms between himself and Sir John Simon, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had thrown a wet blanket over the proceedings at Geneva at the end of May. While in London he had discussions with both Sir John Simon and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, acting Prime Minister in the absence of Mr. MacDonald on his Canadian vacation. Although M. Barthou did not succeed in persuading the British statesmen to subscribe to the projected Eastern Locarno, he prevailed upon them to give it their blessing and to use their good offices in urging Germany to adhere to it. He won the British over to this point of view by making it clear that France was willing not only to guarantee Russia against German aggression, but to guarantee Germany against Russian aggression. Thus the appearance of building up a bloc hostile to Germany would be avoided.

Sir John Simon, speaking in the House of Commons on July 13, gave the first official outline of what was contemplated in the proposed Eastern Pact. It was to be a pact of mutual assistance between the Baltic States (Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania), Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Germany. France would sign as a guarantor of the existing boundaries of Germany and Russia in Eastern Europe. Russia would reciprocate by becoming a party to the original Locarno Pact, thus guaranteeing (along with Great Britain and Italy) the existing boundaries between France and Germany. All suggestion that the

Eastern Pact was intended to build up a bloc with an aggressive intent against Germany was to be scrupulously avoided. "This Government could not, I think no government of this country could, lend countenance, encouragement or moral support to new arrangements between the states of Europe which would be definitely selective in character in the sense that they were building up one combination against another," said Sir John. "I made this entirely clear and it is due M. Barthou to say that he accepted the proposition and confirmed it without qualification." The British Government would in no way be a party to the Eastern Pact. "Whatever interest and encouragement this country may be prepared to offer this new pact, we are not undertaking any new obligation." In order that the contemplated pact might be kept within the framework of the League of Nations, it was "absolutely essential" that Russia join the League (and, though Sir John did not specifically say so, it would seem equally essential that Germany return to the League). "It would appear to the British Government extremely necessary to realize the conclusion of such a pact. Germany's participation in a system of reciprocal guarantees would afford the best ground for the resumption of negotiations and the conclusion of a convention providing a reasonable application to Germany of equality rights under a régime of security for all nations."

Sir John Simon's reference to granting Germany equality rights was at first widely construed to mean that M. Barthou had been persuaded to yield to Germany's rearmament demands as the price of securing her adhesion to the pact. M. Barthou corrected this misapprehension in a speech delivered at Bayonne on July 15. And that there

might be no further mistake, an inspired editorial in *Le Temps* gave an authoritative interpretation of the French position: "The spokesman of the Government of the Republic categorically refuses to envisage that disarmament negotiations should be undertaken as a condition of signing the regional pacts; but he concedes that such negotiations may be initiated after the regional pacts have been definitely concluded."

Italy's reaction to the idea of an Eastern Locarno had at first been one of opposition. In fact, it was understood that one of the points agreed upon by Hitler and Mussolini at their meeting in the middle of June was a decision to oppose regional pacts, on the ground that they would tend to build up rival blocs—rather a brassy attitude for Mussolini to take when the ink was scarcely dry on the treaties establishing the Italo-Austro-Hungarian bloc. However, after learning that England had discontinued her opposition to the Eastern Pact, Mussolini, who makes it a point to keep on the right side of the British (because their navy controls the Mediterranean), suddenly shifted his position and announced that he too would encourage other powers to join the pact, although Italy, like Britain, would not become a party to the agreement.

There are still some questions unanswered—notably, how Britain's obligations under the Western Locarno can be squared with her hands-off policy in relation to the Eastern Locarno when the two pacts are to be tightly interlocked; but this is a point that will presumably be clarified in later negotiations.

VI

But what is the stand of the powers that, under the proposed plan, would

become members of the regional league to be established by the Eastern Pact? Russia and Czechoslovakia, who both feel themselves menaced by German ambitions of territorial expansion, are enthusiastically in favor of the project. Germany and Poland, however, have taken a position on the opposite side of the fence. Germany's reaction is quite frankly one of hostility; Poland's attitude is described in diplomatic terminology as one of "reserve."

It is needless to repeat here what I wrote in last month's REVIEW on the considerations that govern Polish foreign policy. It is sufficient to recall that Poland's strategical position between Germany and Russia makes her adhesion to the pact a question of vital importance. Under the terms of the Franco-Russian guarantee of mutual assistance by which the Eastern and Western Locarno Pacts are to be interlocked, Russia will come to France's aid if the latter power is attacked by Germany. But, in default of an adequate navy, Russia can only fulfil her obligations if her army is given right of way through Poland. To the Poles, this sounds very much like turning their country into a corridor for Russian troops. They distinctly do not like the idea of opening their gates to a horde of dangerous Bolsheviks, who might be reluctant to leave once they were let in. Hence their attitude of reserve. Whether it represents a fundamental objection to the plan, or merely a tactical position assumed for bargaining purposes, will soon be revealed. In the latter part of July, Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, visited both Estonia and Latvia in an effort to line them up against the pact; but British pressure in the opposite direction carried the day, and both these countries, as well as Lithuania, have an-

nounced their willingness to adhere to the pact.

As for the German objections to an Eastern Locarno, they may be summarized as follows: first, it is nothing but a fraudulent device to mask a revival of the Franco-Russian alliance of pre-War days; secondly, the guarantees of security sought in the pact can be better attained by a series of bilateral treaties between Germany and each of the countries upon her borders. In the west, France is protected by the Locarno Pact of 1925; in the east, Poland is safeguarded by the Polish-German non-aggression pact of 1934. What need is there for still another guarantee? Above all, why ask Germany to sign such an agreement with Russia, when the frontiers of the two countries are nowhere in contact? Russia's participation is wholly unnecessary and is proof that the pact is aimed at Germany. To ask Germany to enter such an arrangement is like asking Daniel to enter the lions' den.

The Germans are fully aware that a flat refusal to sign will simply raise another crop of difficulties for them. The *Berliner Tageblatt* has thus expressed the German dilemma: "If the pact is concluded without Germany, no euphemism will be able to hide the fact that we are encircled. On the other hand, if we adhere to it, hope of seeing the armaments problem settled practically disappears. The situation in which we find ourselves is most serious. We shall only be able to improve it if we do not mortgage the future in the hope of momentary relief."

As the matter stands at present, Germany and Poland both dislike the pact, but each is anxious to sidestep the heavy onus of censure that the public opinion of the world is likely to mete out to the government responsible for wrecking

the scheme. Consequently, each is maintaining an attitude of official reticence as long as possible in the hope that a rejection by the other will relieve it of the responsibility of making the final decision.

VII

As the German decision will probably be known by the time this appears in print, it is idle to speculate on what it will be. But one may venture to forecast the respective consequences of Germany's acceptance or rejection of the pact.

If Germany becomes a party to the pact—an action that would have to be coordinated with her return to the League and the Disarmament Conference—it will undoubtedly reduce the tension at present existing in Europe to a most welcome degree. It will mark an abandonment of the intransigent methods heretofore pursued by Hitler. It will be a notification to the world that the German *Führer* has turned over a new leaf, even if for no other reason than that he recognizes the obstacles in the path of his ambitions of conquest to be insuperable. And despite the German fears, whether real or pretended, that they will be bilked in their demands for treaty revision, Hitler will none the less once more give Germany the moral grounds on which alone in the eyes of the world she will be justified in pressing her claim to equality with France in the matter of armaments. Of course, even if Germany accepts the pact, we must not too readily assume that everybody will live happily ever after. Many another elaborate peace structure in the past has proved to be built on sand, and only experience can show whether the new scheme is capable of standing the test of time. But it is clear that its accept-

ance would mark a turn for the better, and a turn for the better is always better than a turn for the worse.

With the Eastern Pact successfully consummated, the way would be cleared for the Mediterranean Pact, the plans for which are still in the embryonic stage. Eventually, all the danger zones in Europe—among which the Danubian area would be the most important still to be dealt with—might be covered by regional leagues specifically organized to cope with the stresses peculiar to their respective localities. Such a security system would furnish a most instructive experiment in the world-wide struggle for the preservation of peace.

But what would be the consequences of Germany's refusal to participate in the Eastern Pact? It will convince the world that Germany is resolved sooner or later to embark on a great military adventure. The inevitable alternative to the Eastern Pact will be a Franco-Russian military alliance. That an alliance would be formed if the Eastern Pact should fall through was unmistakably intimated by Litvinov in the speech already quoted. Such an agreement might indeed preserve the embalmed outlines of an Eastern Locarno, but the absence of Germany would *ipso facto* transform it into an alliance that will almost exactly reproduce the diplomatic situation that existed in the years just before the outbreak of the War. In this connection *Le Temps*, which in such matters invariably serves as the mouthpiece of the French Foreign Office, published on July 12 an editorial containing a highly significant passage that deserves to be carefully studied. It was couched in the tortuous, guarded and obscure style affected in diplomatic circles, so that its meaning is almost lost upon the casual reader until the last sentence illumines

the whole like a flash of lightning, and leads to a rereading of the passage with a fresh realization of its fateful import. The passage is as follows: "It was never the intention of France to substitute a system of military alliances for the system of coöperation within the framework of the League of Nations, to oppose one bloc of powers to another bloc of powers. The constant policy of all cabinets that have succeeded one another in Paris has been to facilitate the organization of peace in the spirit of Geneva, on the basis of security guaranteed to all nations alike, which excludes the idea of the isolation or encirclement of any one power. It is only in the event that the bad humor of some [Germany?] and the overinterested resistance of others [Poland?] should render impossible such a system of security that the countries most exposed to aggression and having common interests to defend [France and Russia?] might eventually be constrained to come to an understanding with a view to defensive action, and that the idea of military alliances might impose itself upon them as an imperious necessity. French policy

has for its objective precisely the prevention of such an eventuality, which, if it came to pass, would mark the definite end of the League of Nations."

Far more than the facile and vivid conjectures of newspaper correspondents and casual observers, it is such abstrusely phrased emanations as these that afford us our surest clues to future developments, for they reflect the considered judgment of what is undoubtedly the shrewdest, best informed and most realistic Foreign Office in Europe. Its officials have their fingers on the pulse of the Continent more intimately than any other chancellery can ever hope to do, and they know more about what is going on behind the scenes of European diplomacy than any other group of men in the world. Therefore, when they hint that, if Germany fails to subscribe to the Eastern Pact, the League of Nations will close its doors, it is a warning that can not be taken lightly. It means that if Germany adheres to the pact, peace is regarded as reasonably assured; if Germany turns the pact down, war is regarded as merely a matter of time.



They've Got to Show Me

BY A MISSOURI FARMER

*Some very bad luck has attended the Brain Trusters' efforts
with the farm problem, but the farmers' complaint
goes deeper than that*

I'M A Missouri farmer. I own 204 acres of good land, and I farm as much of it as I can afford to. Right now that's about half.

I've been on the land all my life—sixty-seven years. I've managed to buy my farm, make a living of it, to raise up and start out four children. *I* means myself and my wife.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about the new place of government in farm life. It's time the government was taking a new place in farming or else getting out altogether. Its old place hasn't been very helpful.

When a widow woman couldn't pay her taxes, the government used to come and auction off her cow and home. When a poor man borrowed government money to plant a crop with, and then failed to make the crop or to sell it well, the government swooped down and collected both his crop and his land. During the War, when wheat prices finally got to a place where a good farmer could make say one per cent as much money as a bad clothing manufacturer could, the government rammed down the price of wheat and paid manufacturers an extra ten per cent for soldiers' uniforms.

There's never been as much reason for government going into farming as there is today. In this country we've gone through the worst drought any living man ever knew.

My State is normally one of the greatest farming States in the country. This year the county's corn crop is estimated at one bushel to the acre. That means it would take a fifty-acre field to feed two pigs through the winter. Most of the State has already been classified for "primary relief." The Government says nobody's going to starve or to suffer this winter. That's good talking. If the Government can keep our poor folks from hungering, that will be good business and kind business.

Just as one man to another, I've lost more than I've gained in my own dealings with the government. In the first deal, I lost my oldest boy.

I guess Tom was about average. But to his mother and me he was a lot more than that. And Tom was a natural-born farmer. He took to the plow and hoe because he liked them. He didn't like school. When he got through the grades, we let him quit and farm. He took over forty acres and made a won-

derful job of farming it, for three years.

Tom was nineteen when the War broke out. He wanted to go. We figured it was a rightful cause and told him to use his own judgment. It was the first time in his life he had been away from home more than overnight.

We didn't hear much from him after that. He said for us not to worry, and frankly we didn't have much time to. Those were great days for farming. We were making more money than we ever had before, and behind that was the notion of patriotic duty.

One night Allan Flowers, who was head of the county draft board, came out to tell us he'd read in the newspaper that Tom had been wounded in action. We couldn't find out any more about it until about seven months later, when they brought him home—or rather to a government hospital out in Denver. About that time we got a notice from the War Department that Tom had been hurt.

So my wife and I went to Denver, and there we found him cramped up on a little hard bed, looking like a cornstalk that was twisted and parched by a summer drought—lungs ruined with gas. I came back home. Ma stayed on till Tom died.

That was in the rush of crops. We all knuckled down and worked harder than we'd ever worked before, saying nothing, trying to forget. Tom had an old horse named Jim. About four years later, when Jim died, my wife and me both sank under and cried like babies. That's a farmer for you.

What I want to say is that the government's War, to make the world safe for democracy and such as that, did more harm to the farm plant than any one man can tell. It took millions of

boys away from the land, and mighty few, even of those who came through unhurt, ever got back.

Farming's never going to be at par until we get a lot more young men and young women back on the land. Governments make war and war robs the land of its youth.

II

But water keeps running under the bridges and the big parade goes on, getting bigger all the time. During the past couple of years it appears that the Government has grown a lot, certainly along farming lines. Folks say that the Government is bringing us new light and a New Deal. I'm a doubter, but I'm not a wrench-thrower. There are two or three reasons why I doubt.

For one thing, I've been reading about recovery in Canada as against recovery in the United States. Canada interests me because my brother-in-law took a farm near London, Ontario, about forty-five years ago, and from a standpoint of earning, he's been running circles around me since.

Canada hasn't gone in for any New Deal, not yet anyhow. They don't have any AAA or NRA or FERA or any of that. They let farms and factories and stores go ahead and shuffle for themselves. During the past year Canadian business improved nineteen per cent while American business was improving sixteen, even though Canada is mainly rural and doesn't have one-tenth as many market cities as we do. I don't know how much sense there is in saying that times are getting such-and-such a per cent better. I'm only quoting a newspaper. I still believe considerable of what I read in them.

I doubt the Government's new farm

programme, too, because I don't think it's farm-minded.

I'm a farmer, and my farm is my world. I don't pretend to know everything about farming, but I've done considerable thinking and looking and a mighty lot of hard work, and I've always loved the land.

My first sizable trip away from home was to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1905. After getting into the city, I strolled off down to the stockyards, and I really enjoyed looking at the cattle and hogs more than I did the fair.

One little instance I recollect well. My wife and her youngest brother and I were looking at a marine exhibit. Among other things there was a platform of seashells, some of them half as big as a wash tub. Without thinking, I remarked to my brother-in-law:

"Bill, wouldn't those make the blamedest best hog-feeding troughs ever?"

Folks around us laughed, and my wife, who was young then, felt right bad about it. But all my life I've thought like a farmer, and never regretted it.

They say good farmers make a good nation. I've always believed that. I know it's true in my own countryside. Hereabouts when farming is good, towns thrive and the people are happy. When farming is bad, the stores turn musty and sleepy, and there's worry and sadness.

It seems to me that the remedy must be foundationed by plain farm thinking. A farmer may get to be tractor-minded, or wrapper-minded, or auto-minded. But underneath all these, if he's worth his salt, he's farm-minded. And the New Deal for farms isn't. Within a month's or a year's time it's

trying to rub out the great background of farm viewpoint—that has been pretty well molded and set since the dawn of history.

As I see it, there's wrongness in paying out public money to private citizens to bribe them not to grow crops when it's their real job to grow crops. I say this is bad thinking and bad business. I say it's the guidance of men who don't know farming. I believe better plans can be made and that better plans will have to be made before land can ever play square with men.

I've never been to Washington, and I don't know any of the main Brain Trusters. But I do know some of the local New Dealers. If any of them are farmers, then I'm a flying squirrel.

There's our county agent, for example. I've known that young chap since he was knee-high. He used to go swimming with my boys. But he never liked farm work—never seemed to care a great deal for any kind of work. His folks put him through college and then bought him a farm. He made about the sorriest go at farming that's ever been made in this county. So he sold out and got to be county agricultural agent. He's a better agricultural agent than he was a farmer. He couldn't help being.

Then there's Jack Tolliver's boy, Doc, who's got to be what they call an Emergency Agricultural Administrator. The AAA has swarms of them out, selling us dirt farmers on the idea of acreage reduction and "coöperative contracts," which mean getting pay for not growing crops.

Little Doc came around here twice. The last time I began asking him questions. He had to go home and read the rules book so he could come back next week and answer them.

These Tollivers were what you might call "town farmers." All they had in the world was a farm, and God how they hated it! They spent most of the year with town relatives thinking up reasons for not planting a crop, and not working it in case they had to plant it. They finally managed to sell their farm and end their worries. They sent this boy, Doc, through business college and now he's an Emergency Administrator.

Then there's Mrs. Ramsey, the school-teacher's wife, who's accustomed to running whatever comes her way. And there's Ed Hamilton, who blinks and snivels when he talks. They run the Rural Relief Office.

And there's Bill Yancy, who was president of our county seat bank that went on the rocks three years ago. Going on the rocks is putting it mild. Not long ago the receivers called in all stockholders and made them pay over a hundred cents on every dollar of stock.

Bill ran his own bank on the rocks and now he's the Government's Home-Owner's Loan director for this district. Bill's not a real bank man and never was. But he is an emergency office-holder, with plenty of experience with emergencies.

The other day Bill asked me how I was coming along with the new planning. I said there isn't anything very new about my planning. He sort of puckered his lips and said:

"Well John, if you don't plan nowadays, you aren't a business man."

Maybe not. And maybe farming isn't a business after all. A farmer can't chisel out competitors. He can't get rich by going into bankruptcy. He's got to play his cards as they are dealt. Farming still depends on weather, bugs, God and luck.

When a span of fence falls down, we rebuild it. We aren't producing anything. We're just keeping the cattle out of the corn field. A farmer must just follow along with the seasons, like he's been doing since the beginning of farms.

The AAA people keep talking about "emergency," "temporary," "immediate." They tell us the Government is "helping" the farmer this year and next. It's only natural that we wonder whether the help will go on after that.

They tell us what next year's yields will be, and what they ought to be. I wonder just how they know. I wonder how anybody can predict rainfall and chinch bugs and foreign wars in 1936, here in 1934. I wonder, too, just how they know how much of a certain crop the public will feel like eating and be financially able to eat—say in three years from now.

When they tell us that the times are getting better, they appear to forget that when times are good people can use the growth from more acres than they can when times are bad. For example, a family that's willing to live on salt pork and cornbread can live off three or four acres. But when they want better food—more fruits, and garden truck, and butter and eggs and fancy things—then they will be using more land. It takes at least twenty times as much ground to make a pound of butter as it does to make a pound of wheat, and the butter is apt to be worth at least twenty times as much to the farmer.

III

So it seems to me that what they call "domestic allotment" is a mighty sloppy and far-fetched way of helping

the farmer. I'm from Missouri and they haven't shown me.

Here's the regular story that the county agents and AAA folks tell you:

"During the years between 1929 and 1932, the United States used an average of 600 million bushels of wheat a year, and raised 800 million. We use at home about three out of every four bushels of wheat raised. Then if Farmer Jones signs up to reduce his wheat acreage fifteen or twenty, or whatever per cent the wise men say, and leaves this land fallow or in pasture, then on three-fourths of the crop that he makes, he gets a benefit payment of twenty-nine cents a bushel, collectible from the flour mill and paid for by the old man Public."

If that sounds mixed up, you should try reading one of the contracts. I take a dizzy spell every time I do. But they say that about seventy-seven per cent of the wheat land of the United States is under contract. I don't know whether this means popularity, hard times, or downright destitution. One thing I do know. I signed up for forty acres of wheat. Last year I cleared \$92 more from it than I did in 1932, about twenty per cent more. Most of the goods I have to buy have risen around twenty per cent, and I'm not at all sure wheat prices wouldn't have been up twenty per cent even if we'd never heard of the AAA.

But this year's crop, because of the drought, was the poorest I ever made and brought the least money.

See that big grove of tall weeds yonder?

That's the wheat land I agreed not to plant. Weeds are doing it more damage than a crop would.

More than that, my wife and I bought

that land with our own hard labor and close savings.

We started with about a hundred acres—plastered down with mortgages. We paid it out, and bit by bit doubled the size of our farm. That's the way with hundreds and thousands of farms close around. Mary and I worked ours out like a fair-pulling team. We believed in using land and in using ourselves. Mary gave me our children and tended our home. And now when I look at that patch of ragweeds, I don't believe I'm quite playing fair with her, or that I'm doing what she and I both know is a farmer's job.

Then there's cotton. I don't grow it. I only read about it in the newspapers. They say this year sees the smallest cotton acreage since 1905, down from forty-one million acres to twenty-eight. The AAA wants it to stay at twenty-four million. But I've heard good cotton men say that whenever the price of cotton gets above ten cents a pound, the acreage is going to spread. Now the market worth is around fifteen cents, which means money to the landowners, a chance to pull out of the red. I'm betting they pull.

Last summer, when growing cotton was being plowed under, I felt a mighty lot of sympathy for the mules. All their lives mules had been taught to plow between cotton rows. When they tried to make 'em plow on the rows, the mules shied off. There's a moral to that story. It's linked to the very heart of farming.

I've stayed out of the corn-hog contracts. They're more than I can stomach. With this year's corn crop averaging one bushel to the acre hereabouts, I haven't lost much by staying out. It's a moral victory at a reasonable price, as our Congressman used to say.

Corn has always been my key crop. It's the greatest crop in America, usually worth more than wheat and cotton together, and as much as all truck crops, or all fruit crops thrown into one. It controls hogs and cattle yields. Hereabouts if a farmer fails to make a corn crop, and can't afford to buy, he's got to sell or give away his livestock. That's what most of us are doing now.

But I'd rather sell hogs as hogs, and cattle as cattle, than to see baby pigs and calves slaughtered by the Government and dumped into the river, like they've been doing the past year.

Right now good hogs are worth around four dollars a hundred. They can't be raised for that. With corn climbing from thirty cents a bushel to around a dollar because of drought, they can't be raised for twice that. If you "coöperate" with the Government and send part of your pigs into market before they're big enough to do anybody any good, then on part of what you keep you get a bounty of two dollars the hundred pounds, bringing the price to around six dollars—which is still a losing price.

A good farmer takes care of his livestock. I've had that rule drilled into me since I was a boy. It's one of the few rules I've never changed, either in practice or in thinking. However poor I get, I don't intend to slaughter baby creatures or to waste valid property.

I'm not accepting bribes to dump young pigs in the river. I've always figured that raising livestock and crops for feeding mankind is a useful and honorable business. If it's not, then I've made a tremendous mistake in being a farmer.

I've always said that if I had a sick horse or cow or shoat and a sick baby, I'd attend the baby first. But if I didn't

have a sick baby, I'd attend the animal first.

So I'm keeping what little corn I have to feed what livestock I'm able to. It may not be business. But it's farming, and I'm a farmer.

They say that a million square miles of corn-growing country is parched and seared by drought. This means, of course, that any handout the corn growers can get from the Government will be badly needed. But the bounties can't be enough to make any farmer rich, or even secure for the winter. And I don't think the giving will add to anybody's self-respect.

IV

Getting rid of surpluses is a mighty important item, as any farmer knows. They tell us that farm surpluses are pretty well taken care of now. Papers say that the corn surplus for the whole country, added to this year's yield, won't make ten per cent of a normal corn crop. They say the wheat surplus, plus the new crop, will be about enough to carry the country through the winter. There's still plenty of surplus cotton, but the small grains will soon be scooped clean, and most vegetable and fruit crops are mighty short—if anything. The big cattle surplus is going down like a chunk of ice in August sun. Hogs are already scarce.

But in connection with melting surpluses, it seems to me that the AAA is taking a mighty lot of credit for what's really been done by the worst drought of our time. Last year—even then crops were below average—reduction bounties failed to cut down yields. This year, when about everything in the Midwest and Southwest is burnt to a crisp, will likely make next year's planting a big one. We're facing a lean

winter, likely some corn-bread-and-branch-water hard times. And it's going to take more than a lot of big words and Brain Trusters with their pictures in the newspapers to make us leave ourselves open to the same risk another season. There's a chance that next year may be dry, too, and when crops are poor, acreage counts.

That's why I say that acreage reduction is a first step in the wrong direction. It'll bring on an unnatural aftermath. I've been noticing for a good many years that bad seasons nearly always start up a new "cycle of surpluses" as the wise boys say.

But I do give the AAA a hand on one thing. That's farm credit. It's given the farmer a fair chance at some reasonable loans, and in the long run I believe a good loan helps a man more than a free gift. The corn loans (up to forty-five cents a bushel on good stored corn) helped us a lot last year. And the emergency loans, up to \$250 on a farm, are valuable too. They're saving farm families and farm livestock from hunger in many a section where the banks are still too broke to lend money.

Yet good farming needs more than good credit. It must produce and endure. Other trades may shift and change like the face of a river, but to live from the land a man must keep with his furrow.

I don't say he doesn't need some sort of gauge or guide. It takes those—even to do a good job of plowing. But the real gauge for farming isn't one of letting good land grow to weeds and brush.

I believe it should be a system of stabilizing farm yields; holding over reserves for lean years; protecting the price of crops when yields are heavy; building up a far-spread storage treas-

ury to protect consumers when yields are light. I stand in favor of an ever-normal granary.

When people talk about farm planning, I always think of old Bill Van Erden, over on Vine Creek. Bill was the most successful farmer we ever had in these parts. He raised a lot of corn, planted it early and plowed late, and with his own labor made an average of about 1,000 good bushels a year. He had two good cribs, each one of them holding about a year's crop, and he kept both of them full most of the time.

Bill decided that corn is worth fifty cents a bushel. Fifty cents gives a man a fair return for his land and labor.

But corn prices hereabouts do a mighty lot of shifting—from fifteen to thirty cents a bushel in good crop years; from fifty cents to a dollar after bad years.

But Bill's corn was always worth fifty cents a bushel, and that's what he got for it. If prices were lower he stored his crop and waited. When prices were only a little ways under fifty cents, livestock raisers would pay Bill his price because they knew his was better than average corn. After dry years, when corn prices would begin to climb, Bill would sell out to the last bushel, always at fifty cents. Next year corn was usually cheap again, and Bill would store his crop.

Bill died a rich man—rich off fifty cent corn. He wasn't what you could call an economist. He was a farmer. But he counted on lean years mixed in with the fat ones—which is the rule today, just as it was back in Bible days when Joseph translated the Pharaoh's dream of fat cattle followed by lean cattle.

If a person wants to know about farming, either as a way of living or of making a living, I believe he can learn

a lot from the Bible. Do you recollect about Joseph, and his grain storage for Egypt?

It seems that the Egyptians were having droughts the same as we are. We've had four lean years out of the past five. They had seven in a row.

But Joseph got the Pharaoh to take up surplus grain in good years when grain was cheap. Then a dry year came, and farm folks ran short of grain. So Joseph took over their herds and fed them, and next year advanced them seed from the government granary. Finally he told them that since they had no cattle and no grain, they could cultivate their land and pay the government a tithe on all they raised.

I still don't believe in government's taking over land, and it strikes me that Joseph was more thrifty than a government man has any right to be. But Joseph was on the right trail. Grain is the true heart of farming, and in my notion, a treasury of grain would be the best treasury in the world.

Understand, I'm not urging a new hatching of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board. That gave the Government ownership of grain without any worldly way of getting rid of it except by giving it away. It was aimed to help the wheat

broker and dealer before helping the farmer.

But the New Dealers have already made a step in the direction of government granaries through the corn loans. And I believe that government granaries built out in the great grain-producing counties, buying and selling at fair prices, could yield both farmers and town-folks real good without cost to the government.

A granary, operated by the government, could store and hold for future emergency, a year's, maybe two years', supply of wheat and corn and small grain. That would ward off market-clogging surpluses. Surplus grains could be bought up during good years at fair and staple prices based on proven averages rather than future estimates, then sold out as demand required, allowing the government only a reasonable handling charge.

I believe the notion would protect both growers and consumers of crops. It would give new surety to farm credit. It would keep livestock holdings steady and dependable and whittle down the need of farm indebtedness.

I may be wrong. But I believe real farm history stands behind the idea.



Habsburgs on the Horizon

BY VIRGINIA CREED

Who predicts restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy

IT is exactly thirteen years since a guard of British officers escorted the last reigning Habsburg onto a river steamer and hurried him down the Danube to his premature death at Madeira. After the failure of the two Hungarian attempts at restoration the world thought it had seen the last of the line that had dominated Middle Europe since the dim days after the first Rudolf came riding out of Switzerland. Karl I, last Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was a well-intentioned young man of progressive tendencies, but time had defeated him. If it is true that his predecessor, Franz Joseph, came into power too soon, it is equally true that Karl succeeded to the throne too late. Franz Joseph, while yet a stripling, had been committed to reactionary errors of government from which, for him at least, there was no retreat. His senility helped to precipitate the World War. Karl, therefore, inherited a chaos built upon sixty-eight years of blunders resulting from the limitations of his uncle and his uncle's ministers. The dissolution of the Empire had reached such a stage that the new Emperor's attempts to conclude a peace and salvage a few states were alike foreordained to failure. Peculiarly enough, however, Karl's two abortive attempts to return to the

throne were based not only upon dynastic self-preservation, but also upon an honest conviction that the Danube peoples could be better governed by a constitutional monarchy than under the provisions of the brutal treaties then in the making.

After over two decades of costly experiment in foisting other forms of government upon Central Europe, many are now forced to the conclusion that the last Habsburg understood his erstwhile subjects somewhat better than any of the agencies which have subsequently attempted to manage their affairs. It now begins to appear that for Austria and Hungary at least there exists no bloodless alternative to hailing Karl's young son, Otto, from his studies at Louvain and reinstating him, today or tomorrow, upon the throne of his ancestors.

The substitution of dictatorship for democracy, the Socialist holocaust of February, the badly coördinated coup of the Nazis, the tragic assassination of the Chancellor are all chapters in a saga of failure. As late as 1929 no less an authority than Professor Joseph Redlich made the remark that "democracy has never succeeded in continental Europe." From the vantage point of a country where comparative freedom is still an accepted concept of life, we are apt to

overlook the fact that in very few cases have the countries of Central Europe had any real liberty upon which to rear democratic forms of government. To the successful operation of a democracy in its early stages three conditions are indispensable: a people who have freely selected their government, virile leaders and adequate economic resources. Austria boasted none of these. Democracy was forced by ill-advised Allied commissions upon a people emerging from the restraints of one of the most reactionary governments in Europe. They were totally lacking in parliamentary experience. The best citizens were so demoralized by defeat that, with the possible exception of Seipel, no decisive leaders appeared. Of her economic condition nothing need be said here. It was and still is hopeless.

Socialism had no lasting hold except upon Vienna where it quickly became a class domination. Its collapse has been complete and was inevitable.

Out of the Austrian-Nazi-Fascist-*Heimwehr* struggle two indisputable facts have long emerged. The tremendous spread of Nazism in Austria is in itself sufficient evidence that the Austrian people will never tolerate an Italian domination, a circumstance which has hitherto hindered the prospects of restoration, since Zita, Otto's mother, was an Italian princess. The European powers, however, will not permit Austria to join her blood brother, Germany. This impasse plus a gradual weakening in the Succession States of opposition to restoration is steadily and surely setting both Austria and Hungary upon a path that leads directly to a throne.

II

No understanding of the implications involved in a restoration is possible with-

out a consideration of the advantages accruing both to European peace and to the condition of the Austrian people by its execution; an understanding of the obstacles thereto and their tendency to disappear under the pressure of recent events; a glimpse at the character of the pretender, Otto von Habsburg; a surmise as to time and probable manner of effecting a reinstatement of the Habsburgs; and a realization of the wisdom of setting up a monarchy in Europe as it is today.

The advantages of restoration include the non-partisan nature of monarchical government in a region wracked by factional strife, the non-militaristic leanings of the Habsburg family operating in an era dominated by the fear of general European war, a guarantee of Austrian independence by virtue of dynastic considerations, and an implied union between Austria and Hungary, with a consequent lessening of some of the economic pressure under which both countries are now laboring.

No coalition government is now possible in Austria, for the Nazi-Fascist conflict is not concerned with domestic issues but with the foreign question as to whether Italy or Germany will have the ascendancy in Vienna. It is obvious that both factions can not win, and that compromise is impossible. Coalition government, however, is not impossible for a monarch, who, holding his powers for life and on a hereditary basis, is at liberty to conciliate several warring parties. Even so conservative a monarch as Franz Joseph did so frequently, admitting to his later cabinets men who had engaged in life-long party and racial feuds. It is worthy of note here also that, whereas a dictator with a large majority pitted against him can not permit free franchise, a monarch for whom the

defeat of any measure does not mean his fall from power can afford greater magnanimity.

Internationally the existence of a Habsburg in Vienna is a guarantee to France, Italy and the Little Entente that *Anschluss* with Germany will not occur. On the other hand, while dynastic considerations preclude both *Anschluss* and a controlling interest by any foreign power, they do not prohibit favorable economic treaties with two or more powers.

Austrian independence means at least a longer period of peace for Europe. Despite a popular fallacy existing abroad, the later Habsburgs were never blatantly militaristic. The majority of their more important crown domains were acquired not by conquest but by adroit diplomatic maneuverings and by judicious royal matches. When the young Archduke Franz became Emperor in the midst of the revolutions of 1848, he profoundly shocked both the Vienna court and the peoples of the empire by taking an active interest in military affairs. The Austrian tendency to prefer the more delicate arts of living to martial pursuits is evidenced by the fact that the entire generation of army officers who were men of advanced years when Franz Ferdinand was shot at Sarajevo had seen practically no active service. Military careers for them had meant drilling border recruits, strengthening border defenses and constructing bridges and railway lines. It is felt in Europe at the moment that there could be worse things than having a member of a family with such non-aggressive leanings controlling a strategic position in its centre.

The union of Austria and Hungary is nearer today than it has been since the War separated the two. Their differ-

ences, though heated as such quarrels invariably are, were in the nature of family feuds. In 1848, Haynau, a neurotic general in the employ of Franz Joseph, avenged the Hungarian thrust for liberty with a baptism of blood known as "The Bloody Assize of Arad." Hundreds of Hungarian officers, nobles and patriots perished, an outrage that Hungary never forgot and which Franz Joseph never succeeded in living down. Although his later reign was marked, because of his wife's affection for the Magyars, by concessions to the Magyar nobility and people, nevertheless Hungary shouted longest and loudest with joy when the Habsburg yoke was removed in 1918. Stripped of her lumber and her mines, however, Hungary has been bankrupt since the War. For long she has been toying with the idea of recalling her old masters. The question of scrapping democracy does not affect Hungary in the least. Democracy has never scratched the surface of feudal Hungary. Communism was violently extirpated from Magyar soil immediately after the War. Magyar nobles have supported Karl's family in exile; the Budapest Diet has very carefully avoided altering the constitution that calls for a king and has nervously shied away from all attempts to create a Magyar king; great care has been exercised to preserve intact the sanctity of St. Stephen's crown; the Prime Minister veered from his royalist tendencies only when the international situation made a shifting of colors essential, and it is believed that Horthy expelled Karl only because the method of the attempted coup offended the fierce Magyar pride and threatened foreign war. Today Horthy speaks against monarchy without conviction. There are many who see advantages in a Viennese market for

Hungarian agricultural products and who desire the right to import Austrian manufactured products freely into Hungary. The substitution of these articles has disrupted both the economic and social structure of the Magyar state. In any case the problem in Hungary has never been one of whether or not to recall the Habsburgs, but rather of when to recall them and how. It was thought that Otto would return first as King of Hungary, becoming afterwards Emperor of Austria. He may still do so, although the Magyars are not as insistent upon this point as of yore. In Budapest today the word is going about that the time has arrived.

III

The more tangible obstacles that have impeded monarchist machinations to date were many. Large factions within Austria were afraid of the "clique" (the old aristocratic group), or were unwilling to support large parasitic groups of Habsburg cousins, second cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws. (Franz Joseph was notoriously thrifty but some of the members of his family were more prodigal at public expense.) They abhorred clericalism, which the Habsburgs since Joseph the second have fostered. The Nazis wanted nothing less than outright union with Germany. The Fascist *Heimwehr* and the large bulk of the monarchist party were wary of premature restoration. The ex-Empress Zita would accept for her son nothing short of absolutism, which it was felt in yesterday's Europe was obsolete. Otto and his adviser, Count Degenfeld, were afraid of prejudicing the Prince's chances of dominating a Danube hegemony by returning him as King of little Austria.

Outside of Austria the objections were

even more formidable. The Little Entente would listen to all French advice until the dread word "Habsburg" was broached. Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania recoiled hysterically from it. Incidentally, guilty conscience rather than any memory of ancient wrongs created this nervousness. Poland, once very unjustly made part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, evinced no concern over the matter, for the very good reason that Poland is very nearly a racially homogeneous country. The plain fact regarding the countries of the Little Entente is that they fall far short in every case of being monuments of true self-determination. Czechoslovakia possesses indispensable Austro-German minorities; Rumania includes the German-Magyar peoples of Transylvania; Yugoslavia's Croatian population has been in the course of centuries so thoroughly Austrianized that it constitutes a thorn in Serbian flesh. These suppressed minorities, it was rightly feared in Prague, Bucharest and Belgrade, would flock clamorously to the Habsburg colors. If the countries in question were racially homogeneous no king in Budapest nor emperor in Vienna could in the least affect them. An amusing sidelight of the recent tendencies toward *Anschluss* or restoration is seen in Czechoslovakia where the Bohemians have suddenly discovered a great interest in their forgotten man—the economically indispensable German.

The Austrian and Hungarian monarchists in the face of the above obstacles agitated when and where they could. They were benignly regarded as sentimentalists, since it was felt their cause did not partake of the nature of reality. Doggedly they waited. And recent history is now engaged in frantically playing into their hands, as a glimpse at the

manner in which objections have been fading away like mirages in the past months illustrates. Let us consider the effect of this process upon the Austrian population with its various factions and upon the great powers and the Little Entente.

IV

For the Austrian people an era that opened with starvation and is drawing to a close in bloodshed has made the faults of the pre-War government pale to insignificance while it has magnified the virtues of that older and happier day. True, the Habsburgs spent a great amount of public money upon private pleasures, but, the people recall, they also expended vast sums upon schools, museums, parks and other public facilities that were accessible to every one. The Socialist Government that succeeded them, however, not only spent a large fortune garnered from the taxes of the impoverished bourgeoisie upon costly if admirable housing projects, but excluded the same bourgeoisie from the enjoyment thereof. Every error of inefficiency possible to inexperienced governments has been perpetrated by one or another of the parties that have striven against overwhelming odds to manage Austrian affairs since St. Germain and Versailles. The people are paupers, Vienna has lost much of her gaiety, nobody is in any sense of the word free. Whatever the faults of the monarchy, its administrative bureaucracy was diligent, efficient and honest, and it did not meddle with the private lives of the citizenry.

Without censuring any party for a situation that has proven well-nigh unavoidable, it is nevertheless a fact that the rank and file of the Austrian people, confronted with a censored press,

subjected to arbitrary imprisonments and arbitrary searches without warrant, threatened with the confiscation of their homes if they belonged even passively to any but the reigning party, feel as though they are oppressed by tyrants far more uncompromising than any Habsburg ever dared to be. In the old days, about which most Austrians are unresentfully nostalgic, the emperors were accessible to the most humble peasant. Such details do not affect the current of political thought, but they are remembered long; so the thousands of incidents illustrating the benevolence of Karl, Franz Joseph and their predecessors are being passed from lip to ear with great effect.

As for the defeated and discouraged Austrian Nazis, it is thought that they now see more clearly than hitherto that *Der Führer* is not and may not for some time be in a position to come to their assistance. It is perhaps natural that they should prefer political recognition and some participation in the government to the annihilation that awaits them if Italian domination of Austria continues. One can not annihilate the majority of a people, but one can by force of superior arms police them into sullen quietude. That quietude will, it is true, frequently be shattered by bloodshed of a futile nature. A Habsburg would eventually recognize a pro-German party, for the Habsburgs down to the last days of their power designated themselves as "German princes." Furthermore, such princes are in a far more advantageous position to effect treaties with a more settled Germany than is a government resolutely bent upon pretending that Austrians and Germans have nothing in common. It might even be done without alienating Italy. At any rate Munich is astir with suggestions that perhaps it is the only

solution. The Austrian Legion is not as stiffly set against Otto as it was before the failure of the recent coup and the suppression of the radical element in the German Nazi group that was the mainstay of the Austrian agitation and propaganda campaigns.

International forces are likewise listening more receptively to the monarchists' plans; France has always favored restoration; Britain is not averse to it. It has always, however, been in Paris that the ex-Empress Zita found the most attentive ears when she made her periodic trips around Europe on behalf of her son's then hopeless cause. France has hesitated out of respect for her satellite states on the Danube. They, however, are weakening since a more formidable danger now menaces them. Czechoslovakia does not desire the return of the Habsburgs, but she prefers that return to a German Austria which would encircle her German populations, foreshadowing their ultimate defection and her dissolution. In Yugoslavia the same situation obtains, only there Italy is the menace. At the present writing it will probably take only one or two more appearances of the Italian fleet in the Adriatic, further massing of troops along the various borders and some persuasion by French agents to win the consent of the Little Entente to Otto's reinstatement.

Hiler's precarious diplomatic position is now such that he will doubtless agree to any move advocated by the Powers which is destined to improve his status. He can not have Austria without war; consequently he has nothing to lose and probably something to gain by having in Vienna "a German prince" with whom he may at some future date come to terms. Mussolini, on the other hand, is wary. He could hardly expect the docility from Otto von Habsburg which he

received at least overtly from Engelbert Dollfuss. Italy, however, can not carry indefinitely Austria's financial burden. Funds are no longer plentiful south of the Brenner. Nor can Italy expect assistance or even approval in event of actual military intervention in Austria's internal affairs. Yugoslavia has served what is a virtual ultimatum upon Italy; Yugoslavia has at the moment the choice of either French or German support for any cause she desires to sponsor. War would prove just as disastrous to Italy at present as to any of the other countries now busy averting it. Thus it is that Mussolini, firmly entrenched upon the Tyrolean and Yugoslav borders, can not afford to move an inch over either. Italy will never hold Austria for long without actual military occupation. Losing means that Germany will get it. *Il Duce* may presently come to consider the Habsburgs as a convenient alternative to either move. His hesitation is doubtless partly based upon the decisive and entirely too liberal character of the pretender to the Austrian throne—too liberal, that is, from a dictator's point of view.

V

In this crucial moment for European stability and Austrian security almost everything depends upon the personality of the young would-be king. Otto von Habsburg was six years of age when revolution and military defeat drove his family into exile. He saw his father's hair turn white in those three last days at Schönbrunn. The exile in Switzerland and upon miasmatic Madeira was marked by privation and sorrow. Karl died at Madeira for much the same reasons that Napoleon perished at St. Helena; the climate plus the treatment he received were not conducive to longevity. The

subsequent vicissitudes of his large family, of which Otto, who was twelve when his father died, is the eldest, were such as to bring the heir to the pretensions of empire into close touch with the starker realities of life. Stripped of their private property, forbidden to enter their native land, the family were in dire straits until first their cousin King Alphonso and later the Magyar and Austrian aristocracy came to their rescue.

Physically and mentally well-endowed, Otto received a type of liberal education which would have been totally impossible for his predecessors. Louvain is a university noted for the impartiality of its teachings. There Otto has studied languages, for which his family has always had an aptitude, and political science. For the study of the latter topic he has had a changing and troubled Europe as his observation laboratory. Furthermore, he has had ample time in which to study the advantages and disadvantages of the hoary tradition he inherited. Judging from the results, he has managed with insight beyond his years to condemn the policies of his ancestors wherever they erred upon the side of reaction. Certain letters now in existence in the hands of the aristocrats to which they were sent mark Otto as a liberal progressive prince unequivocally committed to constitutional-democratic monarchy. Aristocrats who do not approve of any monarchy less than absolutism discount his views on the grounds that he is only a boy. The Archduke Franz was likewise only a boy until he ascended the throne as Emperor Franz Joseph, whereupon he immediately became Emperor in fact and managed to impress his unfortunately reactionary views upon liberal ministries to their sorrow. It would be ironical indeed to find his nephew reversing the process.

From sad experience the Austrian people live in mortal terror of an emperor who is in danger of maternal domination. For a long time it was feared that if Otto returned, his mother the ex-Empress Zita would be the Emperor in fact. The stern rule of the Archduchess Sophia through the medium of her son Franz was still rankles in the Austrian memory. Many are yet alive who felt her iron hand. In fact even today in Austria a nagging, overbearing woman is dubbed "*boese Sophierl*," which translated freely means "evil Sophy." With Otto the danger is becoming remote. Those in close contact with his household hint that he has already cut the maternal apron-strings decisively.

His extreme youth has proven a handicap to Otto, inasmuch as it presupposes great importance in the rôles played by his advisers. Since they abhor publicity, little is known of any of them save Count Degenfeld, whose well-balanced sanity is evidenced by the fact that he has stood solidly against Otto's return to a country either unwilling or unready to receive him, and has done so even in the face of repeated fanatical pressure. Degenfeld will not of course commit himself at the moment, but he is busier than he has been for years. One circumstance about him is undeniable. He is a patriot devoted body and soul to the Habsburg cause. Thus far he has proven above factional considerations. It is rumored that his detachment from sentimentality has more than once tempered Zita's naturally heated zeal.

VI

In speculations of this nature it is impossible to be definite regarding the time element. It is certain, however, that the handwriting is on the wall. Last year Austria openly began her preparations

for restoration. The opponents within Austria have long been warning their followers that "restoration is not about to take place, it is slowly, surely, insidiously taking place while we quarrel about other issues." Hungary, of course, needed no encouragement other than an auspicious turn of European affairs to convince the Magyar nobles that open action would be safe. They apparently now feel that conditions favor their cause. Within Austria the proposal to restore the private family property to the Habsburgs was followed at once by notices served upon the tenants occupying the apartments constructed from the suites of the Vienna palace, the Hofburg. Their leases will not be renewed. The formal restoration of his private property and an invitation to return to his native land as a private citizen may reach Otto at any time. He, of course, may refuse, pending developments, since the Magyars are opposed to his returning except as Emperor. The Austrian army uniforms have been changed to the old imperial style; the imperial names of regiments have been restored. Titles, although not formally permitted, are once more being generally used. Archduke Eugene, idol of Tyrol whose front he held during the War, has been welcomed back. Some felt upon that occasion that Miklas, retiring, would pass over the reins of government to Eugene, the Hindenburg of Austria, but that is dubious for the family feels that it would be an error to invest any but the rightful heir, upon whose lineal claims no reflections can be cast, with office. The gradual incursion of monarchists into government posts has been going on for a long time, but it reached its climax with the appointment of Schuschnigg to the chancellorship. He, of all men in Austria, has been the most

decisively and consistently monarchist through all the post-War shiftings.

There are two alternatives of method possible for the execution of actual open restoration. One is a military coup effected by combined Austro-Hungarian forces. The *Heimwehr*, led by Starhemberg, financed by monarchists and intensely Catholic, has been ready for years. The Hungarian forces are likewise at the pretender's disposal. The unofficial Catholic army in Austria would doubtless spring at once to the support of a Catholic ruler. Its strength is unknown at present, but in a country ninety per cent Catholic it may be considerable. Practically every one involved, however, including Otto himself, is opposed to bloodshed or the use of armed force. Vienna has seen far too much civil war already.

Military action is scarcely necessary. The constitution promulgated last spring, although from an American point of view it may seem to be no constitution at all, was certainly devised to make a peaceful monarchical coup simple. Aside from the comparatively modern feature of a corporate state system, this document reads, with a few trivial changes, exactly like the one drafted by Prince Schwarzenberg and promulgated by the young Franz Joseph after the revolutions of 1848. Schwarzenberg's constitution, which was incidentally conceived in a spirit other than that which marked it when it reached publication, was probably the most flagrant piece of hypocrisy ever foisted upon an unsuspecting people. Austria's position today makes pretense quite unnecessary. With the removal of the word "republic" from the country's title and the creation of provisional powers concentrated in the hands of the head of the state, even sham democracy disappeared from

Austria. The head of the Austrian government, theoretically the president and the chancellor combined, but actually, except in emergencies, the chancellor, is to use the present constitution only as long as he pleases. He can alter it at will. Franz Joseph was given precisely the same prerogative which he used freely thereafter. Popular vote is to be permitted only when the government feels a necessity for testing public opinion. The four legislative groups are in no case elected by direct franchise, are in effect under the chancellor's control, and may not initiate legislation. The president and chancellor alone select the cabinets who are responsible only to the president and chancellor. Since Miklas has proven important only when there was no chancellor, since the Chancellor is now a monarchist, the course of events is fairly obvious. The Chancellor or President has only to turn over the reins of the government, which he is constitutionally empowered to do, to Otto, who will then have concentrated in his hands, without any constitutional alterations whatsoever, a degree of absolutism which would satisfy even the most rabid legitimist, would delight his mother and doubtless even satisfy his uncle, Franz Joseph. The monarchists beyond any doubt had a hand in drafting that constitution. It is to be doubted if it can be considered original writing since some of the sentences sound suspiciously as though they were lifted bodily from the Schwarzenberg-Stadion document of 'Forty-eight. The divine right of kings is even dragged forth at long last in the clause which states that the right to rule emanates from God, implying that it does not emanate from the people.

Such a constitution would not satisfy Otto, but that is of no account, since neither would it satisfy the citizenry for

long, and was intended more as a *modus operandi* than as a concept of government to be used henceforth for the administration of the people's affairs. Its clauses granting the power of revisions plus power of ministerial selection and legislative control mark it simply as a means of bloodless reversion to the old régime.

Since considerable political maneuvering in the lower Danube, in France, Czechoslovakia and Italy is the necessary preliminary of this reversion, and since at the present writing it is hard to judge how far this diplomatic maneuvering has progressed it can only be said that restoration is probably not a matter that will require years. There are still one or two concrete obstacles in Otto's way. Italy, for instance, must be assured of a neutral tone in the Habsburg Government. Nevertheless with the approaching retirement of Miklas an excellent opportunity for a coup will present itself. Whether Otto and his advisers will care to risk much upon immediate action is a matter yet in the balance. Barring a European upheaval, or a radical shift in the present line-up of powers, the attempt will probably be made. The omens are very favorable for its success.

As to the immediate benefits to the Austrian populace, little need be said. They want peace without conquest, and monarchy promises them that. Judging progress in a broader way, the return of the Habsburgs can not but be viewed from this safe side of the Atlantic as a reversion. Monarchy, however, is a condition tremendously to be preferred to anarchy, and a reversion to a benevolent despotism is a much happier matter than a reversion to despotisms not so benevolent, such as seem to be prevalent in Europe today.



Professors Put to the Test

BY OLIVER McKEE, JR.

The national examining board in November is likely to be dissatisfied with the Brain Trust's work so far, but the professors may not deserve dismissal

WHEN Herbert Hoover turned over to Franklin Roosevelt the keys of the White House on March 4, 1933, his Brain Trust, already famous, shared spotlight honors with the incoming Chief Executive. Its nucleus was the small group whom Mr. Roosevelt as Democratic candidate had called to his elbow during the campaign to assist him in preparing his speeches, and framing his policies. After his inauguration the group was greatly enlarged as bright young men from university and college faculties came to Washington, by invitation, as co-architects of the New Deal, a social revolution of which there was little hint in the 1932 Democratic platform. A nation which applauded the Chief Executive for his vigor of action and the boldness of his attack on the disintegrating forces of the depression, also commended him for drafting scholars both as advisers of the new Administration, and as directors of the gigantic effort, through Federal leadership, to rebuild the foundations of American society. Here, people said, was convincing evidence that Mr. Roosevelt proposed to run the government far more intelligently than any of his predecessors. For had he not sur-

rounded himself with the best brains in the country, experts in all its economic problems, physicians who knew just what to prescribe for each of its various ailments?

The Brain Trust, prodigiously publicized, has had no rivals on the Washington stage but the President himself. And except for some practical politicians, a few realists, and the Tories—to all of whom the gold at the other end of the rainbow was nothing but a mirage—the Brain Trust, during the first year of the Roosevelt Administration, rode high on the wave of popular confidence. To the man on the street “Brain Trust” connoted rain-makers, and miracle-workers. The “college boys,” he was sure, had prosperity in their vest pockets.

Now the New Deal faces its initial test at the polls. Public psychology, as changeable as April weather, has seldom shown a sharper reversal than in its attitude toward the Brain Trust. Gone is the popular belief in the infallibility of its prescriptions. Not only has faith been shattered in the omniscience of the professors, but during the past few months, particularly since the adjournment of Congress, the Brain Trust, or more ac-

curately that radical segment chiefly responsible for the so called "reforms" of the New Deal, is becoming a political liability rather than a gilt-edged asset for the national Administration. The Republican opposition—and the G. O. P. strategists keep their ears pretty close to the ground—will use "Brain Trust Government" as a target for some of their heaviest artillery. Nor is the attack exclusively partisan in its composition. It was not the G. O. P., but four Democratic Senators who contributed the major assaults on the nomination of Rexford Tugwell, number one Brain Truster, as Undersecretary of Agriculture. The four Democratic horsemen were Smith of South Carolina, Byrd of Virginia, Bailey of North Carolina and Gore of Oklahoma.

II

Yet Nature, not the hostile politicians, turned the scales. Perhaps the most "radical" part of the New Deal programme was the plan conceived by M. L. Wilson, Rexford Tugwell and Secretary Wallace, and others, to solve the problem of agricultural overproduction through the ingenious device of paying a bounty to farmers for curtailing production, and destroying the excess of pigs, cotton and grains. As this programme was in full swing, and the coöperation of the farmers secured through a huge advertising and ballyhoo campaign, Nature laid low the Corn Belt by the most devastating drought from which the area has ever suffered. The scorching sun and long rainless weeks made the mid-continent area a veritable inferno. The drought killed cattle by the tens of thousands, burned up crops that would have fed an empire, and reduced an untold number of farmers to destitution and a dependence on

Federal or other relief that may continue through the winter and into the next harvest season. As the Corn Belt surveyed the ruins and the blasting of its hopes for the 1934 harvest, its thoughts went back to the slaughtered pigs, and the crops taken out of cultivation by the AAA. Was not this Nature's answer to the theories of the Washington professors?

Two fundamental traits of the American farmer are his individuality and his piety. The AAA collided head on with both. From the days of the frontier, when his ax carved a home for himself and his family out of the virgin wilderness, down to the present, the typical American farmer wants to run his own show. He brooks easily neither interference nor dictation, and the AAA does both. And whereas city folk, under the lure of the bright lights of the motion pictures and the hundred and one distractions of our large centres of population, give but meagre support to the church, out in the open country religion is still a potent force, and the faith of the fathers strong. A cardinal tenet in the faith handed down by the fathers is the belief that those who violate its laws bring upon themselves the wrath of Nature. And the arguments of Brain Trusters like Dr. Tugwell to the contrary, thousands of good Americans in the Corn Belt see the drought as a visitation of Nature because, by ploughing up their lands, destroying crops, and sending pigs to slaughter, they violated the injunction learned on their mothers' knees that "wilful waste makes woeful want."

This is but part of the story. For the drought has not only raised doubts as to the soundness of the Brain Trust's experiments, but it raises other questions, equally important for their bearing on

contemporary politics. The drought may hit the city man in his most susceptible spot—his stomach. Already Secretary Wallace, whose genuine sincerity and idealism no one questions, has admitted that it has virtually wiped out the surplus which for so many years has hung over American agriculture like a sword of Damocles, and tells us, quite frankly, that the country may expect higher prices for food this winter. Agricultural production will be the smallest in thirty years, and there are 50,000,000 more mouths to feed than there were at the turn of the century. If prices become too high this winter, if the scourge of profiteering smites us, the many millions of Americans who today are hard-pressed to find the wherewithal to feed their families may before many months feel the pinch of actual want. And other millions, a little better off financially, will not take with a cheer a sharp rise in the price of household necessities, particularly when they remember the huge destructions of foodstuffs during the past year, and the vast curtailment in agricultural acreage. Conceived by the Brain Trust, and sold by them to the President and Congress, the AAA experiment, as the autumn leaves begin to turn, stands out, thanks to the vagaries of Nature, as one of the biggest on the New Deal's increasing list of political liabilities.

III

The attempt to circumvent Nature by controlling production is not the only major blunder of the Brain Trusters who have been so largely responsible for the New Deal "reforms." A blunder which promises to have results quite as far-reaching is the failure to set proper store on the profit motive as one of the dynamos of American prosperity. In-

dustrial enterprise depends not only on the hope and possibility of profits, but also on the assurance that if profits come to a business concern the government will not take them all away from those who have invested their money, their brains and their time therein. Run through the statements of leading exponents of New Deal philosophy from President Roosevelt down and you will find a general tendency to minimize the profit motive, and to paint the old order as one of unredeemed vice. In his speech at Green River, Wisconsin, in August President Roosevelt spoke of the pre-New Deal era as one in which the "old law of the tooth and the claw" had reigned—as though the country had gained no benefits from the enterprise of the industrialists who had developed its resources, endowed its universities, hospitals, scientific institutions and art galleries, and whose efforts, largely motivated by the hope of profits, built a civilization that gave to the average American a higher standard of living than that enjoyed by citizens of any other large country. The Brain Trust's attitude toward profits, its prejudices against the old order—note Dr. Tugwell's phrase about "economic cannibalism"—seem a little strange when we bear in mind that most Brain Trusters were recruited from universities which provided them with opportunities for scholarly endeavor largely as a result of endowments by men who had made fortunes in American business. Note also the bitterness against business and its invitation to class warfare, which we find in one of Dr. Tugwell's recent speeches. "If you weigh the low-paid, disciplined, and devoted officials who are helping to administer this New Deal against the hordes of high-salaried vice-presidents, bond salesmen, stock brokers, invest-

ment bankers and their numerous employes, you will conclude that the New Deal would have to cost society a great deal more than it will ever do before it becomes as great a burden on the community as was the army and camp followers of those whom President Roosevelt has called the money changers."

Coming down to cases, the classic example of Brain Trust disregard of the place of profit motive in American society, and the essential part that enterprise plays in creating employment and maintaining a high standard of American living was the so-called Securities Act. No one will deny that flagrant abuses had existed in the world of private finance. Abuses will be found in the New Deal also—CWA graft, the spoils system and so on. In order to effect the necessary reform, certain members of the Brain Trust drafted a securities bill so punitive in its provisions that, if placed on the statute books, it would have paralyzed the capital market, dried up the sources of private credit and imposed hazards and risks on honest operators too great to warrant their continuing in business. The Brain Trust so obviously had overreached itself in the enthusiasm for reform that Congress, though still under its spell, insisted on some important modifications before it sent the measure to the President. The stock market control bill developed somewhat the same situation, and here again drastic revisions were necessary before the measure became law. Even in their modified forms, both the securities and stock market control bills have operated as brakes on recovery, and as such tend to neutralize some of the undoubted economic gains to the country which have accrued from certain elements of the President's programme. A

proper recognition of the profit motive would have speeded recovery by encouraging honest enterprise, and removing uncertainty, and more than this, would have saved the Administration from losing the support of so many business men and others who now wonder whether, under the philosophy of the Washington planners, they will at any time in the near future be permitted profits. The support of both business men and the financial community is essential to the success of the new housing plan, and to the Treasury's borrowing programme. And unless business can begin to make money again, it will not provide the Government with the taxes which are counted on to finance the Roosevelt recovery projects. Disregard of the profit motive, therefore, and the Brain Trust's flippant notions about business and its place in American prosperity have had repercussions which tend to defeat many of the declared objectives of the New Deal.

IV

Ignorance of American psychology explains in part why the Brain Trusters, on several occasions, have steered the Administration into shoal waters. The academic life has many virtues, but the environment is not one that enables the average college professor to know at first hand the realities of practical politics. A barrier, not easily climbed, separates the university and the market place. Few professors have spent even a year in non-academic work. Granted the idealism of the academician, his intellectual honesty, and his zeal to follow the light as he sees it, to administer the affairs of a nation so sectionalized, and with a population so diversified, requires a *Realpolitik* not often found in a college professor. It was Borah, hard-

headed politician, and not the occupant of a university chair, who caught the ear of the country on the insidious perils of government bureaucracy, and it is Borah, not the AAA theorists, who strikes the popular bell when in referring to crop reduction, he says, "This destruction of things for which millions stand in need is economically unsound and comes close to being immoral."

Then, too, apart from the failure to make its programme square with popular psychology, the Brain Trust, in the utterances of some of its top members, has caused real apprehensions in many minds. The "plain people," in substantial numbers, parlor reds notwithstanding, still entertain a wholesome reverence for the Constitution, and the American institutions of government. A planned and regimented society, either on the Russian or any other model, creates small interest, and even less enthusiasm. It is not so much a fear of anything that has yet been done as an apprehension that the Brain Trust has its biggest surprises still up its sleeve. What are the termini of the New Deal programme, in brief, and what is its ultimate objective in terms of the America we know? Opera bouffe performance though it was, the investigation of Dr. William A. Wirt, Gary educator, had more than an ephemeral significance. For back of the inquiry were the doubts of many people as to the goal of the Washington planners. The investigation gave no answer to the question at issue, namely the real objective of the Brain Trusters. Meanwhile, popular apprehension still persists.

Like any other group in power, the Brain Trust grows increasingly intolerant of criticism. This also weakens it in public estimation. In a moment of

intellectual Hitlerism, Dr. Tugwell intimates that those opposed to the New Deal theories must for that very reason be regarded as unpatriotic. The Brain Trust apparently sees no room for an honest difference of opinion, both as to the wisdom of the policies of the national Administration, and the essential soundness of the New Deal itself. In fact, for its super-salesmen, the New Deal has become a religion. To illustrate this intolerance, we have only to recall the fate of Professor Oliver M. W. Sprague of Harvard, rated as one of the world's foremost monetary experts. Brought into the Treasury by the President as technical adviser to the Secretary, Sprague, who saw with mounting disquietude and alarm the unfolding of the monetary policies of the Administration, found himself out of the picture, his counsel spurned, denied the ear of the President. So he finally resigned, giving through the press his critique of New Deal policies. Nor was Sprague an isolated case. Even in public life it is easy to find competent scholars who will rank among the strongest critics of the Frankfurter radicals, men such as Charles M. Bakewell, formerly professor of philosophy at Yale, and A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, a former Harvard economist and assistant secretary of the Treasury, now a member of the House from Massachusetts. Other academicians could be cited of equal professional standing to any brought to Washington by President Roosevelt who believe that many of the Washington experiments, the lavish expenditures, the disregard for sound budgetary principles and the huge Federal bureaucracy now establishing itself in Washington will inevitably bring the country to a day of reckoning, if not of grief.

v

Notwithstanding certain Brain Trust blunders, President Roosevelt deserves credit for recognizing the need for experts, and thanks to him, the theory and practice of politics should henceforth be brought closer together. This is all to the good. In their fierce hunt of material prosperity, the American people have been quite content to leave their public business in the hands of the professional politicians and the plunderers who have so often been their allies. Yet government has been one of the favorite subjects in the college curriculums. In a thousand American universities learned professors conduct their students through classes in political science, from Aristotle and Plato to Rousseau, Hobbes, Mills and the many theorists of our day.

Although few courses of study are more popular than those in government and comparative politics, they provide the schooling for precious few politicians. Diploma in hand, the young graduate who has majored in politics, and perhaps won honors therein, joins the bond-selling brigade, or enters his father's factory—perhaps, if he has plenty of money, begins to play polo. Political science may remain as a pleasant memory, but one that has no bearing on the main business of life. Learned in the sayings of the classical political philosophers, and well documented in the fine points of every theory, the professors themselves, except for an occasional slumming party, steer clear of the haunts of the practical politicians. Better the delights of Montesquieu and Plato, by the sequestered ease of the study fire, than the rough company of the professional "pols" as they pick the candidates and write the platforms. Army

commanders leading troops in the field apply the principles of strategy and command that they learned at Leavenworth or the Ecole de Guerre, lawyers, architects and engineers apply in earning their daily bread the lessons they learned in professional schools. Only in politics does the student leave its practice to those who have never studied the textbooks, the professionals who have graduated from the school of war and saloon politics, and who after long and arduous apprenticeship have become bosses in their own right, and the masters of city, State and national parties. Yet the university has a real contribution to make to government.

The professor must nevertheless look to the Garners, the Snells, the Robinsons and the Coolidges for guidance in the technique of *Realpolitik*. His prescriptions must be checked not only by those familiar with the political psychology of the American people, but also by intelligent business men who understand our complicated economic mechanism by daily contact and not merely through textbook knowledge. Otherwise the academician, in his passion for experimentation and his flair for reform, will overreach himself. Here is where Brain Trust government has fallen down during the past eighteen months. Congress has been a rubber stamp, approving Brain Trust projects without careful analysis and check, and New Dealers up to date have shown little disposition to enlist the counsel of practical business men. But the theorist may give dangerous advice, as well as the counsel of perfection. If President Roosevelt erred, it was not in calling scholars to Washington, but in permitting the Brain Trust to make too bold and revolutionary an experimentation in times of depression.

Strong Arm Economics

BY SAMUEL LUBELL

A comparison of the economic techniques of Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini

DESPITE the talk of "cannibalism," *laissez-faire* is a mild sort of economics. In sharp contrast, the economics of the new era that is captivating the world bears unmistakable traces of the strong arm. Let us leave the New Deal out of this—it lacks the punch—and devote our attention to Italy, Germany and Soviet Russia where when the big chief says, "Let him have it, boys," he gets it. In ideals and in ruling personalities these three dictatorships could hardly present greater contrasts—and that is what makes the similarities in their economic methods all the more significant.

In Italy roughly this is the system: Workers and employers are ranged facing one another in their respective syndicates. Industrial relations are settled by labor contracts, arrived at through collective bargaining and binding as law. Labor is not allowed to strike; capital is not supposed to. Both must forget class differences and work together for the national interest. This "balanced" co-operation is enforced by the state, which claims to be superior to the class struggle, through a disciplining bureaucracy composed of graded syndicates. The entire economic life of the nation, broken down into various productive divisions,

is embraced in this bureaucracy, which has been given the fancier name of the Corporate State. Almost all of the bureaucrats are members of the Fascist party and have dedicated their careers to the ideals of a totalitarian state—to passing *Il Duce's* word down the line. In principle property rights and economic gain are respected as the most efficient incentives known to man, but the state reserves the wartime right of intervention or expropriation wherever individual enterprise conflicts with the national interest. The national interest is defined by Mussolini.

Mussolini's system of parallel syndicalism balanced by state corporations was built up carefully through a period of nine years. In about one-fifth that time Hitler achieved a degree of economic regimentation of which *Il Duce* had never dreamed. But the Nazis have done a sloppy job. Step number one was the mystic policy of "coördination" which, in effect, meant wartime conscription of Germany's economic resources. *Führers* for the various divisions of economic life were appointed and the principle of "leadership" proclaimed. In every factory Nazi "cells" replaced the Social Democrat work councils, and linked the entire industrial system to

the National Socialist party. Good use was made of this link in dispensing jobs to party adherents. Trade unions had been broken up abruptly, and a few months later the parallel Employers Federation also passed out of the picture—peacefully. A new regimented conglomeration, the German Labor Front, was formed of all workers and employers; the Nazis hailing this achievement as meaning that “class and social distinctions have been abolished.” To this day the German Labor Front has remained shrouded in deep mystery. All the contradictions and possibilities of the entire Hitler movement seem to be contained in its bureaucratic set-up. And no one knows what it is; no one knows what it is supposed to be.

One of the Labor Front's tasks was to wipe out Marxian class consciousness in a flood of National Socialist propaganda. For that its staff, most of whom had never done a day's work in their lives, were eminently fitted. A second duty was to discipline capital and labor. Now a peculiar thing happened. The dispute between the worker and his employer was taken out of the productive system proper. Of course it wasn't settled. But to one side stood the actual mechanism of production, the technical capital equipment. On the other side capitalists and laborers were hodge-podged in the Labor Front. Their relation to the productive mechanism, the question of profits and wages, was still unsettled, but that uncertainty was not interfering with production! In fact under Nazi pressure industrial output was being stepped up. The old order had suffered a distinct relapse. Workers and employers had been shown that it was possible to operate that productive mechanism without each other's free assistance. The struggle between radi-

cals and reactionaries for dominance of the Labor Front could not be prevented—for an instrument of tremendous power had been forged. For the industrialists to gain control would mean to place in their hands a disciplining force that could enslave the workers to their mercy. If the workers took over the Labor Front the leveling power they would win would permit them to encroach steadily upon capital's preserves. As the situation now stands, however, with both elements battling for control, the weird potentialities of the Labor Front only add to the confusion.

All of Soviet Russia's resources have been nationalized and are being held in trust for future generations by the Communist party. Not a belief in Marxism, but rigid orthodoxy to the party “line” as laid down by the Kremlin clique is the first duty of every Russian Communist. A Communist nucleus in every factory—note the similarity of the Nazi cell—links up the industrial system with the party. The vast network of trade unions that embraces the major portion of the workers is generally subservient to these nuclei, and consequently trade unionism in Russia, as in Italy and Germany, has degenerated into a bureaucratic disciplining of the workers. Every individual, each economic unit in the country, must take part in the “Plan”; every one, everything has its quota and the trick is to work like blazes to beat it. Material rewards, class patriotism and terror provide the incentives. But in the last year the emphasis on blood and thunder has lessened.

II

Whatever the differences in organization and principle, all three systems are distinctly army formations. Not

alone in the fact that they are controlled by military dictatorships. There is the wartime elevation of the interest of the state above that of the individual or group, and, even in Germany and Italy, a sort of nationalization—in use, if not in legal right. In any of these countries a strike would be considered as a mutiny or desertion, and would be punished as such, and each of the systems has imposed tremendous sacrifices upon the people.

The formations differ. In Italy the tread of marching feet is relaxed as suits the soft Italian temperament. Mussolini dramatically strides along on foot, a mere Corporal of the Guard, one arm linked with capital, the other with labor, impelling them forward by the magic of his personality and the power of his grip. In the Third Reich workers and bosses have been mobilized suddenly, thrust rudely into field gray uniforms, and are being goose-stepped along, *Der Führer* strutting far out in front. In Russia the mass of peasants and workers, intellectuals and kulaks have been swarmed together and Communists with pistols and dog whips drive them on. If the military annals of each country were consulted, much the same sort of army formations would come to light. In their conception of discipline Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin have much in common with Garibaldi, the Kaiser and the Tsar.

But what's all the fighting about? Much of it, of course, is mere showmanship. Domestic troubles are borne more easily if the masses can be excited to fear of other countries. National interests are defined much more simply in times of war. Since the major difficulties of each of these dictatorships were economic how natural to preach the doctrine of economic war, that selfish in-

terests were to be sunk in a common front, that the struggle among nations had grown more intense than the class struggle between workers and employers, that men must cease disputing over wages and profits when international competition had become so bitter. The worst of it all is that their demagogic preachings seem to have come true.

For Mussolini the ideal Italian state would be a self-contained nation, insulated against the shocks of world competition and international fluctuations, "a country of diversified economy, with a strong agriculture, the foundation of all." This ideal condition is to be achieved through the Corporate State, through its disciplining of all productive enterprises, through its guaranteed control of the domestic market for Italian products, through its ability to adjust cost of production and to undersell more individualistic nations, and through the substitution of a single planned head for hundreds of conflicting business men.

A similar dream of a self-contained economically invulnerable Germany haunts Hitler. Through the Nazi *Standestat* Germany was to put her own house into order. Prices, wages, production and consumption were to be balanced with one another and protected against the disruptive influences of international competition by rigid trade barriers. With the home market stabilized, domestic production would be supplemented wherever needed with foreign trade. Thus foreign trade would serve as a stimulant, and not be the life blood of the system. In case of economic emergency, in event of war, both imports and exports could be cut off and the life of the nation would go on. Under privations of course, but never

again would a foreign blockade bring the proud Reich to her knees.

If this desire for economic invulnerability has been the dream of both Hitler and Mussolini it has been a positive nightmare for the Bolsheviks. The ever-lessening possibility of World Revolution confronted the Soviets with the horrifying spectacle of dependence upon a capitalist world. In 1928, with the fear of war in the Far East, they could wait no longer. Economic self-sufficiency had to be achieved or they might as well pack away their red banners in moth balls. The laying of an industrial base that would guarantee socialist construction in the future, even in case of war, economic blockade or another intervention, was the goal of the Five Year Plan. Once that was attained production could be tuned to the needs of the masses, imports and exports balancing one another, and with the advantage of being directed by a Plan, they would soon outstrip capitalist countries.

If planned national economies could be waved into existence with a magician's "presto," no one would object. On paper any of these three systems reads much more attractively than a description of the present order of things. But when it comes to the actual boiling-down stage that inspiring paper outline does very little good. Achieving self-sufficiency tends to become a crude Procrustean process, a lopping off here, a bit of a stretch there, in the effort to achieve a balanced economy. More specifically, only one policy presents itself to self-sufficers and that is to stimulate home development, to restrict imports and, if only to provide a comfortable margin to pay off international commitments and to account for mistakes, to stimulate exports—in other words to buy as little and to sell as much

as is possible. But import restrictions provoke reprisals, and the political pressure of the internal dislocations caused by government intervention must force those in power to stimulate exports even more feverishly—for a wider margin of safety becomes indispensable. Before long a policy aiming at securing a defensive self-sufficiency is converted, under the pressure of conflicting politics, into a regimented economic offensive.

III

Does this analysis fit the facts? The short wheat crops in Italy of 1923 and 1924 necessitated extraordinarily large imports and was one of the factors that made for the financial crisis that followed. With the stabilization of the lira Mussolini began his Battle of Wheat, in an effort to secure a guaranteed food source for the nation. Under this policy of stimulating food production, the major portion of Italy's liquid capital—never very plentiful—was invested in agriculture, land reclamation and public works. The stabilization of the lira had had a deflationary effect upon most Italian industries, whose capital structures had been inflated under wartime pressure. Unable to secure the necessary funds to tide them over, many enterprises were forced to shut down completely, and the number of businesses which the Government had to take over increased steadily. By 1931 the state had become the largest industrial shareholder in Italy.

Intervention in one sphere produced dislocations elsewhere, and the steady decline in world trade as a result of mounting trade barriers forced an ever increasing state interference. For the first few years of the depression, largely through its ability to adjust production

costs, Italy enjoyed an advantage in world competition. But as unemployment forced wage levels down in other countries that slight edge gradually disappeared, and when England, America and other nations left the gold standard Italy found herself at a decided disadvantage. But exports had to be pressed to correct an adverse trade balance, and to save the lira. In May of this year Italian wages were reduced, Mussolini appealing to the nation to accept the cut as indispensable if Italy were to continue in the struggle for world markets.

When the Five Year Plan was launched no Bolshevik thought that within three years every capitalist nation in the world would be howling against "dumping" and "forced labor." Tremendous imports of machinery in the first years of the Plan soon saddled Russia with a sizable foreign debt. Payment of those debts was made increasingly difficult by the deepening of the depression. Markets were not obtained so easily. The fall in the price of raw materials had been greater than the drop in finished products and Russia was exporting primary materials and importing machinery and similar equipment. To meet those payments Russia had to sell—and she did, her export monopoly earning the distinction of being called the "red trade menace."

In Germany the transition from a self-sufficiency aimed at defending the home market to an offensive nationalism directed at storming the ports of the world has come about much more rapidly. And so the process is clearer. With Hitler's accession to power an internal boom was launched, necessitating large imports of raw materials. Germany's international debt commitments were already enormous, and the

strain of these increased imports could be balanced only by a substantial export surplus. But instead the exact reverse had taken place. For political reasons (the Jewish boycott and the diversion of trade by Russia, Central Europe and France) and for economic reasons (the competition of devalued currencies) Germany's foreign trade had been cut to the vanishing point.

Internally the Reich had done some peculiar things, particularly with its farmers. Agriculture had been completely regimented and food prices raised considerably. Although unemployment had been reduced, most of the relief had been accomplished through spreading the work and the purchasing power of individuals tended to decline. Rising food prices and declining purchasing power do not make for a balanced economy, particularly when there is a drought to force prices still higher, and a raw material shortage and foreign trade difficulties to force wages lower. To stave off collapse Germany had to force exports at all costs. That process is going on now. As I write this article, the morning's paper contains the statement of Dr. Schacht that "every preference will be given to exports over domestic trade."

This gearing of production to international competition, and the internal dislocations which efforts for self-sufficiency have brought with them, have done fearful things to the standards of living in each of the countries; and also to the capital structure. Economic nationalism tends to limit the amount of available capital in a country by cutting off international lending, by restricting the total volume of trade, by imposing a check upon the profit instinct and by directing investment along political lines. Under a system of strong arm

economics investment policy is not guided by profit instincts but by "political necessity." Thus the cost of the Battle of Wheat was far greater than if Italy had gone into the world market and bought an equivalent number of bushels.

IV

This non-capitalistic tendency—I use the term capitalistic not in a labor sense but simply as the investing of capital on a profit basis—has not helped the worker, not in Italy under Fascism, not in Germany under National Socialism, nor in Soviet Russia under Communism. In each of these three countries the standard of living has been depressed terrifically, and if one considers the waste involved in their system of economics the reasons become apparent.

In Italy every cent of available capital, savings bank deposits, commercial balances, insurance and trust funds, has been mobilized and invested at the state's guidance. The turnover of money has been quickened, not in the form of trade through the hands of the people, but as investments through the banks. Italian capital has been invested chiefly in long-time projects like land reclamation and public works. A reasonable number of these projects eventually will pay for themselves; others have been undertaken to "make work" and are sheer waste of capital; but practically none of them provides any sort of economic return at present. This abnormal investment in long-term improvements is a distinct strain upon the capital structure. Demands for exports increase that burden. Debts have to be paid, and they are being paid in larger quantities of goods—a good share of those goods is being produced at a loss for political

reasons. No capital structure, however expansive, can stand such a strain of uneconomic financing for long, and the drain on capital funds must be offset by forcing people to work harder for less. That, of course, is precisely what has happened in Italy under Fascism. And Italy has gone so deeply into the sink that Mussolini has already sounded this warning:

"People must put aside the idea of returning to the old days of prosperity—prosperity which became the ideal of men as men had nothing else to do in life than to accumulate money. We are bound perhaps towards a period of humanity leveled to a lower standard of living."

Russia offers a slightly different picture, although much the same thing has befallen her capital structure. All the factories and power dams that were erected during the Five Year Plan, like Mussolini's public works and land reclamation projects, offered no immediate economic return. Payment was made by forcing exports, by sweating them out of the hides of the people. Inflation of currency provided the Bolsheviks with a novel way of balancing their budgets. After imports had been met, the rest of the goods were turned over to the people. Wages were paid simply by printing ever increasing quantities of rubles, and prices were adjusted to the quantities of commodities on sale.

However, there is one important difference between Russia and Italy. Mussolini stimulated agriculture, Stalin industry. Mussolini, so far, has forced his people to pay only in part for those projects; the Russians have almost completely paid for their Five Year Plan. Italy followed a deflationary policy, restricting economic expansion, Russia inflated and industrialized a backward

agricultural land. A larger portion of the Italian sacrifice was wasted in the bureaucracy of the Corporate State, in financing uneconomic projects. The Russians paid more, but they have more to show for their sacrifice. While Italy seems destined to be chained to a low standard of living for a generation, the Bolsheviks can confidently proclaim that henceforth their standard of life will rise.

It is impossible to predict what the results of National Socialism will be in Germany, but that the capital structure of the country will be subjected to the same drain as in Italy and Russia is already clear. Largely as a result of the tremendous work creation programme, and various other unemployment relief subsidies—programmes essentially uneconomic—the banks have been loaded down with the Government's I.O.U's. As long as there is not too great a demand for money the banks are safe. But should there be a run on the banks these drafts would be thrown back upon the Reichsbank, which would have to issue currency to meet them. Whether inflation takes place in this manner, or through a ruinous subsidy of exports, or through devaluation, Germany seems destined to have another currency debacle. The little capital that survived the last inflation will be dissipated—is being dissipated now in uneconomic projects—and it is not at all improbable that Germany will have a fairly perpetual inflation in the Russian manner. Of course

it will mean a lower standard of living.

Laissez-faire economists have always admitted that a certain amount of destruction was inherent in their system of economics. But they argued that in a constantly expanding universe, with booming industrialization sweeping the world, the creation of new capital, the steady increase in economic wealth, would more than offset the waste of competition and blunders. As long as the world had faith in itself things did work out in pretty much that way. But a new era is dawning. And the introduction of planned national economies is to do away with all that waste which the liberal economists tolerated with such smugness. Our new school of strong arm economists probably recognize that a certain amount of uneconomic construction must be undertaken, but—in theory—that is to be paid for by eliminating the exorbitant capitalist profits of the old order. That sounds fine. In a world made up of nationally self-sufficient units it might work. But in a world like ours, which is bound together by a terrific debt structure and by the instinct of progress, isn't it possible that the waste of economic nationalism, the loss in curbing economic expansion and in adjusting dislocations will prove greater than that of the old system? The experiments with strong arm economics in Italy, Russia and Germany have proven that the waste under such a system can be greater than the waste of *laissez-faire*.





Has the Supreme Court Abdicated?

BY ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON

The decisions upholding New Deal legislation have led some people to believe that the Court may relinquish its powerful hold on our government

AN OBSCURE and insolvent mortgagee in Minnesota by the name of Blaisdell, and a New York grocer who gave away a loaf of bread with two bottles of nine-cent milk, played, during the last session of the Supreme Court, a significant rôle in the legal development of our country. The New Deal legislation is under the microscope of the judiciary and dissenting Supreme Court justices record minority opinions with a note of confirmed desperation. "If the provisions of the Constitution can not be upheld," Mr. Justice Sutherland complains in the Minnesota Moratorium Case, "when they pinch as well as when they comfort, they may as well be abandoned." In a similar vein, Mr. Justice McReynolds predicts, in the New York Milk Case, that, "the adoption of any concept of jurisprudence which permits facile disregard of the Constitution as long interpreted and respected, will inevitably lead to its destruction." Both minority and majority judges agree that few cases of greater moment have been submitted during this generation.

Those who favor the New Deal as well as those who oppose it find comfort in the majority opinions. The optimists look fondly on those paragraphs in which Chief Justice Hughes points to the Court's growing appreciation of public needs and of the necessity of finding ground for a rational compromise between individual rights and public welfare. They approve his recognition of "an increased use of the organization of society in order to protect the very bases of individual opportunity." Opponents of the Roosevelt legislative programme are encouraged by the stress which the Chief Justice places upon the emergency character of the Minnesota legislation, but this emphasis is noticeably absent from the more recent decision in the New York Milk Case. The explanation may be that it was in the interval between these two decisions that the President announced the permanence of NRA. At any rate, if these cases do not support advocates of revolutionary change, neither do they support conservatives who contend that no such legislative in-

novations can be valid save in an emergency.

But the deeper and more fundamental issue is not whether the New Deal will stand or fall. To the minority mind, the disturbing aspect of these decisions is their threat to the existence of the Constitution itself, and to our unique and venerable principle of judicial review. Our Tory judges doubt whether these institutions will survive such strain as the economics of recovery and reconstruction are bound to place upon them. Of real significance, too, is the fact that Supreme Court justices now recognize so openly that the Constitution is not a self-declaring document, and that in constitutional interpretation judges may mold, change or even destroy the Constitution itself.

This is a far cry from the original and official theory of judicial review, which was unostentatiously originated by John Marshall in 1803 to realize an ideal closest to the hearts and minds of the founding fathers—"a government of laws and not of men." To permit Congress to determine the limits of its own powers, Marshall argued, "would be giving to the legislature a real and practical omnipotence." But should the Supreme Court review congressional legislation, administrative acts, and State court decisions involving the Constitution, the Court would not be placed in any perilous supremacy because, the great Chief Justice observed, "it is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is."

That is the official and plausible theory of judicial review. No problem of construing an oracular Constitution is involved; constitutional inter-

pretation consists in finding meanings which can be clear only to judges. To judges the meaning of the Constitution is obvious, but to others, even legislators, its meaning is hidden and obscure. These outsiders have not this transcendental wisdom. The only final and authoritative mouthpiece of the Constitution is the Supreme Court, and its every version, gleaned from a sort of "brooding omnipresence in the sky," has the special virtue of never mangling, distorting or changing the original instrument.

Presidential nominations to the Supreme Court have frequently cast doubt on the admirable simplicity of this analysis. In conference Chief Justice Taft himself confessed to the Court: "I have been appointed to reverse a few decisions," and, chuckling, "I looked right at old man Holmes when I said it." "The Constitution today," Senator Wagner remarked in the debates on the nomination of Judge John J. Parker in 1930, "is what the judges of the past have made it and the Constitution of the future will be what the judges appointed in our day will make it." Felix Frankfurter, Harvard Law School and Brain Trust, put the same idea more tersely: "The Supreme Court *is* the Constitution." Perhaps judges themselves now see that the Constitution has been, and is, essentially a contrivance of their own making. Its provisions mean in actual cases what the judges say they mean; and what the judges say will be determined by various forces, by whatever social, political and constitutional theories the members of the bench may then entertain. The jelly has to take the shape of the mold in which it is set to cool.

II

During our earlier constitutional development the relation of the States to the national government was shaped by Chief Justice Marshall's zeal for national power and supremacy. A soldier who followed Washington would not see the Federal System weakened. The early landmark cases, *McCulloch v. Maryland*, *Gibbons v. Ogden*, *Cohens v. Virginia*, the *Dartmouth College Case*, the *Charles River Bridge Case*, etc., were primarily political and theoretical—not legal. The future development of our country hung on whether the Constitution was regarded as a compact between States or, as Marshall insisted, an ordinance of the people of the United States. The doctrine of "implied powers," together with Marshall's broad construction of the commerce clause, enabled Congress to adapt the strength of government to swiftly changing economic and social conditions. Without some such broad theory of legislative eminence, the history of our country must have been sadly altered. Certainly congressional authority necessary to deal with the present emergency would be wanting.

Upholding national supremacy, Marshall argued that States are powerless to tax Federal instrumentalities and agencies, but this would not, in his opinion, deny the right of the national government to tax State governmental agencies. "The difference," Marshall explained, "is that which always exists, and always must exist, between the action of the whole—between the laws of a government declared to be supreme, and those of a government which, when in opposition to those laws, is not supreme." After Marshall's death in

1835, a Court headed by Chief Justice Taney substituted the doctrine of dual sovereignty for that of national supremacy. No express provision in the Constitution prohibited Congress from taxing the means and instrumentalities of the States, nor was there any prohibiting the States from taxing means and instrumentalities of the national government. In both cases the exemption rested upon a necessary implication. And in respect to its reserved powers, Taney insisted that "the State is as sovereign and independent as the general government." Times and judges had changed.

On rights of property and contract the judges' divergence of theoretical approach to problems of constitutional law is again controlling. Marshall believed so strongly in the sanctity of private contracts that in the face of precedents against invoking applicable constitutional provisions, he conjured up natural law—"general principles which are common to our free institutions"—and expanded the obligation of contract clause to unheard-of dimensions, all to protect vested rights from State legislative interference. He thus placed charitable and educational institutions out of the reach and control of arbitrary and tyrannical legislative majorities, but he put equally strong constitutional safeguards around the modern business corporation. And quite incidentally he annexed to the Constitution the vague and vast domains of natural law.

In modern industrial society no such doctrine could stand unchallenged. The first qualification was made in the famous *Charles River Bridge Case* where it was held that rights of contract must be strictly construed and that the public can grant away no rights or privileges by

mere implication. The interests of society and the power of the State to protect health, morals, safety and general welfare must prevail over any private rights whatsoever. This established the doctrine of police power, which Mr. Justice Holmes defines as extending to all great public needs. The result is seen today in the Minnesota Moratorium Case where police power was used as the basis for upholding legislation regulating existing contractual agreements, "not for the mere advantage of particular individuals but for the protection of a basic interest of society."

A new phase of the Court's history began in 1866 with the Fourteenth Amendment which was forced upon the country by a radical Republican Congress, who believed that despite the Emancipation Proclamation and the Thirteenth Amendment the South would keep the black man in serfdom and out of Republican politics. To place the civil rights of the Negro under congressional protection, the "privileges and immunities" clause was put in the amendment and Congress given authority to make it effective. If this purpose had been shared by the Court the Federal basis of our government would have been overthrown, with Congress controlling strictly internal affairs in Southern and other States. The Court believed the Federal system should be preserved. It refused "to fetter and degrade the State governments by subjecting them to the control of Congress," and declined to be "a perpetual censor upon all legislation of the States." This view was religiously followed in the early Granger Cases where the Court stood for non-interference in legislative rate-making, claiming that fixing public utility rates was a legisla-

tive matter free from judicial control. On whether facts warranted the legislature in regulating grain elevator charges, the Court took the position that "if a state of facts could exist that would justify such legislation, it actually did exist when the statute under consideration was passed." And if the State should fix unreasonable rates, the Court ruled that "the people must resort to the polls, not to the Courts."

"Due process" in legislation was held to require merely due legislative procedure, but this view was abandoned by 1890 and the Court began to interpret "due process" not only as requiring a particular form of procedure but also as fixing substantive limitations upon the State's legislative power. The Court began "to look at the substance of things" and to inquire "whether the legislature has transcended the limits of its authority." These are ominous words.

No one can overestimate the increased power and responsibility thus acquired by the Court. Declining the rôle of censor under the "privileges and immunities" clause, it subsequently made itself, under the "due process" clause, the final judge of the State's economic and social policy. Refusing a lesser area of power the Court thus annexed regions of indefinite extent. With few scientifically certain criteria of legislation it was difficult to mark any line where State police power was not limited by the Constitution. In a new case the judge was free to decide much as he pleased and his choice usually turned on whether a certain political, economic or social policy did or did not find favor in his eyes.

The crying need for some means of preventing the judges in due process cases from reading into the Constitution a *nolumus mutare* as against the law-

making power led Mr. Louis D. Brandeis in 1908 to introduce a new brief-making technique. For once the Supreme Court was presented with argument devoted not to legal dialectic and judicial precedents but to worldly facts and statistics showing the need for the legislation urged. At first the Court commended the Brandeis brief; increased liberalism and a period of judicial self-abnegation were heralded. But often such material actually gave the Court but one more weapon with which to strike down offensive legislation. Besides those granite concepts of "liberty," and "property," on which pioneer social legislation such as minimum-wage, hours-of-labor and price-fixing laws was wrecked, the Court fortified decisions with its own statistics. Obviously the remedy lies not in judicial study of facts and statistics but rather in return to the rule of judicial toleration followed in the Granger Cases. A reversion to this doctrine is clearly indicated in recent cases.

The Court solemnly disclaims, in the New York Milk Case, any purpose to continue the policy of translating its personal opinions into constitutional principles. "With the wisdom of the policy adopted," Justice Roberts observes, "with the adequacy or practicability of the law enacted to forward it, the Courts are both incompetent and unauthorized to deal." One likes to have the Court speak thus after severe criticism of its having proceeded on exactly the opposite principle for over forty years; after sturdy individualists, such as Brewer, Field, Peckham and Sutherland, have delayed and sometimes prevented our legislatures from dealing with pressing problems along lines set by the proved experience of other industrial nations. And this despite the

fact that it has long been obvious to many intelligent persons, including Supreme Court Justices, that lawyers and judges are not any better equipped to decide the advisability of such legislation than are the legislators themselves.

The due process clause is not the only siren voice which has led justices abroad in pursuit of their ideas of economic and social Utopia. In the Sugar Trust Case of 1895 congressional power under the commerce clause was so narrowly construed as practically to render the Sherman Anti-Trust Act useless. If a combination of manufacturers admitted to control ninety-eight per cent of the sugar output in the United States did not come under the Sherman Law, it is hard to see how any combination could. A number of Supreme Court opinions plus acts of Congress have been required to undo this single judicial blindness to the facts of a changing social order. In the Income Tax Cases the same court undertook to correct a "century of error," and placed incomes as such beyond the reach of national taxation until the Sixteenth Amendment over twenty years later, and even then this amendment was not permitted to mean what its words say. Though Congress was authorized to tax incomes "from whatever source derived," the court has ruled that incomes from State and municipal bonds and the salaries of Federal court judges are still exempt.

In the 1890's it also came to pass that if property was threatened by labor activities, every resource of national executive and judicial power was available for its safeguard. Business men increasingly sought protection in the equity courts whenever property or property rights were thus endangered. Labor struggled to rid itself of this cosmic injunction incubus and seemingly

important congressional legislation was secured in the Clayton Act of 1914, but the Supreme Court's interpretation turned it into a gold brick. Not until the Norris-LaGuardia and National Recovery Acts (1932-33) has Congress tried seriously to withdraw judicial power from the industrial struggle, and thus "to establish the equality of position between the parties in which," as Justice Holmes said, "liberty of contract begins."

III

All this has attracted attention enough. Apologists and eulogists have rallied to the Court's support urging that judicial review, unlike British parliamentarism, furnishes protection for private rights against even legislative majorities. One may doubt this contention. The Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments gave property interests formidable constitutional safeguards against social legislation, but the so-called fundamentals of free assembly, speech and expression have been no more secure in the United States than elsewhere, especially in times of crisis. Witness the tyrannies of Ku Klux Klan, Espionage Acts and of such Supreme Court decisions as the *Schwimmer* and *McIntosh* cases. European minorities have usually fared better, or did until the rise of Fascism and Sovietism. Nor has property always been paid the expected deference. Property rights in slaves and in liquor were annihilated without being paid for, although Great Britain compensated such losses. With us the erstwhile property-owner enjoys only such consolation as he may gain from living in a community which thus rises to higher moral standards at his expense.

Perhaps the strongest argument for

judicial review is the need in a federated system, especially one so vast and varied, for an authority to settle conflicts between State and Federal government. Mr. Justice Holmes said in 1913, "I do not think the United States would come to an end if we lost our power to declare an Act of Congress void. I do think the Union would be imperiled if we could not make the declaration as to the laws of the several States." Judicial review enables the court to insist that law express something more than the will of this or that section of the country, this or that economic interest. The Court can require that law embody the moral conviction of our entire society, that legal right and moral right ultimately coincide.

When one considers important cases in which the Supreme Court seems now to have been mistaken, it is indeed remarkable that its powers and prestige have been maintained unimpaired. *Chisholm v. Georgia* was corrected by the Eleventh Amendment barring suits by an individual against a State except with the latter's consent, but it took the Civil War to overrule the obiter dicta of the *Dred Scott* decision. The ruling in the *Pollock* Case was recalled by the Sixteenth Amendment, though not altogether effectively. The Sugar Trust decision has long since been abandoned by the Court itself, and if the National Recovery Act is allowed to stand, precedents established in the *Minimum Wage* Case and in *Hammer v. Dagenhart*, where the first Child Labor Act was disallowed, must be abolished root and branch. If one applies the pragmatic test whether Congress or the Court has proved itself the better judge of law as to some most important issues wherein they have differed, the odds are certainly with Congress.

To the credit of judicial review must be placed accomplishments the importance of which it is difficult to overestimate. Before the Civil War judicial review not only preserved the national government's existence against jealous States' localism but also laid foundations for government power, national and State, without which the problems of our industrial society could not be handled at all. After the Civil War the Court saved the States themselves from destruction at the hands of an arbitrary, partisan and senseless Congress. These are achievements of positive and permanent worth.

The entire history of the Court stands therefore as a denial of the basic theory on which judicial review rests. Judicial review requires more than the discovery of meanings obvious only to judges; it presents rather a problem of constitutional construction, and that of a document which is anything but clear. Underlying any theory of construction and strongly motivating judicial decisions (especially in due process cases) is some sort of a fundamental social or political philosophy. One judge may hold that men by taking thought can remedy or at least alleviate the misfortunes and sufferings of mankind; that the state should protect the weak against the strong. Another may answer that there are certain natural laws at work. Although pitiless and severe in achieving perfection, these must operate without state interference, the assumption being that "unfettered individual initiative" yields a maximum of universal good.

It becomes increasingly evident that judicial interpretation can not eliminate the personal bias of the interpreter because that interpretation is based upon that bias. Emotions great or small compel the judge to choose his side, and this

is as good as it is inevitable. It is important only that that choice be made in clear awareness of historical events, of social and economic conditions and of human life, as well as of legal precedents. In the opinion of Mr. Justice Stone, "intimate acquaintance with every aspect of the conditions which give rise to the regulatory problems are infinitely more important to the Court than are the citations of authorities or the recital of basic formulas." The danger is that dogmas and doctrines may control the judges' thought and bar essential facts from entrance into his mind.

Judicial review has erected the Court into a third legislative chamber. The justices have dealt decisively with the wisdom and unwisdom of political, social and economic policies. In unguarded moments certain judges have, on these very grounds, expressly condemned legislation before them. Justice Brewer once said that "the paternal theory of government" was "odious" to him. Justice Field described the Income Tax law of 1893 as "an assault upon capital"; Justice Peckham denounced the New York Bake-Shop law as "mere meddlesome interferences with the rights of the individual." These judges purported to be declaring the law and applying the Constitution, contending that they were powerless to do more. But in *Nebbia v. New York* a dissenting Supreme Court judge insisted openly that the Court should consider legislation not only in terms of power, but also in terms of policy. "But plainly," Mr. Justice McReynolds declares, "I think this Court must have regard to the wisdom of the enactment." The fact is that the Court has never entirely closed its eyes to the wisdom or foolishness of legislative policy. The Court's discretionary veto over legislation may be exercised mildly or

rigidly, depending not upon constitutional provisions nor upon any statable rule, but rather upon the social-political philosophy then held by a majority of the justices.

IV

In this lies the key to the whole matter. It was not the provisions of the Constitution, not the foundations of the fathers, that were being overthrown in the recent *Nebbia* and *Blaisdell* cases but only the then dissenting view of what constitutes sound economic and social policy. Nor does the theory that triumphs now over minority protests enjoy any sure permanence. The Court long ago sustained equally radical measures, workmen's compensation legislation, State wage laws, emergency rent laws prohibiting a landlord from evicting a tenant even after the expiration of the lease, and an act of Congress arbitrarily fixing the hours and wages of the employes of interstate carriers, a power which might conceivably be extended to every interstate industry. But these precedents did not embarrass the Court later on in setting aside minimum wage laws for women, a law fixing the resale price of theatre tickets by ticket scalpers, laws preventing exploitation of the unemployed by employment agencies, and other similar measures.

As Justice Roberts's opinion indicates, the Court may relinquish for a time its self-made rôle as arbiter of State and national legislative policies, and this will be all to the good. But why think, as certain commentators do, that these 1934 decisions will make it difficult for the Court to recover the ground it has relinquished, or that judicial review will fall into innocuous desuetude? Thomas Jefferson in 1819 spoke more

truly when he wrote Spencer Roane: "The Constitution is a thing of wax in the hands of the judiciary which they may twist and shape into any form they please." If the Roosevelt legislative programme be declared unconstitutional the decision will not be necessitated by the Constitution but determined by the philosophy of five or more justices who disbelieve in the Administration's policy. It is almost unthinkable that a majority of the Court will set aside any substantial legislative effort to deal with an emergency which Justice Brandeis characterized as "more serious than war." During less trying times, Chief Justice White admitted that the Court "relaxed constitutional guarantees from fear of revolution." Judicial interposition now would mock our governmental system and elevate the Supreme Court to a dictatorship unparalleled even in this day of dictators. The American people are little likely to tolerate that. They are more likely to dethrone the Court.

The sum of it is that judicial review today represents an effort exercised intermittently since Aristotle to secure the rule of law as opposed to the rule of men. Where other constitutional governments achieve legislative responsibility by using an executive power to dissolve parliament, we employ judicial review. Holding to the ancient theory that law is discovered, not made, judicial review stands, President Coolidge declared, "as the aptest instrument for the discovery of law," discovered of course by lawyers and judges. But we have not secured thereby a government of laws, but only a system wherein all law must conform to certain standards of constitutional morality determined in the Supreme Court by nine men.

Last Testament

BY GRENVILLE VERNON

A Story

THE pain in her heart had almost disappeared and her throat no longer seemed stopped with cotton-wool. That was a relief at least and relief was all she could hope for now. She rose from the couch and, moving slowly across the room, seated herself at her dressing-table, then gazed quietly into the depths of the mirror, a gaze no longer inquiring but ironical. How fresh her skin was—scarcely a line in her throat or under her eyes—yet she never used make-up nor had the lines been obliterated by the surgeon's knife. Even the beautiful softness of her hair seemed to give the lie to the whiteness of its color, to the fact that within a year she would be sixty. At the thought the irony in her gaze deepened and she whispered to herself correctly: "Would have been." She knew now that she would never reach it. Just an hour ago Dr. Gautier had left, and with him the specialist from Paris. They had told her the truth—and yet somehow she had known it all along—ever since the pain had begun six months ago. She asked herself why she had for once turned to outside confirmation to prove to herself what she had known. It seemed so silly after all these years—and the fulness of her life. The fulness of her life—she thought of the words of Goethe:

"Happy is he who can keep the end of his life a piece with its beginning." Yes. She had succeeded in this. Everything she had done, experienced, had grown spontaneously from what had gone before, and in turn had given birth to what had followed. There had been no loose ends, no tags of unresolved regrets. Her triumphs and failures alike had had meaning, had at once been the justification of her past and the seeds of her future—the parts she had sung, the men who had loved her, the men whom she had loved.

The men whom she had loved—outside the window the oleander seemed to be bending toward her, and beyond and far below the waters of the bay were darkening from blue to purple as the sun slid behind the olive-crowned hills. No longer was she gazing into the mirror. She had cupped her chin in her hands, and her eyes were far away, following the thoughts which began to rise from her brain, one after another, jostling each other gently, floating across her dressing-table, out the open window. From her brain—it was odd that they came from there, yet not odd, for her brain had been only the sanctuary where her memory had stored them—their birthplace had been her heart. Her poor exhausted heart, which was to end her

because it had lived too much! And now she smiled. There was comfort in that at least. She had lived and loved and suffered, and that she must pay could bring no regret. The men whom she had loved—

II

Only the week before she had read of the death of Jean, the Romeo to her Juliet, the Faust to her Marguerite. The Paris Opera, Covent Garden, the Metropolitan—how the memories had thronged to her when she had laid down the newspaper. He had lived fully but never wastefully. He had been honest and that in the theatre was rare indeed. But then he had never been really of the theatre; great artist that he was, he had been a great gentleman first, a great gentleman by birth, but also in the things of the spirit. He had been a devout Catholic. It had been that which had separated them in the end. He had a wife, an invalid who never left her chair, but the Church permitted no divorce. Yet it hadn't been only that, for the weak and helpless had for him a sacredness. It had not been for nothing that his Polish ancestors had followed Saint Louis to the Crusades. Had he been able he would have married her, and she would have been happy as his wife. But he had gone back to the Church irrevocably. It had been strangely appropriate that the greatest Tristan of his age had ended by singing Parsifal. Yes. Jean had loved her. Had she loved him—really—as he deserved?

The room was darkening now. Far out in the bay a fishing boat was making for port, the white of its sail already dulled against the sombre water. Somehow her thoughts had joined the boat, tacking homeward in the evening light—and suddenly she remembered why.

It had been a colder sea, and there had been no olives on the hills, but pines, and in the air the breath of the Arctic was never far away. Richard—he had been that to her, and she alone had called him by his full name, for to his family and friends he was Dick. That summer she had been thirty-nine, and he twenty-two. In after years she always remembered him in his little yacht, bronzed and laughing-eyed, grasping the tiller while she attended to the main-sheet, or, when there was no wind, reclining on a cushion at the bottom of the boat, her head against his knees. Attending to the main-sheet, how that had amused her; it had been so utterly different from anything she had ever known before—or since. Richard's six feet, and his liteness, and his strong arms were meant for action, and a proper mate should love action too. That summer she had been such a mate, sailing or walking over the hills, through the woods of pine and fir. The artist in her had meant nothing to him; the only songs he cared for were the music-hall ditties of the time, and one or two mid-century sentimental ballads. And she had been happy that this was so, for she knew that he loved her for herself alone.

Of course he had asked her to marry him—a dozen times—youth always does—and of course she had refused. And yet he had meant much to her—youth, which was hers no longer, innocent and gay and brave. For the first weeks he had been alone at the hotel, and their happiness had been unalloyed. Later his parents had joined him—his father, successful, pompous and a little vulgar; his mother, obese, vain and affected. Surely there was nothing of either of them in their son. His mother had at once disliked her, but his father had

been pleased to be seen with a famous prima donna, and had tried to make love to her. When she repulsed him he had pouted pompously. For all his millions he was a fool, and he had no idea that his son was her lover. He had insisted on going to the railroad station to see her off, and when she had kissed Richard good-bye, the father's face had been a study. It looked as if its owner had just received notice of bankruptcy proceedings. Richard had written her many letters, but she had never answered them. She had seen him only once afterwards, years later, and then she realized that he had become his father's son. He was stout, divorced and had just made a killing in the market. There was a wistful look in his eyes when he saw her, but it was all that recalled the boy she had loved. She often wondered afterward if she could have saved him.

It was odd that a boy like Richard should have caused her break with Sandor, Sandor who was everything that Richard wasn't; a man of fifty, an artist, the greatest she had ever known. What was deepest in her art she had owed to Sandor, the man whose soul of fire was controlled by a will of iron and a brain of ice. She had never known another mind of such clarity and of such insight into the meaning of a work of art. Fragile-looking as he was, his powers of endurance were tremendous. Black-browed, near-sighted, his features positively ugly, he reigned in the conductor's stand unique and alone, scorning the aid of a score, with each note and effect imprinted in his brain. He had taught her the *Desdemona* of Verdi, *Eva*, *Elizabeth*, *Melisande*, but when she had wished to sing *Isolde* he had forbidden her, and she had obeyed. "Your voice is not of the heroic mold,"

he had said brutally, and she hadn't been angry. No true artist could be angry with him for an artistic judgment, for he knew and never lied. In art utterly ruthless, in life perhaps an egoist, he yet could be as tender as women are supposed to be, and as men sometimes are. There had never been any question of marriage between them, though his wife was dead and his children married, yet while their affair had lasted she had looked at no other man. The summer she met Richard she had intended to sail for Europe in August to meet Sandor in Budapest, but Richard had stopped it. Now, her chin cupped in her hands, she asked herself why. Why, too, she had told Sandor about Richard in a letter, a letter written after she had left Richard, and had decided never to see him again. Had it been that she herself was a complete egoist, that she had received from Sandor all that her art required? But Sandor himself hadn't accused her of this. He had simply written back: "The Norns spin the skein of all our fates." For half a dozen years afterwards she had sung under his baton, and never had she read in his eyes rebuke, or regret, or even irony.

III

The shadows now were thick about her, but she didn't switch on the electric light. On her writing desk were two candlesticks, and, rising, she lighted the candles in them, then seated herself in an arm-chair. The shadows and candle-light—that had been Michael, who believed in the Little People, and who had seen them and talked with them. A great poet, the greatest in Ireland, many said the greatest in the world. He had been the second man in her life. She had met him just after her *début* in Brussels; he had entered her dress-

ing-room without introduction. He was tall and gaunt and his long locks fell over his forehead, and at that time he was practically unknown. His courtship had been the weirdest she had ever known; he turned up always at the most unexpected times, and often said the most uncomplimentary things, yet at the end of her engagement at the Opera he had carried her away to Ireland. His love for her had been only half of this earth. He would sit for hours in utter silence facing her across the huge room of the tumble-down castle he had bought, and then suddenly would begin to talk to her as if she existed only partly in the flesh. He told her he had loved her as soon as he had seen her on the stage because he recognized that she was half *fey*. And when she protested that her feet were very much on the earth, he shook his black locks, and, with a smile which seemed utterly divorced from life as it is lived by sensuous beings, he had said that those who were only half *fey* never knew it until their hour of death. Yet with it all he had been the most complete lover she had ever known, for his mysticism only heightened his sensuality. There was a keen irony in the thought that it was because of him that she would be remembered finally. Her triumphs in the opera would be forgotten when the last person who had heard her had died, but one sonnet Michael had written her was already in the anthologies, and would be read and loved as long as the language existed. They had broken because he had finally wanted her to give up the stage and live with him in his castle. But she knew that banshees and other Little People would be their chief companions, as Michael detested visitors when he was in the creative mood, and that was not at all to her liking. But ever

since they had parted, on the anniversary of the day when he had walked into her dressing-room unannounced, she received from him a sprig of laurel. Only three weeks before the last one had come. She wondered if his black hair now was gray? He had been only a year older than she when they had met, but even then his age seemed timeless.

She stirred a little in her chair. Raoul—it was the very contrast which made her think of him—Raoul, the realist, the joyous cynic, the Frenchman *par excellence*—Raoul, the dare-devil pilot of Verdun and the Somme. She had been in her middle forties when she had met him, and Raoul had been twenty-five; but like Michael he too was ageless, though in a different way. The Frenchman is born without illusions, those illusions which give charm to the Anglo-Saxon youth, and Raoul was not only French but a Parisian as well. Laughter—that had been his keynote, but it was a laughter of the brain and the senses, not of the soul. He had never expected to come out of the War alive, but the realization seemed to amuse, even to exhilarate him. She was sure that he always fought smiling, that when he at last crashed above Peronne, the smile was with him till he struck the earth. The first time she had bade him good-bye she had wept, but each time after she too had smiled; and the last time—it was at the front where she had been singing in the camps—she had waved to him as he soared away. The imminence of death had put no tragic mark upon his brow, and when he flew toward his end she was glad that her final salute had been, like his, gay.

IV

It was dark now outside. No longer could she see the oleander beyond her

window, but the lighthouse on the cape showed its flashing golden beam. Raoul, who had left her to die had been the last. It had been fitting so. It was odd that not until now had she thought of Peter, Peter, who had been the first. She had met him when she was studying singing in New York, and Peter lived in the same house, and was trying to write. There had been nothing unusual in Peter except his sympathy and his belief in her. Yet he had been the rock that had sustained her during those hard-fought, sometimes hopeless days. She had given herself to him, fully realizing what she was doing, because she needed him. It was he who had tried to resist, and to give him courage she had laughed at him. How well she remembered his room, so bare and famished-looking, with the shoes, which he tried to polish himself, but which always seemed to be resting with muddy soles under the bed or in dusty corners. She had tried continually to straighten the room out for him, but when she returned to it disorder had always again taken its sway. He had no sense of form at all. It had been the fault with his writing, and he never succeeded in selling anything. But she had loved him. Yes. She was sure of that. They had eaten together scanty meals, and had gone to concerts in the gallery, and had been standees at the Metropolitan.

As she thought of Peter tears for the first time came into her eyes. He had never succeeded. She had heard that he was the editor of a country newspaper somewhere in New York State, and somewhere in an old note-book was his address. And suddenly she knew that she must write to him, to him, the first man she had ever loved. And for all his failure was it not he whom she had loved the best? After all first love when it is

honest is unique. Yes. Life hadn't been kind to him, and now that she had so short a time to live she must atone, must make him happy once again, must tell him that it was he and he alone whom she had really loved. The paper and the ink were before her. She stretched out her hand and took the pen.

PETER DEAREST:

Do you remember me, or am I just a wraith which once existed and is no more? The doctors tell me I have only a few weeks to live—perhaps less than that—and so I am writing to you to tell you that through all these years it has been your love that has lain deepest in my heart, the thing which counted more than anything else, more than my failures, far more than my triumphs. I love you now. I have always loved you. I say this, I swear it to you as my life is flowing from me, and the ghostly shadows reach out their fingers toward me. I love you—

The only sound under the flickering candle-light was the scratching of her pen. Only at last when she had ended a sigh escaped her as she signed the one word—"Elaine."

She sat very still, the tears in her eyes blurring the words as she reread them. Then slowly her hand went out again and touched the pen.

V

The morning breeze coming through the open window stirred the papers on the desk, and as the maid entered the draught blew two of the sheets to the floor. But the figure seated at the desk didn't stir. The maid crossed the room, then, returning, stopped beside her mistress.

"Madame," she said. And then again

when there was no response—"Madame."

Still there was no movement, and this time the maid glanced curiously at her. She was still—so utterly still—as if she never would move again. And suddenly the maid gave a little cry—as *if*?

"Madame! Madame!" she cried, this time in panic. And then she knew.

She had been with her many years, and very gently now she touched her forehead. The pen was still in her hand, and under it was a sheet of

paper, a letter. And the maid read:

MICHAEL DEAREST:

Do you remember me, or am I just a wraith which once existed and is no more? The doctors tell me—

And over the desk were strewn three other letters, and each, except for the name which began it, was exactly like the others. The names were Raoul and Peter and Sandor. And when the maid picked up the sheets the wind had blown on to the floor, the names on them were Jean and Richard.





Holiday on Parnassus

BY H. W. WHICKER

*Some hundreds of thousands of American young men and women
are matriculating now in college; here is advice on
how they should face the four years ahead*

WHEN, in the fall of 1915, I passed through the ordeal of university matriculation, there was a fairly stable social order in America, or at least it appeared so on the surface; and though the big guns were booming in far-away Europe, there seemed to be some likelihood that this social order would continue stable to the end of time. Psychology was seldom heard outside the tent of the patent-medicine "colonel"; no one knew anything about the technique of industrialized education, for there was no such thing. College professors were quite often learned gentlemen who had gone deeply into abstractions relating more to the spirit of life and living than to what contributes to the profit and glory in what man does; but that, of course, was in a comparatively primitive day when professors were teachers instead of mill workers pulling a lot of pulpwood and a little oak off the institutional green-chain to grade it alike for the market—a market which, by the way, is now cursed with all the afflictions production with little or no thought of distribution has brought upon all other markets.

Generally speaking, the universities

of that era gained their prestige for reasons other than football winnings, enrolment increase and imposing architectural concrete. There were not so many of us on the campus then. Those with intellectual yearnings made the pilgrimage to Parnassus for consideration of elements and principles involved in living; those whose yearnings were otherwise went elsewhere and were none the worse for it—some of the latter, in fact, are both rich and famous now. Matriculation over, we were turned loose to browse according to our inclination in the meadowlands of learning. Our Alma Mater had the wisdom to assume that we were men and women in the making, and that a natural unfolding from within would ultimately determine what we were to be, if she provided an atmosphere favorable to our growth and sympathetic of our efforts to find ourselves. Later we might enter any one of the professions, business, industry, the law, medicine, banking, the arts, letters, or, in case we could hold our place in nothing else, teaching. White collar jobs were plentiful and college-educated men few. We had nothing to worry about on that score, or so we thought at the time. We were

given to understand, wherever we turned, that there was a great deal of beauty and goodness in life if we could only discover it through the calm and repose of intellectual living. The professions were secondary, something to which, in due time, we would gracefully adjust ourselves, and which, in turn, would yield us the material substance and economic security necessary for the making of homes and the rearing of children. It was all very simple. None of the gentle old gray-beards of my student days could have predicted our entrance into the World War, the moral confusion and social disintegration of the boom days of the Harding-Coolidge epoch, and the great collapse of the Hoover Administration, one that left civilization as near chaos as she has ever been.

For more than four years an effervescence has been going on in the vat of human conduct. It is probable that every social ingredient of the ages will soon be lost somewhere in the fermentation. What we shall lift to our lips in the cup of living five years hence no one can say. The past has no lamp with light strong enough to guide us through the uncertainties of the near future. There is a hopeless babel of experts and authorities amid the wreckage, and the best they can do is disagree. Little wonder that matriculation should leave the youth of today utterly bewildered! His mind is as chaotic as the period that made him.

II

Now if we are to understand the matriculant of today at all, and appreciate his problems, and bear with him, as indeed he is forced to bear with us, we must look critically at the social order and educational system that brought

him forth. We have heard no end of nonsense spoken about the virtues and vices of youth and listened to spirited attacks and spirited defenses without getting anywhere in the problem. Youth, his critics of the older generation lament, is a rounder in sex, an inebriate in drinking, a liar and a thief, a conscienceless cheat in examinations and a transgressor along any forbidden path; but the older generation, I protest, is also reluctant to follow the rocky road of righteousness. The older generation is not wholly clean sexually, as current scandals show in the divorce courts. Reputable business men did most of the drinking during the Prohibition era, and they are not infrequently drunk at the wheels of stream-lined cars now. Any advertisement or radio announcement is apt to be blatant with the falsehood and misrepresentation of our more mature citizenry in the distribution of their commodities to the consumer. While youth may crib for academic credit, the older generation looks to politics for graft, resorts to bribery and collusion for air mail contracts, countenances fraud on the stock market and justifies any means by the end of profit, though the homes of others are sacrificed and thousands plunged into poverty and squalor. Not one charge can be brought against youth that may not with greater propriety be laid at the doors of age. Youth, however, is far more impressionable than age, whose senses are dulled by time and blunted by the blows of circumstance; and that being the case, it is only fair to regard the youth of any period, notably the present, as a composite of the social trends and tendencies of its day.

Predominant notes and obsessions in national life from the close of the World War to the great collapse, the period

responsible for the present generation, were mass production, ruthless competition, spectacular exhibitionism, political corruption and organized crime, blind optimism and hostility to criticism. These were the quicksands into which most of our essential institutions were miring long before the stock crash of October, 1929, and the subsequent panic revealed the full extent of our disaster.

The American home was the first institution to feel the full force of the hurricane that swept down upon us from the World War. It became a lunch counter and sleeping accommodation for parents whose time and vital energy went into any activity but the rearing of children. Parents washed their hands of the young they had borne and shifted the responsibility for their upbringing upon the public schools. Simultaneously mass production wrapped its tentacles around the educational system just as it had around industry. The educator was not the author of the system in which he labored, he was its first victim; it was necessary for him somehow to care for ever increasing student hordes; he had to push them through in order to clear his boards for others; mass production methods were his only possible solution. Circumstances permitted him no selectivity; democracy, whose shadow is absolutism, tolerated no distinctions between human wheat and human chaff and refused, on the theory of human equality, to recognize any. These developments soon changed the secondary school system from an institution of preparatory learning into a combination of public nursery and factory.

For the sake of convenience in checking volume and recording output the mimeograph replaced the heart and mind of the teacher. There was no end of grading and testing and practically

no instruction at all. Countless form blanks had to be filled out with statistics of production. Workers in the system had no time for the subjects upon which the system was originally founded. Personal contact was lost in the volume flow of the human raw material, the whole of which had to be machined out in standardized patterns, veneered in keeping with popular concepts of an age on the verge of madness, and labeled according to pre-determined percentages of value foisted upon the system by the educational psychologist who was in reality its efficiency expert. The worker's personal attention, if any, went not into the worthy and deserving raw material before him but into misfits and psychiatric problem cases having no more legitimate claim upon him than has chaff upon the thresherman who discards it. This drove the educational laborer into reform activity; it added the blight of corrective supervision to the interfusion of factory and nursery and gave the plant the atmosphere of a reformatory.

Most colleges and universities supported by public funds were subject to the same pressure; and that they are now adopting similar methods of adjustment to the situation is indicated by a general lowering of educational standards to admit the totality of the secondary school output. Thus at a time when a young man is in the fulness of his physical and spiritual vigor, moved by generous warmth and loyalties, over-serious to a fault, and animated by ideals so lofty that they are at times ridiculous in their impracticality, he has the caste of a commodity on a glutted market. His instinctive curiosity, his capacity for honest reasoning and his normal love of the truth have more often than not been seriously dwarfed or killed by the proc-

esses to which he has been subjected. Naturally, then, as he matriculates this autumn, we are deeply concerned with what is ultimately to become of him and with what we are to do with him now.

III

For my part, if I were matriculating today with the background of what I have seen and known of life since that autumn of 1915, when I was turned loose to browse in the meadowlands of learning under the guidance of dear and wise shepherds who knew the blessings of what they had to offer, I would hold fast to certain elements and principles that subsequent events have tested and proven, I would trace their influence upon me through the turmoil of the years, I would judge them by their contribution to my happiness rather than to my purse, at any cost I would seek their fulfilment in the institution of my allegiance, and regardless of all else I would make those four years ahead on Parnassus the holiday from the world they were intended to be for youth.

I am aware that the frank, perplexed youth of today has no such background for his decisions; but if from the sand of my own experience I pan him a few nuggets of truth, he may be able to accept the version of a none too prosperous prospector as something more than meaningless advice.

First of all, I don't think I'd plan my career. The youth of eighteen is not the lad he was at eleven, and certainly not the man he will be at thirty, or at forty, or at fifty. Life for all of us is a succession of advancing stages. For a youth of eighteen to determine upon a career and obstinately stick by his plan would be senseless folly, and to cast it aside later would show his planning up for purposelessness under the brand of incon-

stancy. The man he is to be at thirty, or at forty, or at fifty can't be bound by the graph of a lifetime made at eighteen. Madness alone would insist that an immature mind of that age dictate the attitudes and actions of the hardened veteran of decades hence in his clash with circumstances, when every aspect of life itself must marvelously change in the meantime even as he must change. I like the bold view that all progress is a departure from established precedent. So far as I can determine from my dabbings in the confused history of our race not one of the great men who contributed to our welfare, and whose memories we reverence in statecraft, in war, in exploration and discovery, in science and invention, in literature and art, or in any other field of human endeavor, ever had any sort of a plan for his career. Abraham Lincoln was a failure in business and the law and in most other things he attempted until the strange inexorable destiny that underlies popular movements tossed him into the President's chair of the Republic; and his case, from Plato to Thomas Alva Edison or Albert Einstein, is only typical. Their achievements must be credited in part to the fact that in the flux of things they broke away from the beaten path and followed their own restless inclinations whither they led in the adventure of finding themselves. Theirs is an example worth the attention of the youth of today, whose ears are dinned full of the planning craze by laborers who push academic buttons and run curricular adding machines. I think it was Robert Burns who pointed out certain fallacies in the best laid plans of mice and men; and the modern matriculant is admirably poised between these two extremes of those who plan. For him to decide

upon what he's going to do now is sheer asininity; he doesn't know and can't know. It seems to me far better for him to caper about in the meadowlands with faith in himself that nature has implanted that within him which, before he is done, will have the final say in both his being and doing.

I was taught by one lovable heretic that truth is a mistress worth wooing for herself and to be taken for what she is. I recommend the idea. It leaves one critical of misconceptions and draws the line through a host of obnoxious platitudes before one succumbs to them. There are a great many catch-phrases current for keeping the race of man in error and moving it toward tragedy; and by far the most universally accepted throughout Western civilization is the monstrous theory that time is valuable. Considered from the standpoint of our absolute and final standard of judging value, the law of supply and demand, I know of nothing less valuable. Time was here always. Time will be here always. Time is the one element in existence of unlimited and infinite abundance. Hoarding neither increases nor diminishes it. The longest life on earth is at best but the flicker of an eyelash against the eternity of time past and time future.

The theory that time is valuable leads to another and a worse fallacy, the one, I suspect, upon which the first is based—namely, the miserable dictum that we should always be doing something, and that our success or failure in living depends entirely upon our accomplishments. I most fervently doubt it! The planetary atoms of the Cosmos are as numerous as all the grains of sand on all the sea beaches of earth; and in perspective we are nothing more than a pediculous growth on one of the least

of these atoms. It is hardly probable that the campaigns of Alexander had any impact upon the infinity through which the heavenly bodies turn and harmonize with each other; it is hardly probable that the dialogues of Plato, the plays of Shakespeare, or the economic treatises of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Dealers have had or will have any influence on the body proper of the all-embracing Cosmos. A star gazer on Mars would find the surface of our little, spinning world no different for the Panama Canal or the Empire State Building. What man does is as relatively insignificant to total time and total being as himself. In a state so futile, where individual life leads inevitably to individual death with no substantial indication of what is beyond, we have but one hope, the hope of happiness.

Some at least of the kindly old professors who led me through the meadowland of my youth no doubt realized this; for they were ever insistent upon the point and dwelt at great and often tiresome lengths upon the importance of living rather than doing. I was a Middle-West farmer boy who, to escape the plow-handles, had set my cap on being a cartoonist, a field that, before the coming of the syndicate, offered extraordinary possibilities of fame and fortune. My fine arts dean scoffed this out of my system as juvenile delirium, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously hatched out Fontaine Fox. He could be serious only about abstract beauty that can neither be bought nor sold. He saw to it that I had rigorous courses in composition and design, that I had my fill of sketching, and that I did no end of splashing about in oil and water-color. He taught me to look for the contrasting values in light

and shade and the soft, luminous glow that permeates the latter; he took it upon himself personally to show me why clouds are beautiful, why flowers are beautiful, why human faces and figures are beautiful and why there is beauty in all life for those with open eyes; he convinced me before he was through that Nature never draws a false line nor permits a clash of tone in a color harmony in anything from a blade of grass to a mountain skyline.

Those professors of mine, back in the period following my university matriculation, cared not a rap for the credit I accumulated; they were interested in my unfolding, and they looked after me very much in the spirit of a gardener looking after blossoms not intended for the market. They were often loose and shiftless in the matter of credit, the currency of their realm. I could, for example, do nothing with mathematics, particularly trigonometry, a required subject. I spent one entire semester in the class of a learned Russian Jew who was as sympathetic as he was temperamental. Of all things in that course his nose appealed most to my under-graduate interest and sense of humor; so a little bored, one morning, I caricatured, in a most outrageous manner, his nasal protuberance on the fly-leaf of the text of a fellow student, who had the audacity to show it to his mathematical highness. This led to a friendship. He used to tramp over to my room and smoke and carry off sketches pleasing to his eye. I failed dismally in his final exam; but a couple of days later he called me into his office; and there, to my surprise, was my blue-book with a jolly big "B" scrawled all over its face. I grinned. Said he: "My poy, dodt's a condribution to your ardt vork, in v'ich you pe-long. For de agony my course has

caused you I humply apologize. I do nodd see v'y, midt your inderests undt inclinations, you shouldt effer haf been compelled to take idt, or vodd goodt you can possiply gedt oudt of idt. I speak in all seriousness." He was right. To this day, when I mimic his words, there is a "God bless you, Professor Dantzig!" in my voice, for I have never had an occasion to use trigonometry, and I doubt if I ever shall.

And so I continued to browse around in association with understanding minds. It was under the microscope of a wizened little professor of science that I first saw the marvelous kit of tools on the knees of the genderless worker bee. That set me to wondering. It awakened me to the imponderable but nevertheless real in the mystery of life. From that day forth, wherever I went, I was never to know a dull moment. One morning I marched off to war to do my bit in a horrible butchery brought upon the world by the lust and stupidity of the older generation; and one day I came limping back. I rode the blinds. I entered the prize-ring. I coached and taught in college. I tried the newspaper racket. I tried a hundred things. I have never been able to keep my chin up before a banker or snap my fingers under the nose of a bill collector; but I have been happy as a consequence of my holiday on Parnassus, as happy as ever I could have been had those venerable gentlemen of the classroom placed the reserves of the United States Mint at my disposal, instead of the more limitless reserves of the Mint of Life.

IV

If I had it all to do over again—and I can't say, even at the risk of smugness, that I wish I had—I'm inclined to think I might make a different selec-

tion of subjects, not that there was anything wrong with those I carried, but rather because the life of now is so vastly and so thrillingly different from the life of then. And I would make the selection, or most militantly thumb my nose at the whole present educational system while I chased about the nation looking for an institution tolerant of the individual urge for selection.

My academic course had its roots in the classical; its contribution to my unfolding was accordingly classical. But the classics and what was classical in life are a long way behind us. If I were a youthful resident of an Esquimau community far up in the Arctic Circle, it would only be the part of good common sense for me to seek instruction in the art of spear-throwing, the use of the *kaiak*, the principles of igloo building, and other branches of knowledge necessary for my adaptation to that environment; a knowledge of Latin and Greek, or of the Romance languages and literature, or of the conquests of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, or of those arts which make for social grace, would profit me nothing; and the chances are good that my belly might be empty and my body shelterless in the meantime. Why then should I, as a matriculant of today, fit myself for an environment which, however good it might have been back in some ancient or medieval century, is now as remote from my actual contact with today and tomorrow as is the world past and present of the Esquimau? This is no argument for specialization, either! I know a man, for example, who specialized in certain branches of engineering which have to do with the care and maintenance of a particular type of machine. That particular type of machine is now obsolete and will always be obsolete,

and its keeper must either go jobless or spend the rest of his days at common labor. There is a great pick and shovel brigade passing by any day, and not a few of its involuntary recruits have degrees from reputable technical institutions of the past two decades.

When a man stands on the first fringe of the great frontier of the future, he can only view his situation in terms of broad generalities and proven principles. He must make a sociological adjustment sometime somewhere. If society is formative rather than established, he can understand it and take his place in it only by watching it grow and by participating in its growth. An individual opinion is like a drop of water, insignificant in itself. Collectively, drops of water are the sea in all its vastness. So many drops are a trickle, so many trickles a stream, and so many streams an irresistible tide or current sweeping humanity along like so much drift, at first imperceptibly, later through rapids, often through a series of rapids. Now and then, by some phenomenon of accident, a personality, lifted out of the masses, sums up the main trends and tendencies, good or bad, of these confluences of opinion into attitude, and he has power—leadership. He may be Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Adolph Hitler or Franklin D. Roosevelt; but actually, he is only the dramatic figurehead, not the real author of the act, good or bad, for which he is given credit; and his name merely labels an era or an epoch of such acts, much as Mr. Ford's name labels cars he no longer builds with his own hands. In effect the total force resultant from the mass confluence of opinion into attitude is working through him. A change, an eddy in the current, and the change makes him; another whim of the cur-

rent, and he is lost. Why does he succeed at one time and fail at another, when in either case he is precisely the same personality? Why does he have power at one time, and no power at another? Because the emotions of humanity, as they flow into social trends and tendencies, are less of a constant value than himself. This explains why Woodrow Wilson is in the President's chair at one time, and Calvin Coolidge at another.

What we have long swallowed as history is for the most part only yellow-back dramatizations of the forays of such super-racketeers as Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. History's true concerns are not with the dramatic feats of the men called great, but with the influences which at their headwaters not only make the dramatic feats possible but inevitable; and it is in these influences that the individual finds his place, socially or anti-socially. Sociology is now giving us some much needed instruction relative to these influences and the part the individual plays in their rise. This instruction should be part of the background with which the undergraduate of today faces the world of tomorrow. That is why, were I in his place, I would lay my emphasis upon sociology rather than Greek or other branches of the classics.

Furthermore, since this is a scientific age, and since any positive adjustment to it calls for scientific habits of mind, I doubt if the matriculant of today can see too much of the laboratories of general science. Where in sociology he may learn to observe and evaluate humanity and what humanity does, he may in science learn to observe and evaluate what humanity and all other life is made of.

And so I would call sociology and

science basic requirements in my course of today, for they deal in what must direct obligatory individual adjustment to the social order and social activity of tomorrow; but there is another adjustment—the adjustment of the individual to himself and the life more infinite that stage by stage of his growth and development he discovers within himself. That belongs to philosophy, a tree that is always green and never old or young; it belongs also to art and literature, and to those abstractions in which the spirit lives. I think it a serious indictment of American university life that it is possible for a student to go from his matriculation to his commencement and never turn a page of philosophy. I say this because an iron-jointed, steel-ribbed, soulless master of civilized destiny is roaring at us in a clangorous voice: "Here is leisure; take it and live!" Our most baffling perplexities of tomorrow will be those of making the most of our leisure. Aside from the relaxations and diversions necessary for bodily health, there is no better way of exploiting leisure than in reflection and in amicable conversational jousts with those who are capable of reflection.

And that, finally, is the point of all this. *Here is leisure; take it and live!* The matriculant's task of today is the joyful one of learning to live; it was mine nearly twenty years ago. I flatter myself that certain of my professors taught me the rudiments of that art during my holiday on Parnassus, for I have been happy through all the changes since I sat at their feet, and I am happy today. I look into the mysterious face of life, and I see ugliness, but the mind's eye they opened for me shows me beauty. I look into the mysterious face of life, and I know there is

evil there, but the heart's faculties for feeling they fostered in me reveal a goodness that is neither greater nor less for time. They gave me the gift of wonderment. Not long ago I saw an ant dragging a caterpillar along at a great rate, and that worm was at least a hundred times bigger than the ant. Fancy a man trotting home with a ten-ton elephant on his back, and one may appreciate the spectacle. Where did the ant get such strength? Could life be dull or commonplace with such a show going on at my feet? Why, upon that lawn were miracles innumerable! And a bird

in the boughs above was singing a nameless melody he had composed. And a violet turned up to me a face perfect in line, perfect in form and color. Where did the bird get his melody? Where did the violet get its beauty? That evening I saw a myriad host of stars set mathematically in the heavens, and I wondered who the Mathematician was that had placed them there. A few moments back, I laughed with my wife over some triviality, and I knew that I was on my way to winning the battle those old gray-beards most wished me to win.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



COMPLETING a tour of the eastern part of these United States, the Landscaper took two recent weeks off to see New England, and before plunging into literary matters, would like to go on record as giving his complete approval to the part of the country where THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was born, and where it is still printed.

Much has been written by people better qualified for the task than the present writer about the beauties of Vermont, New Hampshire—nothing better about the latter than Cornelius Weygandt's *The White Hills* (Holt), which appeared two or three months ago—Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, so we'll leave landscapes alone, although the Landscaper has seen in the course of several years of travel no more beautiful country.

It is as an endlessly fascinating part of this nation, which retains to an amazing degree its original characteristics, and which remains so downright English—in the most pleasant sense of the word—that it is hard to believe one is in present-day America at all. For those who like the open road and prefer to sleep where nightfall finds them, it is ideal; the houses as clean as a new pin, and the people, with their pleasant

voices and fine dignity, as courteous and as friendly as anybody who loves the warmth of human contact could ask.

The Landscaper's travels took him all the way from Woodstock, New York, high up in the Catskills, as far into Vermont as Manchester, where the road ran

across a freshet-swept and slippery mountain into New Hampshire, through New Hampshire, with plenty of time to see Mr. Weygandt's White Hills, and Mr. Weygandt himself in his delightful old house near North Sandwich, and from Brunswick, Maine, to Salem and Concord, Massachusetts, and home by way of the Boston Post Road.

A Thoreau Pilgrimage

The journey began as a pilgrimage to Concord, Massachusetts, to pay a tribute to Thoreau, and to see the place where a miracle once took place, for the Concord Group was a miracle, nothing short of it, one of the most striking of the many striking things that have happened in the history of this quaint and curious country. To this very day Concord itself has not fully made up its mind to be proud of its collection of free-thinkers; there are those who consider it somewhat of a disgrace that

pagans such as Hawthorne and Thoreau—and even Emerson—are the town's best-known citizens.

One old lady has forgiven them all except Thoreau, who was, she says, no better than an anarchist, so when she makes her daily pilgrimage to the other graves on Authors' Hill, where so many people sleep whose lives were intimately bound up with the history of this magazine, she puts flowers on all the rest except Thoreau's. The Thoreau lot is covered by lilies of the valley, however, and Henry is probably just as happy without the cut flowers.

The Landscaper went to Walden, too, although a friend had warned him that it would be a disillusioning experience because of the bathing beaches, hot dog stands, and so on. There is a good deal of that sort of thing, but it was late afternoon, and not too many people were around to spoil altogether the loveliness of the cove where Thoreau lived and worked for two years.

A Neglected Shrine

It is true that as the Landscaper walked up the boulder that carries its bronze tablet, a tall girl in an absolute minimum of bathing suit, placed a long white leg on top of the boulder so that the inscription could not be read, but backed away in a moment, while her male companion was saying: "I wonder why they piled so many stones around here. Must be to keep him down." (There is a large pile of stones back of the boulder on the site of Thoreau's cabin.)

Not many people even see the memorial; a young Harvard student who is specializing in the Concord Group was both amazed and delighted, when we fell into conversation, that somebody else had actually heard of Thoreau

and read his books. He quoted George Bernard Shaw's remark during Shaw's visit to Concord, that not a one of the men who lived and wrote there would be remembered a hundred years hence.

Of course, this was a typical Shavian statement, but if G.B.S. himself is remembered a hundred years from now and Emerson and Thoreau forgotten it will be a most disgraceful exhibition of a lack of intelligence on the part of the human race.

It would be very easy to go on for pages with gossip of the journey, which included visits to Robert Frost and Dorothy Canfield Fisher in Vermont, to Mr. Weygandt in New Hampshire, to Robert P. Tristram Coffin and Professor G. Roy Elliott of Amherst in Brunswick, Maine, to mention only a few of the delightful people who are either native New Englanders, or who appreciate its summer-time charms enough to settle in it.

Salem and Hawthorne

It would, in fact, be easy to take up the entire article with an attempt to express the Landscaper's delight with Salem, with its dozens of McIntyre doorways, its innumerable fine old houses, and its Seven Gable Settlement, where the best food and lodging is provided for minimum prices, and the lodging is in Seventeenth Century houses. It was pleasant to have the House of Seven Gables itself so near; an interesting enough place by day, especially the attic, which reveals the method of construction, but far more interesting at night when through the lighted windows it had a look of being lived in, and no museum aspect at all.

The copy of the portrait of Hawthorne as a young man, the original of which is in the Essex Museum, and not

too well hung either, is particularly fine at night, although at any time it is one of the handsomest heads the Landscaper has ever seen. The Landscaper wondered throughout his wanderings in Hawthorne houses in Salem, of which there are several, of course, where it was Melville came to see Hawthorne and they had such an odd and difficult visit. It was in the Alcott House in Concord, which Bronson Alcott called Hillside and Hawthorne later christened Wayside; the bedroom where Melville spent the night and the fireplace in front of which the two men sat and found so little to talk about are both still to be seen. . . .

The World Astray?

It probably sounds somewhat strange that anybody living in this regimented age should be traipsing off to New England for love of so sturdy an individualist as Thoreau, but in this, as in many things, the Landscaper has the firm belief that the world has merely temporarily lost its way and that it must get back on the path of the Concord Group sooner or later for the very simple reason that no system can save mankind. In the last analysis, the whole problem returns to the individual, his intelligence, his self-discipline, his character, his "intestinal fortitude."

The other way is far easier, otherwise a tired Germany would not be following at the heels of a lunatic today, making a pitiful spectacle of herself. The Landscaper has been reading the last volume of David Alec Wilson's long life of Carlyle lately, and wondering what on earth Carlyle would think of the present-day antics of a nation he once respected so highly and with reason.

However, there is not space here for

a complete dissertation on New England or on the Landscaper's philosophy of life. It merely belongs on the record that there has never been a more delightful vacation in this writer's life than his two weeks in New England, and that he believes, no matter what anybody says, in the profound and highly useful wisdom of the men of the Golden Day, which we ought not to be so stupid as to forget or neglect. We have bred few sages, and New England has had its full quota.

Some of the Landscaper's own ancestors tried very hard to be New Englanders, but they also insisted upon being Quakers, and so had to flee to the more hospitable Carolinas. They were Scotch-Irish Quakers, which made them peculiarly difficult for the Puritans to deal with, a stubborn breed.

The Old South Revived

Speaking of American origins, the best novel the Landscaper has read for some time, and indeed, one of the most distinguished works of fiction of recent months, is concerned with a civilization that was based largely upon the very intelligent action on the part of New Englanders of making money out of slavery and letting the South hold the bag with the slaves in it. This is Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* (Scribner, \$2.50) which as these words are put on paper, appears to be on its way to a large sale, probably because people are a bit fed up with novels of the proletariat, with hard-boiled novels, and with novels, in general, about unattractive people.

Mr. Young has tried, with real success, to recapture both the outside and the inside of the culture of the Old South, taking for his scene the country in and around Natchez, Mississippi, and

for his time a few months before Fort Sumpter, the four years of the Civil War, and a brief time afterward, long enough for a picture of the terrors of Reconstruction. He has not written merely another costume novel, leaning heavily upon the settings for his effects; the especial merit of the book is that while none of the details of a distinctly romantic and picturesque life are missing, it also has the philosophy of a way of life. It was a philosophy rooted in the classics, in Eighteenth Century rationalism, in Sir Walter Scott, in a warm climate with plenty of servants.

A Genuinely Romantic Period

These suggestions are the Landscaper's own; Mr. Young's more skilful hand shows them at work in the lives of interesting human beings. There are those who insist that all Southerners are sentimental and romantic about this period, and that its charms have been grossly exaggerated by time and also by the defeat sustained in the Civil War, but Mr. Young is neither sentimental nor romantic, merely truthful. He has written from profound feeling and with an evidently powerful artistic conscience. The results are good, and the book is also delightful to read, full of grace and humor, of drama and love and tears.

Of course, the real difficulty in trying to deal realistically—or, as in the case of T. S. Stripling, satirically—with this period is that it was *per se* a romantic and therefore somewhat sentimental period. Apply a method which is in contrast with the spirit of the times, and the result is not far from worthless. So *Red the Rose* is a fine piece of work, and, incidentally, far ahead of anything Mr. Young has ever done before in the way of fiction.

Other Good Novels

The full tide of autumn publishing will have set in by the time the next Landscape is written, but while we are waiting there are a good many other novels besides Mr. Young's that are worth reading. There is, for example, Samuel Rogers's *Dusk at the Grove* (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, \$2.50), the winner of the \$10,000 *Atlantic Monthly* Prize which was awarded in other years to Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* and to Ann Bridge's *Peking Picnic*, both books of a high quality.

Mr. Rogers's sound work deals with the lives of the members of a modern American family, father, mother and child, with the principal setting a holiday ground on the Rhode Island coast, and the time covered being from 1909 to 1929. It is a novel of high merit and should be widely popular.

Other recent American novels range all the way from *All the Skeletons in All the Closets*, by Keith Fowler (Macaulay, \$2.50), an authentic story of the operations of a society scandal sheet in New York, to Evelyn Harris's *The Barter Lady* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), the story of how a woman in Maryland, left with 300,000 pear trees on her hands when her husband died, met her trying problems. The best review of the book the Landscaper read at the time it appeared said: "This is a 1934 Walden, Walden with a mortgage on it." It is authentic farm stuff, well told, and a remarkable record of courage and intelligence pitted against almost insuperable odds.

Mr. Fowler's book is rough and ready, slangy, wisecracking, and very frank; most of the people in it are either snakes or lice, but it is a talented novel,

and it is authentic. Another of the "tough" novels of recent weeks is Benjamin Appel's *Brain Guy* (Knopf, \$2.50), the story of the education of a gangster, a hard-boiled yarn that does not quite come off, although it, too, shows a good deal of skill in the writing. Still another novel that your maiden aunt in Kankakee might not wish for at present, although she would probably finish it if she started it, is John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), a first book by one of the brilliant young contributors to *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

Country Club Life

This last is a country club story of Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, and is concerned with the breaking up of a young man whose only real virtue, if it is a virtue, is his ability to please the ladies. Otherwise he is a rotter. He is married to a charming wife, who loves him, but things begin to happen, and when the pinch comes as a result of his own silly acts, he can think of nothing better to do than kill himself with carbon monoxide fumes from his car. There aren't many nice people in the book, and the Landscaper is not even sure there are many human beings in it, but Mr. O'Hara writes with shrewdness and hardness, and his surfaces are bright and shining. Also he knows his country clubs. The town racketeer is about the most attractive person in the book, which is a tip-off; Mr. O'Hara is, like Hemingway and a lot of others, a romanticist in reverse.

Important novels can not be written about wholly trivial people, but Mr. O'Hara has his merits in spite of the handicap of his material and *The New Yorker* manner, which, oddly enough,

is good for short stories, and not very good for novels.

A Rousing, Rowdy Satire

For amusement, you will find nothing funnier on the lists than Don Skene's hilarious and rowdy satire on the heavyweight prizefight racket called *The Red Tiger* (Appleton-Century, \$1.50), which is not only a most entertaining book, but also full of one take-off after another on every phase of this ridiculous business, including the applesauce written by the sports reporters, Mr. Skene being an unusually good one himself. The Tiger was a large and impressive looking marshmallow when Doc Carey spied him and decided he could be managed into the championship; it is this saga that makes the plot. Along the way a tough wench known on the stage as La Panatella fell in love with the Tiger, the hair on whose very chest was false, and so we have romance, too. This is grand stuff.

Also there is K. T. Knoblock's *A Winter in Mallorca* (Harper, \$2), the title borrowed from George Sand, and the story itself a record of a winter on the island during which all sorts of crackpots wander in and out of the pages. It is lightly and brightly written, will tell you practically nothing about Mallorca, except that the cathedral in Palma is "brutal," which it isn't, but it is worth reading just the same if you are looking for entertainment, which is hard to find among current novels. Oh, yes, the Knoblock novel is compared on the jacket with *South Wind*; all gay novels about islands are compared with *South Wind*, unfortunately for them, because the world isn't entitled to more than one *South Wind* a century, and this is a generous allowance.

Novels From England

Recent English novels include A. P. Herbert's *Holy Deadlock* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50); Alex Waugh's *The Balliols* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50); Edward Shanks's *Tom Tiddler's Ground* and Eden Phillpotts's simple and old-fashioned and also very pleasant rural yarn, *The Oldest Inhabitant* (Macmillan, \$2.50).

Mr. Herbert's book is a satire on the English divorce system, somewhat overloaded with legal details to be as good a novel as it might, and not, let it be said, another *Water Gypsies*; Mr. Waugh's novel is of the chronicle species, in which the lives of a family are followed against the slowly moving scenery of the various periods in which they live—the method is familiar and while well enough handled results in neither a very good nor a very bad novel; while Mr. Shanks's long story is concerned with a man brought up in humble circumstances who eventually succeeds financially, but who has a fatal flaw in his character. The scene shifts from England to Germany and back again; there is a good deal of action and humor, and the writing is good and solid, without being especially distinguished.

Mr. Priestley's Island

The non-fiction of recent books ranges over wide fields, and does not fall readily into classifications. One of the outstanding books was J. B. Priestley's *English Journey* (Harper, \$3), a remarkable record of travels of a novelist up and down his native England. The Landscaper's enthusiasm for the merits of the book had to fight against his intense dislike of Mr. Priestley's ill-mannered behavior during a

visit to this country a year or so ago. Mr. Priestley's pictures of industrial England, of the "Black Country," and of the ruin wrought by the depression are, however, of the sort that must be praised. They are terrible almost beyond endurance, but they have the perfect appearance of truth, and they are done with deep understanding and sympathy. It is true, as the author himself says, that he has written a book for our own times, although the English working classes have never been anything for the country to boast of—not that it is their fault at all—and they are particularly disheartening to look upon after the disastrous last few years.

Only last summer two friends of the Landscaper arrived in Spain after a stay of several weeks in England, and the first comment they made was upon the difference in the appearance of the working people, the Spaniards having all the advantage in physique, looking well-fed and strong, and what is more important, completely self-respecting. It is no credit to England that this comparison could be made and that it was true; the caste system breeds a few fine specimens, and below the first cut is one of the worst middle classes on earth, and below that, the underfed, undersized, and very underdogish looking working people. Spain may be backward in every other respect, but she is not backward in human beings.

Mr. Priestley talks of thousands of things in his book, and has many of the charming descriptions which the English countryside deserves; he has written a very fine book indeed, and one that will richly repay reading.

A Great Lawyer's Career

Another English book worth looking for is *Lord Reading and His Cases: The*

Study of a Great Career, by Derek Walter-Smith (Macmillan, \$3.50), the record of the lifetime of work of a noted lawyer and statesman, which will prove worth while to any one who is interested in human beings, and which should also be of value to members of the legal profession. Here are full accounts of such famous trials as the Liverpool Bank Case, the *Titanic* Disaster, with its tremendously dramatic testimony; the Marconi "Scandal," the Defense of Sir Edward Russell, and many others, a grand book altogether.

One of the finest biographies of the year is Howard Swiggett's *The Rebel Raider: A Life of John Hunt Morgan* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50), a realistic life history of a romantic Confederate cavalry leader, which is also an excellent story of what went on in the Border States among Confederate sympathizers, and of the irregular warfare fought in these regions. Mr. Swiggett has written the truth as he found it by careful research, and while he removes some of the glamor from Morgan's record, he takes away none of the excitement. He has made a distinct contribution to the history of the Civil War, and at the same time has added a first-rate biography to the growing list of biographies that have been written in the past decade about the leaders in this struggle.

Communism in China

A highly important book, since it is deeply concerned with the fate of China's millions, which may easily mean the fate of the world in the not-far-future, is Victor A. Yakhontoff's *The Chinese Soviets* (Coward-McCann, \$2.75), an account from first-hand observation of the workings of commu-

nism among the some 80,000,000 Chinese who have embraced it in Central China. Their relations with the Soviets, their handling of their problems of government, their difficulties with the other provinces, and their possible future are all discussed at length and with fine intelligence in a way that will, one feels certain, be a revelation even to well-informed people.

Other books on topical subjects include Hamilton Fish Armstrong's small, but very useful, volume, *Europe Between Wars* (Macmillan, \$2), a discussion of the present situation on the Continent; and Douglas Reed's *The Burning of the Reichstag* (Covici-Friede, \$3), an English journalist's account of the fire and of the trial, which makes it certain that the men accused were not the incendiaries. It is a well-written and readable book that will prove convincing, although Mr. Reed does not go far enough to try to fix the blame on Hitler and his followers, where it unquestionably belongs.

Also Louis Adamic's *Dynamite* (Viking, \$2.50), a reissue of one of Mr. Adamic's earlier books in which the author of *A Native's Return* advocates the use of violence in labor troubles, and suggests that working men can never win their rights without being willing, at least, to meet force with force. Of course, this isn't very pleasant propaganda, but there is a certain amount of common sense in it, since capital and labor are each after what they can get, and since capital has never hesitated to use force to the limit to hold on to what it considered its rightful share.

The New Religion

A most interesting if not altogether convincing attempt to furnish a religion for the common man out of the discov-

eries of modern science is to be found in a book called *Science for a New World* (Harper, \$3.75), which was a project of the great Scottish biologist and popularizer, Sir J. Arthur Thomson, but which he did not live to finish. It was turned over to J. G. Crowther, who edited *The Outline of Science*. It consists of a large number of essays on various subjects, and is tied together by the statement that, on the whole, man has sought good since his history began, that he is, in other words, on his way upward. The essays for the most part preserve the open-minded and reasonable attitude of mind that is characteristic of men of science, and they are valuable as aids to orientation, but this is not a new Bible for the masses.

What the run of men want, if they feel the need of religion at all, is something much more certain than this, something, for example, like one of our popular American cults which works like a most generous slot machine. You put in your faith, and you get out health, wealth and happiness.

The Crowther book is worth reading for Dr. Hoggben's essay on the subject of heredity and environment and Dr. Leathes's remarkable article on "The Human Machine." There are others, too, almost as impressive and as mind-stretching.

Seeing America First

An account of a long trip through Western America made last year by Lewis Gannett of the New York *Herald Tribune* and his family is a deservedly popular book of the moment. It is called *Sweet Land* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), and it tells a lot about automobile camps, about good small restaurants, about Americans at home and what they think; it has many exciting descriptions

of strange places and odd people. It is, in other words, just the kind of book to make anybody with a trace of *wanderlust* feel like taking just such a journey at once. The Landscaper has made two of these Seeing America tours, one of seven thousand miles, and one of two thousand, and there is nothing like them; they are inexpensive, comfortable and delightful. Mr. Gannett sets down his figures and they are very low. The modern automobile—especially the new touring models with built-in trunks and space for luggage behind the back seat—and good roads together have given us a most alluring way to spend our leisure, and Mr. Gannett obviously had his full share of enjoyment out of the trip.

Women's sense of humor has long been a subject of argument, and Webster uses it to excellent advantage in his series of cartoons "And Nothing Can Be Done About It," which every married man admires extravagantly. An important contribution to the subject is *Laughing Their Way: Woman's Humor in America*, edited by Martha Bensley Bruère and Mary Ritter Beard (Macmillan, \$3), an anthology whose selections range all the way from "Mary Had a Little Lamb," which was written by Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, to caricatures by Helen Hokinson from *The New Yorker*. Also there are such quotations from Emily Dickinson as this famous quatrain:

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog.

The selection is an admirable one, and if anybody ever took seriously the charge that women have no sense of humor, this book ought to cure the very silly notion.

Some Omnibus Volumes

Two large books with a tremendous lot of reading matter in both remain to be recommended. They are Somerset Maugham's *East Is West*, a collection of thirty of Mr. Maugham's own short stories, with an introduction (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50); and *A Book of Great Autobiography*, published by the same firm at \$3, and containing the life histories of W. N. P. Barbellion, Christopher Morley, Joseph Conrad, Selma

Lagerlöf, Helen Keller, Etsu Sugimoto, Walt Whitman and others, enough reading for several years of long winter evenings.

Also there is Carl Van Doren's anthology, *Modern American Prose*, with almost a thousand pages in it for \$2.75, an excellent selection, with a good essay by Mr. Van Doren, except that it omits Ellen Glasgow, which is inexplicable, since nobody in England or America today writes better prose than the Virginia novelist.



Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Third Alternatives

THERE was a day, presumably, when only two alternatives existed. At least that was what we were taught in school. And in a few cases the knowledge has stuck. Voices can still be heard crying in the wilderness that there are no more than two alternatives. But they sound remote and other-worldly, like Al Smith and Mr. Hoover, for we can nearly always find a third alternative—sometimes a fourth and a fifth and any further number that seem necessary or convenient. The Romans with their precise grammar are long dead, Mussolini to the contrary notwithstanding.

Morality and immorality, for instance, were once a highly exclusive pair of alternatives. You had a freedom of choice, of course, but kissing your wife on Sunday could blacken your character as thoroughly as being included today in the favored list of an investment banking house. Gambling was considered a vice and so frowned upon that it became not only illegal to bet on the outcome of an election but also grounds for disqualification from further voting. (It remains so to this day in those liberal and progressive commonwealths, New

York and Wisconsin, not to mention Florida.) The things that should be done by a moral man were rigidly circumscribed; hence it was assumed that the immoral category was almost infinitely flexible. Whatever new came along had to bear the burden of proof that it was moral.

But as new things came along with greater and greater rapidity, and each one was first labeled immoral, the immoral category became altogether too attractive for the competition of the moral. Moreover, many of the originally poor Puritans had become rich and found a way to clothe their wealth with such respectability that poverty seemed almost immoral. Naturally, with the wealth to enjoy new things, but the aura of the old rigid moral classifications about them, they had to move cautiously. What resulted was a third alternative: a classification of things neither moral nor immoral, but more fittingly used by the wealthy, who were respectable. Dancing, card-playing, ostentatious dress and a number of other minor vices which were horrifications to their ancestors fell into this grouping.

The crystallization of our politics

into the two-party system was a natural outcome of our forefathers' excellent Latinity. However various and conflicting the issues might be it seemed best to tackle them as a Democrat or a Republican and damn the other party black. Politics being the most conservative of our arts, its alternatives have been exceedingly hard to multiply. It is possible even in this day to find a Carter Glass and a Rexford Guy Tugwell under the same enveloping party banner. But third parties have risen, and fallen of course, and in the case of one Roosevelt, at least, made a national impression. The latest Roosevelt, too, is reported to have a worried eye on the West where Farmer-Laborites and Progressives toil mightily to give the citizen a third choice of importance on his 1936 ballot.

And whereas once to be a Republican was to subscribe heartily to the principles of Hamilton, or a Democrat to those of Jefferson, it is now possible to find a hodge-podge of either or neither or both in each of the parties' policies, if not so apparently in their platforms. Democracy and Republicanism were once issues. The Democrats fought centralization and their opponents won. Now the Democrats have captured that centralization at its zenith and the Republicans are helpless, robbed of a philosophy and jobless to boot. The Democrats rub salt into their wounds by declaring that this vastly more powerful central government than any Hamilton dreamed of is really a means of restoring democracy to the people, and in the economic sphere where they need it most. The Republicans answer with a wail of "regimentation" and a plea for return to the "American principles" of individual liberty and initiative, which the Democrats in their turn set

down as a plea for liberty to starve. The Republicans strive to make it a duel between capitalism and Communism, with themselves on the side of the angels, naturally. This is instinctive, the heritage of their forefathers' training in Latinate derivatives, but the Democrats are more in line with modern trends. They maintain that the New Deal is not Communism, or Fascism, toward either of which they claim the Republicans were dangerously leading us in their long term of power, but a third alternative—controlled capitalism, a planned economy: they have not yet agreed upon a name, possibly because it is so hard to determine what they are naming.

And out of this resounding controversy comes an issue probably much more important, another classical dualism: nationalism as opposed to internationalism. If we are to have a planned economy, can it include foreign trade? Do we want it to include foreign trade? If we want it to include foreign trade, does that mean two-way trade or merely hopeless loans to pay for exports? Are we willing to admit foreign competition? Can our industries withstand it? Is there a possibility of choice in the matter with the rest of the world so well regimented already? These are only a few of the questions raised. Secretary Wallace said that America must choose between nationalism and admitting foreign competition, but there was a third alternative, inevitably. This must be the course we are following. It has no ascertainable name.

II

Then there is the question of money. Since economists first put their mighty minds to work it has been assumed that there were only two true classifications

for money: sound money and fiat money. Over the centuries currency was gradually diluted as money-lenders discovered the safety and advantage of increasing the circulation of paper promises to pay beyond the total of gold and silver which was supposed to be back of them. Yet economists went on insisting that only money which was backed by (diminishing percentages of) metal was sound, and all other fiat. Fiat money, of course, was presumed to be bad indeed, and to have the necromantic power of forcing sound money out of circulation, but just where the dividing line between the two should be was almost impossible to say. A legal forty per cent cover might be more than ample at one time and lead to a national bank holiday at another.

At any rate, despite a certain amount of obscurity about the exact nature of these alternatives it was at least assumed that there were no others, and this led to a comfortable feeling among the populace, who in the direst hard times could be made proud by assurance from on high that the country's money was still sound. But, as in other spheres, rebellious spirits set about thinking up new alternatives. At the present time such efforts have succeeded so well that very few countries in the whole world permit the use of metal for currency in any but international transactions. In this country gold and silver have become "nationalized" and so far as the citizen is concerned he may never be allowed to touch the metal which is presumed to give value to his currency. The Government, by promulgation, or fiat, sets whatever valuation upon it that strikes its fancy; and the curious fact is that the valuation is accepted pretty generally in other countries, but prices within our own borders change, when

they do, apparently for other reasons, such as manipulation of supply or weather conditions. There is a growing body of thought that metal backing for money is impractical because the metal itself changes in value too widely for stability. The sound money advocates tend defensively to argue that, despite the instability of metal values, it is necessary to have a symbol because the masses are not sufficiently intelligent to understand and accept a "commodity dollar" or "ticket money." The Social Creditors petulantly insist that the total physical and mental assets of a nation are its best currency backing, and down with the gold-minded bankers. Reflationists believe in metal but also believe in manipulating its value consciously for social purposes. And there are a thousand other alternatives among which to choose, if the confusion does not send you to a desert isle where money is as useless as it is incomprehensible and hence no fit subject for human contemplation.

Perhaps the most humorous case of a third alternative is that of birth control. In recent decades the controversy over this delicate subject has been as loud, bitter, prolonged and apparently insoluble as any the world has known. Churches, governments and many other self-constituted guardians of the public morality have railed, commanded, pleaded, scolded, argued and even reasoned with a stubborn populace which quietly absorbed all the information it could get and put it into practice despite everything its well-meaning Cassandras could do—in many cases, no doubt, because of what the Cassandras had done, since the noise of their warnings was certain to attract attention that might otherwise have strayed.

The governments of militaristic na-

tions have seen the production of their prospective cannon fodder steadily being reduced, despite every reward they could offer for increases and despite every attempt they made to check the spread of information and devices. The churches, particularly the Roman Catholic, seeing the course of events as both a blow at their future enrolments and a blow at their ethical and religious structures, have fought even more desperately, but with no greater success—less if anything. There were just two alternatives: you could attempt to practise birth control or you could have none of it, citing chapter and verse of a thousand high-minded authorities for either course.

With the prestige of churches slowly declining everywhere for many reasons, this question prominent among them, some way out of the dilemma has been anxiously sought for years. And with the characteristic strangeness of our times it suddenly seems to have popped up, quite without help from ecclesiastics or government officials. A Japanese and an Austrian doctor announced in 1930 a "natural" birth control method which has since been widely publicized and apparently tested with success. Lately the churches have taken to endorsing the method. It is a third alternative meeting most purely religious objections and yet not preventing modern families from limiting their progeny. Of course Mussolini and Hitler can not be satisfied, but perhaps soon a fourth alternative will be found enabling cannon fodder to be produced without the bother and expense of child-bearing.

Several years ago Struthers Burt commented in this magazine on the state of the fiction-writer's trade, observing that what was left for the serious novelist in the way of plot material con-

sisted mainly in human decisions. The point was well taken and apparently the world has come to the story-teller's aid by providing a host of new possibilities for deciding. Alternatives blossom like wild flowers, covering the waste places of the earth. Indeed, it is only in long-settled areas such as rock-ribbed Vermont or the silk-stocking district of New York that they are limited to a traditional dualism. There you can have inflation or stability, but no reflation; individualism or Communism, but no New Deal; good things and bad things, but nothing indeterminate. Elsewhere, and particularly in places where poverty is the rule, alternatives are multiplying at a tremendous rate.

The only generalized objection to this trend available is that too many alternatives might have the same effect as too many cooks: namely, spoiling the soup. Hard as it always has been for people to make a decision involving only two choices, what can we expect if the choices are increased to three, four or some higher number? We can, obviously, expect just what we are now experiencing: a great deal of confusion. But pointing out the fact does nothing to alter it, and it seems more than likely that we shall continue to flounder in a sea of third alternatives for a long time to come.



Poor Mrs. Shelley

Considering the popularity a year or two ago of the movie made from Mrs. Shelley's celebrated novel, one might have predicted that metaphor-users would finally be able to straighten out in their minds the identities of its chief characters, without the painful neces-

sity of reading. But it would have been a vain prediction.

The Frankenstein figure of speech has been a particular favorite with the numerous and increasing opponents of the NRA. A letter to the *Times* dated October 2, for instance, has this passage: "In the herculean effort to keep it [the NRA] alive it has become a ponderous, confused Frankenstein that has throttled the very purpose for which it was created." While the scientific skill which Mrs. Shelley bestowed on her hero might have enabled him somehow to throttle a purpose, difficult feat though that would be, it is inconceivable that he could have changed himself into the monster he created.

Still, there were times when Frankenstein hated the monster he had created and it is something like that which has happened in the case of the NRA. If John T. Flynn and others are to be believed, the NRA was set up in large part to satisfy demands of certain business men, who believed that the anti-

trust laws were interfering disastrously with business and sought a way to evade them. Cut-throat competition and its attendant evils, low wages, child labor and sweat shops, were to be ended and thereupon business would go forward in leaps and bounds. So the business men wrote their codes, with a certain amount of strongly resented interference from the Government. But business refused to go forward in leaps and bounds. In fact it edged backward. Frankenstein failed to fashion a proper brain or soul for his monster and it got out of hand. It seems barely possible that the numerous business Frankensteins who put together the tissues and muscles and nervous system of the NRA made a similar omission. Now they are engaged in calling it names and frantically trying to destroy it before it destroys them. But if the Administration propaganda department wanted to make a little sly capital out of their discomfiture it could point out what names they are calling it.

W. A. D.



Is Fascism a Capitalist Product?

BY BERNARD LANDE COHEN

Who denies the frequent statement that capitalism is essentially responsible for the contemporary growth of dictatorships

TO THE many complaints against capitalism has been added the further charge of instigating the Fascist movement. The belief that Fascism is a new philosophy and a new theory of government is largely to blame for this confusion of thought. Despite the novelty of its name, Fascism is really an ancient system come to life in somewhat altered form. There is in human history, as in the natural universe, a certain regularity of events, for not only does history repeat itself but its unpleasant features have a special tendency for doing so. Except for its oddities and affectations, Fascism resembles the usual forms of autocracy both historical and contemporary, and in essence there is nothing to choose between the despotism of a chancellor in Europe and the despotism of a president in Latin America.

The name "Fascism" is derived from a root meaning "an axe" which in ancient Rome was a symbol of the lictors' authority. Antiquity presents a number of parallels to the Fascist movement of our own time. In most of the Greek city states the government was normally democratic, but occasionally there was a seizure of power by one individual, whose ephemeral government termi-

nated with his life or that of his immediate successor. The career of one of these ancient dictators, Dionysius of Syracuse, bears a marked resemblance to that of Hitler.

A person of humble origin, Dionysius came to the fore when Syracuse had sunk to a low degree in consequence of a long series of wars with its neighbors. Endowed with a gift of violent eloquence, he drew attention to himself by denouncing the leading citizens, charging them with being the authors of the people's misfortunes and of betraying the city to its enemies. His calumnies, though received with great repugnance by the more intelligent, found favor with the bulk of the people, who in their despair lent a willing ear to the proposals of the new demagogue. Through various maneuvers he obtained from the assembly a vote, passed under constitutional forms, vesting in him alone powers beyond the law. It was intended to create only a temporary dictatorship under the pressing danger of the moment, but Dionysius lost no time in making his rule permanent. He had a number of energetic adherents who were ready to go to all lengths in his support, and was aided especially by a bodyguard of criminals selected because of their

desperate position as well as for their bravery. All the acts of the usurper were approved by the assembly which he called together on certain occasions and which now included none but his own partisans.

Having made himself master of the lives and fortunes of his own countrymen, the Tyrant of Syracuse now dreamt of foreign conquests, and he began to spend vast sums on military preparations. Those who complained of his ruinous measures were either put to death or consigned to a prison newly constructed out of a quarry. The whole Grecian world became filled with refugees from this dangerous city and the name of its ruler became everywhere a byword of loathing and contempt. In his later years the Tyrant came to suspect every one of plotting against him, and, seized with a homicidal mania, ordered the death of many of his oldest friends and adherents.

In the foregoing narrative are to be found all the elements that enter into modern Fascism. Fascism and anarchy are closely akin to each other, and, with the lowering of social values, governments soon fall into the hands of ruthless and egotistical men. The leaders in the present movement against popular government are of the kind that throughout the ages have risen to power in times of despair. Fascism may be summed up as the project of a demagogue, seconded by a number of ambitious men who expect to share in his success. The mainspring of Italian Fascism was the personal ambition of a Mussolini, who aspired to rule over his distracted countrymen. Similarly, the German variety revolves around a single personage, National Socialism being synonymous with Hitlerism. The success of Herr Hitler encouraged others,

and today there is hardly a country without its would-be Hitler or Mussolini. These men wait for an accentuation of the economic crisis to dissolve the present standards and thereby clear the way for their own aggrandizement. The method of these rugged charlatans is to stir the crowd by sophistry, by rhetoric, by calumny, by stimulants applied to the national pride.

It is a sad commentary on the spirit of our age that a medley of irrational nonsense and brazen misstatement, if couched in language sufficiently ornate, should be so dignified as to be referred to as a philosophy. It is no longer necessary to draw from the Germanic sages for actual examples of this "philosophy," for the English-speaking world now has its own school. One of its representatives is a certain Mr. W. E. D. Allen, the author of the first book on English Fascism. He asserts in an article in the *Quarterly Review* that Fascism "sweeps away the inhibitions of democracy," and one need but turn to the barbarous statecraft of a Hitler in order to realize the entire justice of this claim. A further example of his peculiar dialectic is the following: "The emphasis of Fascism on the conception of the nation does not preclude that Universalism which is the antithesis of Internationalism." Only the gargantuan mind of a Dr. Göbbels would be capable of explaining the exact nature of such an antithesis. He asserts also that newspapers should be curbed because they are the property of millionaires.

In the economic sphere likewise Fascism confines itself to pompous phraseology. Its solution of the economic evils of the world is the corporative state, a conception drawn from the quaint ideology of Christian Socialism. In principle, the corporative state is an attempt

to recast the guild system of the Middle Ages. In reality it is a scheme to insure a few large manufacturers against losses, through wage reductions, customs barriers, tax exemptions and premiums on exports. A French student of Italian Fascism, M. L. Rosenstock-Franck, in a recent article in *L'Année Politique Française et Étrangère* analyzes the corporative state and concludes that there is no such thing as a Fascist economic theory. He says: "The Fascists have no planned economy. An unbridgeable gulf divides the laws and regulations of the authorities from the actual realities of every-day affairs. Every professor and commentator follows his own particular chimera without attempting at any time the indispensable *rapprochement* of life and doctrine. The banalities of every-day opportunism and exalted ideologies pursue each their own course, and never do their respective ways cross each other."

Fascism's so-called philosophy is mere verbosity whose real purpose is to entangle hostile critics in a web of abstraction in order thereby to hide its actual primitiveness. In only one respect does Fascism differ from similar movements of earlier times. For the politics of a mercenary age eloquence is no longer sufficient. The creation of a new movement is a costly enterprise. Expensive halls need to be hired, "troopers" must be transported and provided with money when unemployed and above all they must be outfitted in special haberdashery of an appropriate color. It is evident that the laborious task of saving one's country can not be undertaken without the assistance of the more affluent patriots, and this has led to the belief that Fascism is an instrument of capitalism.

II

"The whole purpose of Fascism," writes John Strachey in *The Coming Struggle for Power*, "is to preserve the rule of the capitalist class." A profound error lurks in this conclusion. Nothing can be said about Fascism except that it is a one-man movement and a one-man government, and that every act is intended for the personal aggrandizement of a self-appointed "leader." An opportunist seeks aid where he can find it and will promise anything to those who give him the funds for his campaign. Nevertheless, it could happen that once in power he would be wise enough to prefer the support of the masses to that of the plutocrats, as will be seen from the following report taken from the *New Republic* of July 11, 1934: "A correspondent in Bulgaria sends us some news of the new dictatorship there, which indicates that Prime Minister Kimon Georgieff is a skilled politician as well as the ruthless engineer of a coup d'état. One of his acts was to intervene in a strike of 3,000 workers at Plevna, who were asking that their wages be increased from 40 to 45 cents in the case of men and from 25 to 30 cents in the case of women. Georgieff ordered the industrialists to accede in full to the demands of the workers."

Only of Italy could it be claimed that there is a close connection between Fascism and capitalism. The triumph of Mussolini was made possible by the large factory owners who were threatened with Communism. In 1921 the Communists were nearly in control and were gradually taking over the factories. They even sent a delegate to Moscow to arrange for the inclusion of Italy within the Soviet system. The manufacturers

in despair rallied around Mussolini and financed his march on Rome.

In Germany, however, the causes of dictatorship were not the same. In the opinion of all competent observers there was then no possibility of the Communists' seizing power, and, accordingly, there was hardly any need for such extraordinary measures as in Italy. Only a minority of the German capitalists supported Hitler. The bankers with only a few exceptions were against him; while other capitalists, large and small, were divided in their party allegiance as in other countries. Many supported the Centre party and the smaller moderate parties, some even the Socialists, while the head of the powerful Dye Trust was a staunch supporter of Dr. Brüning. Hitler's chief contributors, the coal and iron magnates, represented in 1932 less than nine per cent of the total value of German industry.

It should be noted that the causes of German Fascism were historical as well as economic. German history before the Nineteenth Century is a long record of internal warfare and semi-anarchy. Since the Germans were always fighting among themselves, and life was forever insecure, the law of natural selection favored the survival of the ablest fighters. Hence, the persistence of the military character in so many of her people is a natural outcome of Germany's turbulent past. The Nazi party, with its veneration of brute force and cult of the irrational, provided a haven for the born soldiers. To be sure, business men were also attracted to the movement, particularly those who were ready to supply the new demand for war material. Nevertheless, the very extravagance of the German brand of Fascism was enough to repel the ordinary merchants and manufacturers.

Except to those who supported his movement, Hitler offered nothing to the German capitalists. It is understandable that business men of diverse aim and character would anywhere unite to forestall Communism, but why they would seek the abolition of parliaments, elections and freedom of the press is not so apparent. Nor was industry in any danger from the trade unions, whose suppression was not so much an act of capitalism as an act of despotism. They were the strongholds of "Marxism" and democracy, and this fact alone, to say nothing of their large reserves, is enough to account for their destruction. No doubt they were a burden to the steel magnates who were nearly ruined by the depression, but even the worst employers could foresee no gain to industry generally through lowering the wages of all the workers. But not only because they saw in him the champion of capitalism did Krupp and Thyssen take Hitler unto themselves, for it may be assumed that men of this school do not give away millions merely for the sake of an idea. They invested their money for business reasons only and because they expected a rich harvest at the expense of all—capitalists and workers indiscriminately. There is reason to suppose that the fate of other industrialists outside their circle concerned them no more than the fate of the workers.

Elsewhere it is yet to be found that any large number of business men has abandoned the old parties, for the sake of the Fascists. Recently the Fascist chieftain in Montreal was taken into custody because of a worthless cheque given on behalf of his party. It was found that this "praetorian guard of capitalism" had sixty-five cents to its credit at the bank. Also the Silver Shirts

—an all-American Nazi party—went into bankruptcy apparently through lack of appreciation by the capitalists. John Strachey in his book admits that the "Fascist technique will only be adopted when the directing capitalist groups consider that the regular state forces at their disposal are inadequate or unsuitable for suppressing the workers." It might be observed that in Poland, Rumania and Hungary the capitalists have no reason to consider the present state forces inadequate for suppressing the workers. One can only suppose, therefore, that the strong Fascist trend in these countries has been due to factors other than capitalism.

III

The doctrine that Fascism is a by-product of capitalism is unsound for the further reason that the concept of capitalism is vague and unsubstantial. The term is invariably used in a controversial sense, and never apart from the idea of the class struggle. No clear definition has ever been given of capitalism, nor has any one shown the limits and boundaries of this supposed system. Neither is it possible to identify the capitalist class with the precision necessary for the scientific discussion of public questions. The term is commonly used to designate those men who are at the same time the employers of labor, the people of wealth and the real masters within the state. It is my intention by analyzing each of these qualities in turn, to prove that there is no capitalist class for the following main reasons: (1) the three elements that are supposed to distinguish the capitalist class do not coincide in the same body of men; (2) no distinctive class could possibly exist on the basis of any one of them.

Employers. As for the employers, no

accurate statement can be made about them at all. One could generalize about the cotton manufacturers or about the bankers; but of the "bosses" no judgment can be true without the opposite being true also. Some are wealthy, others are short of money. Some oppress the workers, others win their loyalty. There are few political questions about which employers are not divided, while many avoid politics altogether. Their attitude in all matters which do not immediately concern them is determined more by education and temperament than by class consciousness. The clash between the manufacturers and the workers in any given industry is rarely continuous and years may go by during which there is hardly any trouble between them. Moreover, there are phases of the economic struggle in which the lines between classes are drawn on other planes. A quiet struggle may go on between different classes of producers, between buyers and sellers, lenders and borrowers, which may be less spectacular, but not lacking in bitterness and fury. The line of distinction between employers and workers is only one of several cleavages within the social unit; and under other aspects of the economic struggle employers and their men could be considered as belonging to the same class.

Political Power. The further conception of the capitalists as a ruling caste does not accord with the actual conditions in an advanced civilization. In a democratic country it is possible for laws to be passed despite the resistance of vested interests; and it is an undeniable fact that most of the legislation is intended to benefit the people at large. Democracy means not only the freedom of election, but also the right to organize into groups for various purposes. Such

groups are infinite in number and variety and among them is distributed—very unevenly—the political influence which elsewhere is concentrated in the hands of a few. That many secure advantages at the expense of the public goes without saying, especially if the voters are not too intelligent. A harmful tariff may result from the pressure of the shoe manufacturers—abetted by their employes—or a tariff on tobacco through the persistence of certain farmers. Organized veterans may frighten Congress into voting them a large subsidy; a certain religious body may prevent the legalization of birth control. These and many other partisan influences are a real enough problem within the democratic framework, though it is important to note that they do not proceed from a single class, but from various and unrelated sections of the community. Even the intolerance which sometimes manifests itself in a democratic country can not be laid at the door of an oligarchy. The tyranny of the authorities in such places as California is directed against a minority, and seems to have the support of a large percentage, if not the majority of the population.

Neither are the capitalists of non-democratic countries always the ruling class. If anything, their relative power is even less. There are other classes which are older and more important—the clergy, the soldiers, the landed nobility. In Germany the East Prussian Junkers seem to enjoy more power than the bankers, and possibly the Ruhr industrialists. All are agreed that without their support Hitler would never have become Chancellor. The failure of Japanese business men to check the extravagance of the militarists would contradict the view that they alone run that

country. The Brahmins of India are at the top of the social scale while the merchants are rather low down, and in any region primitive enough to allow the rule of a single class it is not usually the despised merchants and money-lenders who are the rulers.

Wealth. Finally, not even wealth can be regarded as a criterion of the capitalist class. In the more prosperous regions of the world there are innumerable degrees of wealth; and property of some kind is so widely distributed and its ebb and flow is so considerable that it is impossible to distinguish between classes on this basis alone. Men of substance together with their families, relations, friends, advisers and staffs form a high percentage of the total population. Moreover, there are many others without property who earn a secure livelihood, and can, in many respects, be reckoned with the well-to-do. It can not be said that the people in these several stages of luxury, comfort and contentment form a single class. They are a heterogeneous mass and their sense of unity is no different from that of the larger community in which they live.

It is possible, nay even essential, to classify human beings according to their economic status, but all classification can be only provisional, and the growth of civilization makes its revision constantly necessary. Since the time of Karl Marx the old boundary lines have been all but obliterated by the development of the commercial corporation. The employer, in many instances, is no longer an individual but an impersonal body made up of hundreds or thousands of shareholders. The class struggle, which was never a simple thing to analyze, has become even more complicated by the struggle which now goes on between

corporations. It was possible in a simpler age to divide society into upper, lower and middle classes, but this classification has become obsolete. At the present time it is no more correct to dogmatize about the capitalist class than about the aristocracy or nobility. Today there is neither capitalist class, middle class, nor proletariat, and at most there are faint and irregular distinctions upon which no sound generalizations can be formed. Nevertheless, the rejection of inexact and outworn categories does not imply that we must shut our eyes to the many abuses which flourish on every side. It means only that social and economic evils can not be collected under the heading of a nebulous system, or attributed to the dominance of a single class.

The doctrine that Fascism is a result of capitalism is not only wrong as a theory, but leads to practical conclusions which are both wrong and dangerous. If capitalism is really the cause of Fascism it follows that the world could be saved only by destroying the capitalist class. However, there is reason to believe that the opposite would be the result, that an uprising which sought the ruin of any important element of the population would be the surest prelude to a Fascist government. In the first place, under no circumstances is it possible to destroy a whole class. Its wealthier members could at the first sign of danger transfer their bank deposits to safer countries. Not a few of the Russian nobility and industrialists succeeded in saving part of their fortunes by various means. In the second place, with the exception of the Russian, every attempt to destroy capitalism has led to Fascism or other forms of reaction—Italy, Hungary, China and Bavaria being the best examples.

IV

To cope effectively with the Fascist menace, it is necessary to abandon the emphasis upon class, and to concentrate rather upon those individuals who are really behind the movement. Primarily it is necessary to deal with a handful of adventurers who form the nucleus of the Fascist movement, together with a certain number of magnates who join in their conspiracy. It is possible in every country to single out a few reactionary financiers and industrialists who act against the public interest, and who are ready to sponsor any movement leading to the overthrow of liberal institutions. In Germany, Alfred Hugenberg was allowed to own two-thirds of the country's newspapers and to engross a large share of its industries. Had something been done to render this sinister man harmless Germany would never have been delivered into the hands of the Nazis.

How are such drastic measures legally possible? In the Seventeenth Century the English Parliament in its contest with the Stuart Kings had frequent recourse to the Bill of Attainder. A Bill of Attainder was a special act of the legislature inflicting punishment upon a single individual for his past acts—usually for an offense which the courts were powerless to deal with. By this means the Commons in the reign of Charles I were able to destroy anti-democratic ministers like Wentworth who were more dangerous to the liberties of England than even the King. Similar power exercised by the parliaments of today would make the overthrow of democratic institutions impossible. Parliament could easily end Fascism in England by compelling Mosley and his principal aides to leave the country. A certain Lady Houston has already squandered

a fortune on these undeserving men and it could be decreed that this woman's superfluous money, and that of others like her, should be paid instead into the Exchequer.

The Bill of Attainder if employed wisely and carefully could also be valuable in other ways. In the United States it has been proved that a number of leading financiers have enriched themselves at the public expense. There is no law to punish them, and if there were, it is doubtful whether the punishment would fit the crime. There are many

who believe that such evils can only be corrected by revolution. A revolution in a highly civilized country is like trying to disinfect a building by setting it on fire. There is no need for a revolution. If Congress, aside from appointing committees to investigate, had also the right to imprison highly placed offenders, and to order the confiscation of their fortunes, the present contempt for the representatives of the people would change swiftly into one of great respect, and there would then be no occasion either for revolution or Fascism.



Pacifists in the Next War

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

Present war objectors believe that they are strong enough to have influence in any future crisis, but the facts bear another interpretation

THE opinion grows among contemporary war objectors that in the "next war," just around the corner, the machinery of Mars will be seriously obstructed by the monkey wrench of aroused and numerically strong pacifists. The view is bolstered by the apparent growth in America of the anti-war movement. Older organizations, including the War Resisters' League and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, have been buttressed by new groups, such as the Green Shirt International and the National Students' League. In a recent poll of 20,000 American clergymen, conducted by representatives of twelve religious bodies, 14,000 ministers went on record as refusing to sanction or support any war on foreign soil. Anti-war and anti-R.O.T.C. demonstrations have been staged on the campuses of a dozen American universities. Of 22,627 students polled in sixty-five colleges, 8,938 registered entire refusal to take part in war, and 7,342 voted to fight only in defense of American soil. The religious war objectors—Quakers, Mennonites, etc.—still count among their membership hundreds of thousands of pacifists. The Socialists and Communists, com-

mitted against imperialistic wars, add more thousands to the roster of the legion which, thus runs the argument, can be counted upon in the next military excursion to fold their arms and stand, a solid phalanx, to confound the war-makers and seriously hamper their bloody enterprise.

The fault of the anti-sanguinary camp is that it is too sanguine. And that its memory is too short. It assumes that "militant pacifism" is a contemporary phenomenon. It believes that the disillusionment engendered by Versailles and the lean and hungry years following peace has created in the United States a powerful anti-war minority unique in our history.

The assumption is fallacious. Before and immediately after America's entrance into the World War there was a large and articulate pacifist minority, including religionists, Socialists, liberals and humanitarians. Although the philosophy of non-resistance, of course, reaches back through the centuries, in the World War, more than in any preceding war, pacifists had definite organizations, definite and immediate aims, and intellectual leaders using politics and propaganda as weapons to com-

bat similar weapons of the militarists.

With the exception of religious sects and the Socialists, the organized American pacifists of the World War era had their genesis in the Emergency Peace Federation, formed in October, 1914, under the leadership of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, Jane Addams and Louis P. Lochner. This organization, later rebaptized as the National Peace Federation, launched the famous Ford "peace ship," which sailed December 4, 1915, to visit European ports and agitate for a quick and democratic termination of the World War. Although the delegates did hold a Conference of Neutral Internationalists and Pacifists from March to July, 1917, the mission was hardly a success. The ark of peace had unleashed a few doves, but they found no Mount of Olives.

Out of the Federation, however, developed new anti-war enterprises, including the American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, called in May, 1917, and embracing delegations from such anti-military groups as the American Defense League, Fellowship of Reconciliation, American Union Against Militarism and the Free Speech League of America. This conference grew into a quite powerful organization, the People's Council of America, formed in June, 1917, and officered by prominent pacifists led by Professor Emily Green Balch, Professor H. W. L. Dana, Eugene V. Debs, Max Eastman, Morris Hillquit, Bishop Paul Jones, Rabbi Judah Magnes, Scott Nearing, Louis Lochner and David Starr Jordan.

The People's Council organized chapters in hundreds of cities and towns. Accurate membership lists are unavailable, but the council at the height of its activity claimed in excess

of 100,000 adherents. Sixty thousand, probably, would be nearer the total of active members—60,000 pacifists carrying on three months after the United States had entered the War, still unconvinced by Wilson's hypnotic formulas and still uncowed by patriots and police.

There was, moreover, the Socialist party of America. In 1917 the party numbered 83,000 members. At the emergency national convention in St. Louis in April, 1917, shortly after we had entered the war, the delegates voted an uncompromising pacifist programme. "We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world," it read. "In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage. We recommend to the workers and pledge ourselves to continuous, active and public opposition to the war through demonstrations, mass petitions and all other means within our power . . . and to unyielding opposition to all proposed legislation for military or industrial conscription." Here, then, was a party of 83,000 which might be counted upon seriously to hamper the White House Galahad in his quest for the grail of democracy.

Besides these groups there were a number of smaller organizations, such as the Industrial Workers of the World, not definitely committed to war opposition, but most of whose members individually were recognized as opposing imperialistic military excursions and conscription. These may have totaled 50,000. Moreover, there were twenty-odd religious sects, some on record against combatant war service, and some on record against any service in the military machine. Statistics on the

anti-war religious sects, based on the 1917 yearbook, place their membership well beyond 400,000.

Added to the organized anti-war groups was a considerable number of sentimental pacifists of the William Jennings Bryan school. These will not be included in the total of effective anti-militarists because their gesture was rhetorical. As Leon Trotzky put it (*Class Struggle*, November, 1917), in an article written in June, 1917: "There have never been so many pacifists as at this moment when people are slaying each other on all the great highways of our planet. . . . The advanced nations cut each other's throats under the banner of pacifism. Wilson plunged the United States into war in the name of a league of nations and a durable peace. Kerensky and Tseretelli shout for an offensive in the name of 'an early conclusion of peace.' It is the irony of history that the 'official pacifism' of Wilson, as well as the 'oppositional pacifism' of Bryan should be the chief instruments for the accomplishment of this task: the education of the masses to military ideals. 'If war should come,' Bryan telegraphed in Chicago last February, 'we will all support the government, of course, yet at this moment it is our sacred duty to do all in our power to preserve the nation from the horrors of war.' Official pacifism could have desired nothing better. After Bryan's own declaration only one thing was necessary to dispose of his noisy opposition to war, and that was, simply, to declare war. And so Wilson did, and Bryan rolled right over into the government camp."

Omitting Bryan and his camp of nebulous pacifists, we have, then, after America's entry into the War, a total of over 590,000 religious and non-re-

ligious pacifists of whom, at a low estimate, 60,000 were eligible to military conscription, because the church totals include no children below thirteen, and the non-church totals include only adults.

Sixty thousand potential "conscientious objectors" in the army camps, backed by half a million pacifists in civilian life! A formidable army of the unarmed—on paper.

But what happened? Official records of the War Department disclose that of 2,810,296 men inducted into the United States army cantonments during the World War, only 3,989 made any claim for exemption from military service on the grounds of conscientious objection. This does not include the handful of men who refused to register and were sentenced by civil courts under the draft law. Nor does it include religious objectors whose claims for non-combatant service were recognized by local draft boards, and who were ineffective in hampering the War, because by accepting hospital or quartermaster duty they released an identical number of men for service at the front.

Of the 3,989 men inducted into military camps and refusing active service, 1,300 accepted non-combatant service, 1,200 were furloughed to farms (thereby releasing farmers' sons for war duty), 99 were assigned to the Friends' Reconstruction Unit (organized to assist war refugees and rebuild devastated areas) and 450 were classified as "absolutists," who refused any participation in the war machine, either combatant or non-combatant, and who were court-martialed and sentenced to prison.

The last classification is the only one that matters in the sense of effective opposition to the conduct of a war. Out

of an inducted American army of nearly 3,000,000 men, only 450 refused to share in any way in the martial expedition. And not more than 500 were sentenced by civil courts for refusing to register for the draft. Only 950 men of a possible 60,000 of draft age who had, on paper, or in public in noisy demonstrations, thumbed their noses at Mars.

II

Lost, strayed, or broken—59,000 conscientious objectors. Partly broken, but mostly strayed. Police curbed some, but propaganda converted more. The organized anti-war minority were scattered to the gale. When, on August 27, 1917, the People's Council attempted to hold a convention in Minnesota, Governor Burnquist prohibited the gathering on the ground that it "might incite riots." The delegates then hastily called their "constitutional convention" in Chicago. The Illinois Governor summoned troops to prevent the gathering. Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago, defying the Governor, allowed the convention to be held. The Council actually succeeded in meeting and passing a mild programme for "a concrete statement of war aims, no forcible annexations, no punitive indemnities, taxation of wealth to pay for war, and repeal of the conscription act." Then the troops marched upon the convention hall, and the Council dispersed. For all practical intents, for good. Though it existed officially until 1920, its membership dwindled, its meetings were held sub rosa, and its effective power was nil.

More amazing was the collapse of the American Socialist party. It had condemned the action of the French, German and Belgian Socialists in rallying to imperialistic war when the ink on the declaration was hardly dry. It had,

at the St. Louis convention, pledged itself to "continuous, active and public opposition" to the war already in progress. But so heavy, so convincing was the flood of propaganda, that Socialist leaders, one by one, were lured by the tune of the Pied Piper. J. G. Phelps Stokes fell. Allen Benson, John Spargo, William English Walling and Upton Sinclair fell, and the last named was the only one, after the War, publicly to brand himself an ass led astray by the carrot of Wilsonianism. Eugene Debs was clapped into prison. The Socialist press was smashed. Although the Espionage Act was passed without the censorship clause demanded by Wilson, postal authorities silenced the *Michigan Socialist*, the *Socialist News* of Cleveland, the *Rebel* of Texas, the *Internationalist Socialist Review*, *St. Louis Labor*, the *Masses*, the *People's Press* of Philadelphia, the *Appeal to Reason*, and the *American Socialist*, official paper of the party. Practically leaderless and voiceless, the Socialists, save for the few who refused to register and were sentenced in the civil courts, and the few who were drafted and court-martialed for refusal to bear arms, became willy-nilly allies of the lord of battle. A few, indeed, became the lord's right-hand men and minor prophets.

The religious sects were more immune from the military fist. Mostly because they were collectively harmless, indulged in no propaganda, and kept rigidly unto themselves. Although no one can overstate the courage of individual religious objectors, who endured torture and even death in cantonments and prison, as a group they did not and never will constitute a serious menace to the progress of a war. Their stand, save for the Quakers, had no social or political implications. Biblical literalists,

they sought salvation by turning the other cheek, endured what punishment was meted out and then returned to the pious obscurity whence they had come.

The United States, then, witnessed this miracle in 1917. Less than half a year after war was declared, and less than a year after a majority of the total population had cast a presidential ballot for peace, the nation had been hammered into a fighting machine which rolled over the "pacifist" millions and left them impotent in the dust.

III

This rather detailed analysis of pacifism in the last war is deemed necessary because upon it we can base some predictions of the fate of pacifism in the next.

The present army of war objectors, which considers itself so unique, so articulate, so powerful—will it survive? The 14,000 ministers on record against war—will they defy the powers from their pulpits? The answer, arrived at with as much reluctance as reason, is no.

There is no inference here that they will forswear their pledges for cowardly or self-seeking reasons. On the contrary, so subtle is the art of propaganda, they will find themselves drawn to the service of Mars, and in his livery endure as great or far greater hardships than they would have endured in the service of Christ or Marx or whatever prophet they now invoke. They will read, hear, eat, drink propaganda. They will actually become as dependent upon it for existence as the fish is dependent upon the ocean in which it breathes and feeds. For, once let them question the rightness of the prevailing passionate martial credo, or the justness of the current war, and they will be on the

high road to social ostracism and lunacy.

It is one thing to hold a minority opinion when one is privately convinced the majority opinion was formulated or is entertained by knaves and poltroons. It is another thing to nurse a dissenting idea when that idea is branded as erroneous and craven by the wise and the pious, by friends and kinsmen, by poets and professors, by all the multitude which one has regarded for years with veneration. Then, indeed, the dissenter looks into himself, and says: "Who am I, miserable entity, to set myself up against these good men and true? What madness has come upon me that I should call *them* mad?" Ostracized, isolated, he saves himself from extinction by finding in some new episode, or some new mass of propaganda, the nugget which he pounces upon as golden truth, and which magically leads him to "see the light." Overjoyed, he finds himself once more aligned with the majority, a sane man. He has been washed by the tidal wave from the coral island where slowly he was going mad.

This is what happened to the vast majority of pacifists in the last war. And it will happen again in the next. "Ah," the contemporary war resisters will exclaim, "but you forget we have learned from study and experience. We will not again be led by lies and propaganda. The memory of the last war and the disillusionment that followed is strong in us, and the next war will find us aware of the deceptions that precipitated and prolonged the last."

The objection is naïve. Perhaps never before in modern history has the world been so ripe for new and convincing war propaganda as at the present time. Consider, for example, a George Creel let loose with the vast and fertile field

of the Yellow Peril to exploit for militaristic ends. The possibilities are limitless. The fables broadcast about the Japanese Emperor and his armies of saffron devils would make the fables about the Beast of Berlin and his Belgian baby-butcherer legions look like chapters from a Sunday school text. The simple words "Yellow Peril" alone and without elaboration are enough to make any sensitive citizen, in time of war with Tokyo, pull the blankets over his head after finding night hideous with the diabolic grin of Fu Manchu.

Or consider the German situation. It would take no great pressure to convince what was once the bulwark of American pacifism—the Socialist party—that a war with Germany, or even with Austria, is not only unavoidable but sanctioned by the ghost of Marx. Herr Hitler has laid the groundwork for an entirely new, entirely convincing war propaganda, not only on account of his suppression of the Jews, Socialists, trade unionists and pacifists, but on account of the modern Treitschkes and Nietzsches with whom the Chancellor is surrounded.

Chief among these is Ewald Banse, professor of military science at Brunswick Technical College. He believes that "infection of drinking water with typhoid bacillus and dissemination of plague through artificially infested rats are justifiable instruments of war." A new *Schrecklichkeit*, warmed over and ready-made for Allied propaganda. Banse, lauding the warrior-type, says in his *Germany Prepares for War*: "How utterly different . . . is the peace-loving man, the pacifist. He will endure any humiliation to avoid war. His dim, lustreless eye betokens servility, his clumsy body is obviously

built for toiling and stooping, his movements are slow and deliberate. To this bourgeois or philistine, the warrior is the sworn foe, the deadly enemy who exists only to destroy his miserable rest." Banse's fulminations have been disclaimed by the Nazis, though he still holds his college post. Disclaimed or not, his rabid utterances—should there be war with Germany—will be added to the thousand inflammatory remarks of Hitler and his aides to build up a mass of propaganda that will make the "white books" of the last war seem the feeble output of a novice.

Propaganda, then, will be the scythe mowing down the palm-leaves of peace, and reduce the army of war-resisters to a pitiful handful, impotent, labeled "egocentric" by military psychiatrists, and sometimes questioning its own sanity.

IV

What will happen to that handful? What happened to them in the last war? On the whole, and compared with their treatment in other nations, they were dealt with generously in America. The bulk of them accepted uniforms and non-combatant service, merged with the army and were unmolested, save for occasional brutalities in the barracks before their segregation and assignment. The "absolutists," however, underwent tortures in barracks and prison. Some were manacled in the black "hole" of Leavenworth, one dying of pneumonia as a result. Some were clapped into specially designed "coffins" in Alcatraz. Some underwent water-torture, had their hair plucked out from head and leg, were strung up on a noose till their toes touched the ground. One resister, Ernest Gellert, committed suicide in camp to call official attention

to the brutalities visited upon him and his fellow pacifists.

The record is dark with these barbarities, but all were committed without the knowledge or sanction of Washington. On the contrary, when detected they were halted and the perpetrators reprimanded or punished. The War Secretary, Newton Baker, harking to the demands of the still-existing peace organizations, made liberal provision for conscientious objectors in the selective service act. He appointed a board of three to travel from cantonment to cantonment and give a hearing to all draftees who claimed exemption on conscientious grounds. These hearings, though at times farcical, did deal leniently with those—especially religionists—who were found "sincere." Those found "insincere," by some vague and supernatural yardstick, were turned over to the military for court-martial. These tribunals acted with conventional ferocity. Sentences of from five to forty years were commonplace; some resisters were sentenced for life, and some were sentenced to be shot by musketry until dead. On reviewal by Washington, however, the harsh sentences were reduced. No resister was shot, and in 1920, two years after peace was declared, the last war objector was released from Leavenworth.

There is nothing on the horizon to indicate that pacifists in the next war will receive treatment more generous. There are signs that they will be dealt with more severely. If war should come during the present Administration, there will be in the White House a President who, while committed like Wilson in his first term to a broad programme of peace, is, by background and conviction, a man far more militaristic than the late Princeton doge. He is

definitely a "big navy" and preparedness-for-defense apologist. He is definitely a nationalist. These leanings, in times of crisis when our "national honor" is invaded, will sway him toward the school of the saber automatically, and, once committed, make him launch into a war with the same robust ruthlessness and smiling bravado with which he launched a New Deal.

The President will find, as compared with the régime of a Wilson, Hoover or Coolidge, a nation far more regimented, far more willing to burn the sacrificial goat of rugged individualism on the high altar of national necessity. The alphabetic bureaus of industrialism he has invented will be supplanted by sinister agencies of the war lord, bristling with "administrators," "authorities" and "coördinators." An acquiescent Congress may not find in its Senate even a wilful twelve, and triumphantly democratic State legislatures will raise no barricades against the march of Mars. An obeisant press, with the jingoistic Hearsts and Pattersons falling into line, will form the basis of a newspaper-radio-movie propaganda unequalled in our history, while one command, or one pious slogan, will convert the pulpit overnight.

And how the President and his aides will "crack down" on recalcitrants! If unanimity of opinion can be invoked and partially enforced during an economic crisis in which critics of the New Deal can howl their objections without being guilty of actual treason, how much more effectively can it be enforced when any whispered attack on the New War is not only a sin against the current father of his country but also against the holy ghost of historic solidarity in time of war. And in the "cracking down" process, the pacifists

will be the first to feel the fist of the New War's General Johnson.

This, then, is on the calendar: thousands of pacifists in the New War will be converted by a bigger and better propaganda. Thousands will, after wrestling with their conscience, adjust themselves despite their own predilec-

tions to the demands of solidarity imposed by the New War, as they have adjusted themselves to the slogan of unity invoked by the New Deal. And the remaining handful, a tattered army without banners, will be collectively powerless, saving out of chaos only the integrity of their own souls.

Strange Slumbering

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

STRANGE slumbering
 Without a dream,
 And neither light
 Nor dark
 Nor numbering
 Of weeks. No lark
 To make a dawn.
 No star
 To set
 Its candle at the bier of day.
 Neither are
 There seasons here;
 For time is emptied out.
 The heart is still.
 The mind has gone a journey.
 The thirst of love,
 Its hunger,
 Are put away.
 Distress is like a moon
 That has no tide to move.
 And fear
 Can find no food
 To batten on.
 This is no kin
 To common sleep
 Which grows
 Transparent with bright dreams
 And rubs its fabric thin
 Along the edge of night.
 The old free will
 To wake or nod
 Is gone.
 And memory lies
 With pennies on its eyes.
 This sleep is odd;
 Induced by milky juice
 Of poppies from the fields of God;
 A white, unmeasured sleep;
 A slumber that is strange and deep.

Pink Soap

BY KARLTON KELM

A Story

I KNOW, Bird, I'll be rentin' rooms in the woodshed next to raise a little extra, but I had to make up what I was losin' with reducin' the other rents, didn't I? Besides, it ain't just an ordinary attic, Bird; it's really a third floor, only it never got finished off.

That tea too hot? Pour it in your saucer if you like; ain't no fanciness hereabouts. Lordy, Bird, if you could of see her the day she come. Dressed to kill. Not loud but rich-like. One of them long fox furs near chokin' her and dangle clear down. And she went up them steps like it was a penthouse she was goin' to.

Glory be, Bird, the first thing we gets up there she asks, "The view?" her voice real low but goin' way up like that. I near die. But I puts up the blinds and says to her, "Well, ma'm, it's all in how you look at it. Now close up there's all them store backs, but if you look away off there between the Federal Building and the Catholic Church steeple, you'll find as nice a bit of river as anywhere. Providin' you're farsighted," I says.

Land, Bird, I didn't mean to make you choke on that crumb cake. Got your breath? O what did *she* say? Well, she just switched that fur around a bit and says, "How interesting!" just like she was in a movie or something.

Well, Bird, I wasn't standin' for any uppitness, the little I'd be getting out of it all told, so I decides to have it out with her. "See here, Mis' Barlay," I says, "when I first seen you, I says to myself this place wouldn't be good enough for you, it appearin' you've seen better—" and I hesitates right there, Bird, thinkin' she might open up on her past life. But not a word. She just looks out the window and waits for me to finish, so I goes on, "—but you was so sure it would do—" She stops me then, raisin' a white kid glove, and it ain't like the same woman at all when she smiles and says to me sort of intimate-like, "Mrs. Kretchie, it *will* do." Then she dives into her purse to pay me right off, but I says, "Hold on, ma'm, so far you don't know about anything but the view."

For fair, Bird, she hadn't even set on the bed.

"Now about the bathroom," I says, "there ain't a tub up here, just toilet and washbowl, and I know my second floor people won't stand for you comin' down there all time, all three of you, since you appear to me to be the kind to do a lot of bathin'." I says, "You see, Mis' Barlay, what I really had in mind was a couple of college boys who could do their bathin' at the Y."

Sure, Bird, I must of told you she has two kids. Didn't I? Well, I know, I always said I'd never take in kids, but it's only one kid really. The girl's a real young lady, and the little feller—well, after I seen him, Bird, I was so sure he'd give no trouble, such a delicate polite little chap, that I even looks forward to havin' a young one around again, with my own all grown up and off.

Well, I could see she was kind of jarred at what I told her but she manages to cover it up pretty well with that uppity voice she first give me, and says it will be perfectly O.K. with her, she has relatives where she can bathe, she and the children—in fact they wanted her to live with them, but you know—and she kind of smiles instead of saying the rest, and for fair, Bird, she takes the whole thing so for granted and settled that I finds myself taking the money from her with never a boo.

Yes sir, that's how they got in here, Bird, total strangers and all, and for all I found out about them that first day, they might've been just anybody, or nobody, if you know what I mean—and me that's tried to be so careful. I guess I just fell for that high talk, and the fox fur and all; but it never seemed right to me, Bird, their being here. Movin' up there with them furs and a lot of books and no bathtub. It didn't seem right to see them sittin' around book-readin' in fancy silk pajamas and no plaster on the walls, just a lot of rough wood with big round knots in it, all smellin' kind of damp and at the same time awful dry and dusty. I tell you, I never felt like that about a boarder of mine before, Bird; kind of ashamed of my own things.

So one day shortly after they come, I lugs up an old chair with a cushion in

it, so at least Missus will have something comfortable to set on. Just a plain old every-day oak chair, Bird, that's been in the family for years. But when the girl, Stella's her name, seen me comin', she throws down her book and starts jumpin' all over the place. "O Mothaw, it's perfectly divine!" she yells, "O Mothaw, those legs, those dear precious legs!"

Well, puffin' like I was from those two flights of stairs, I near die at that, Bird, and I has to set right down on that chair myself or drop. But they don't notice me a-tall, not even the little feller, they all three just keep circling around that chair with me in it sprawled out like the queen of Asia Minor, ravin' about them legs and I don't know what all. Glory be, Bird, I concludes then and there they couldn't of been used to nothing after all or they'd never carry on like that over an old oak chair with the stuffing loose and everything, now would they, Bird? Of course not. Do you know what Miss Van Duseman said, Bird? She said like as not them silk pajamas and furs was stole—you know, shopliftin'. But then again the next day I figures Miss Van Duseman was talking like a sausage, because down comes Mis' Barlay with the chair, sayin' how she appreciated the thought and all, but she just couldn't accept something not figured in our original bargain.

Well, Bird, you could of knocked me over with her bein' that proud, and before I rearlized what I was doin' I was tellin' her I'd figured the chair in from the start but just hadn't got to fetchin' it up there. So that kind of fixed it up in her head, I guess, because she drug it back upstairs then. But you could of knocked me over, Bird, you could've for fair!

II

That was in the spring when they come, Bird, and right off my boarders take a terrible dislike to them. Why? Well, for no reason a-tall, lest it was that the Barlays stuck to themselves and didn't stop to chew the rag after meals but went right on up to their "apartment." That sure got 'em, Bird, the Barlays callin' my attic their apartment. Mis' Bolder near die, and it got Miss Van Duseman so mad she kept tellin' over and over how she was brung up with two maids and a cow, and now the likes of them Barlays should lord it over her.

You know Miss Van Duseman, Bird, snappy as a turtle but O.K. if you pay her a little attention. It was sure funny to hear her go on about them Barlays. "Silk dresses in the morning!" she snaps. "But I'd like to know what she's got underneath." That's how she goes on, Bird. "And that girl," she says, "Dropping her r's like that when like as not she was born in the slums without a—" She caught herself then, but in a minute she goes right on sayin', "Well, where is he? Why ain't they livin' with him? Why don't she mention him ever?"

Well, she gets me kind of thinkin' at that, Bird, but what can I do about it? You can't kick people out just for mindin' their own business, can you?

But it wasn't long I was wantin' for a complaint, Bird. One morning that quiet Mr. O'Donnell of all people hollers down that he can't stand the noise any longer. Well, I can't hear nothin' so I hurries up to the old feller thinkin' he must've gone off at last, like I always thought he would, but no, he seems same as ever when I gets up there and he says, "It's just like rats eatin' out my

brains," he says, blinkin' his small weak eyes and shovelin' his big knotty hands around. "It's got so I can't even pray no more," he says.

I guess I told you once, Bird, how the old gent's kind of nutty on religion, and says how the world's endin' next year. No matter what year you ask him it's always next year, so's you can never quite prove he's wrong, he's that cute.

Well, I goes in his room and he tells me how he's never been one to complain, but now he'd have to find another place—and all the time me not able to hear a thing. But Mis' Bolder and Van Duseman says they hear it good, Mis' Bolder deaf as she is, so I listens hard and hears it, a kind of pattering around in the ceiling. "Well, it's sure the quietest noise I ever hear," I says, but Miss Van Duseman comes right back, "It ain't so quiet, Mis' Kretchie, when you got to hear it the live-long day like poor Mr. O'Donnell. It fairly roars after a bit." And Mis' Bolder says, "It sure does!" and that was the most I hear her say in a coon's age, though she's always been able to make enough trouble without talkin'. Some talks, and some looks, and she's one of them lookers, and she sure has a lot of face to look with.

So I has to go up to the attic to investigate, and Van Duseman parks on the lowest step all set to listen. "I think it's that girl dancin'," she whispers loud after me. "She's out for bein' a common chorus girl, if the truth is known," she says.

Well, I don't answer, but I figures if Van Duseman's right for once, I'll make a big thing of the noise, and Missus bein' proud like she is will up and leave, because I didn't want no chorus girls in the house; I had two chorus boys once whose lips looked too

red to be true, and glory be, before I could get rid of them they just about ruined the name of my house for good.

Well, Bird, when I pokes my head in the Barlay's door that morning, it ain't the girl who's dancin' at all, but the little feller, dancin' all by himself nice as you please. Not foxtrottin', Bird, but all kinds of fancy goin's-on, with some kind of crazy shawl draped over him and my old brass flower-pot holder on his head; but for all that, Bird, he was just as light as a feather. For fair, I never see the beat of that young one. I was so taken up with him that I clean forgets to scold about the noise but asks his ma does he take lessons, and she says no, but that, oh I forget who, some foreigner by the sound of it, said that Arnold, that's the kid's name, had a great future in the ballet, which is somethin' like musical comedy, I guess, Bird, only higher tone. Then I asks what was the name of the dance he was just doin' and she laughs and says Arnold was improvising, which I always thought was somethin' you done on a piano.

Well, I finally gets around to what I come for, but I puts it as easy as I can, not makin' much of it a-tall. Just the same Mis' Barlay gets kind of white and the little feller he gets off his duds in a hurry and sits quiet in a corner too scared to move. Then Mis' Barlay tightens up in that high-tone way of hers and says, "We've tried to be so careful, but Arnold's so light we didn't think—" but she doesn't go on, Bird, and all of a sudden I feels awful ashamed and says, "Well, it ain't so much the noise as the idea, I guess, Mis' Barlay," and I leaves her on that, and when Van Duseman asks me what they had to say (I'd shut the door so she couldn't hear), I nearly bites her head off.

But the next day I catches Mis' Barlay in the hall and edges around her and says real low that if Arnold does his dancin' long towards five when Mr. O'Donnell goes for his constitutional, why no one will be the wiser. Because, Lordy, Bird, I did feel bad about that young one bein' deprived of the only exercise he did have, me able to offer him no backyard or nothin'.

Well, Bird, you know that didn't just set with her either. She give me the funniest look, like I was a sneak in my own house, but she doesn't say anything this time like the other time about the chair, though I could see it was killin' her pride—him dancin' on them grounds, I mean. No, she doesn't say a word this time about our original bargain, part of it bein' that Arnold would give no disturbance, but as I say, she looked plenty!

Did it work out that way you want to know? It did not. Seems Mr. O'Donnell didn't do much walkin' after that, just like he smelt a rat, and when he did go, he'd come back long 'fore his time and catch Arnold at it and start prayin' at the top of his voice. But he didn't say any more he was leavin', and I do believe he actually enjoyed catchin' the kid like that because he told Mis' Bolder he'd come to accept the noise as a penance by which he'd gain indulgence to remove temporal punishment due to sin, which is all Greek to me, my family never bein' much for church. So the danger of losin' him was over for the present, but now it sprung up with Miss Van Duseman. She hadn't spoke to me since I bit off her head that morning, but I heard her telling Mis' Bolder that while the boy's dancin' didn't reach her loud enough to *necessitate* her leaving, Mr. O'Donnell's hollerin' sure did, and while she didn't blame Mr.

O'Donnell one *iota* (she used nice words like that, Miss Van Duseman did), she couldn't stand by and see the poor man aggravated any longer; and so it was up to me to choose between her and the Barlays.

III

Well, I couldn't quite follow how she figured but one afternoon I goes around to her and promises her the Barlays will be pullin' out soon as the hot weather hits us, because, land, once I come to think on it, Bird, I knows they wouldn't be able to stand it up there under that tin roof, delicate like they are, and with them dinky windows that doesn't open enough so's you can notice it, and most of all, no bathtub to cool off in.

It wasn't that I preferred the Barlays to go to Van Duseman, but already they had fell behind in their rent, and if they'd be pullin' out anyway there'd be no reason why Van Duseman should too.

You take another cup of tea, Bird, and I'll tell you all about it that summer. It was one of the hottest summers I ever put in. I near die, and Mis' Bolder, so fleshy and all, she near die too, but do you know, them Barlays read right through it all. And never said a word about leaving. And they always looked so neat and everything you'd of thought they just come out of a cold tub. But I figured it was just that high-tone people with refined complexions don't show the heat like others, until that bar of soap give things away.

Yes, Bird, she went and done it. That proud woman went and broke her bargain with me. I couldn't believe it at first, but then like I told Mis' Bolder, you can't tempt people in such weather

and not expect them to fall; now ain't it the truth? Yes sir, all three of them was usin' the tub the whole hot spell, just as cute, without one of us catchin' on. How? Well, they takes turns at missin' their meals and while we was all down here eatin', one of 'em was up there splashin' around nice as you please.

Yes, Bird; a bar of soap give 'em away. A pink bar. None of the ladies used pink soap, and Mr. O'Donnell don't use none, so there you are. Miss Van Duseman says she figured all along it wasn't just the heat that was always keepin' one of 'em away from meals with the headache, but then she always talks like a sausage.

Yes, that's what I said, Bird. Imagine them kids wanting a bath bad enough to go hungry for it. Of course Miss Van Duseman went right up in the air, and there was a big fight. Yes, between she and Mis' Barlay, though Mis' Barlay ain't a woman you would ever think could *fight*!

It was like this, Bird. After Van Duseman found the soap she marches right up to the Barlays with it, gloating all over. "I presume this is yours," she says to Mis' Barlay. I was listening at the foot of the stairs and I could almost hear Mis' Barlay blush, but when she spoke her voice was real still and uppity. "Thank you," she says and waits for Van Duseman to go. But the old girl's lovin' every second of it and won't budge. "You realize of course you're forbidden to use our bath?" says Van Duseman. "I have nothing to say to you," says Mis' Barlay. "My bargain is with Mis' Kretchie." "Now ain't that nice," says Van Duseman, then flarin' up. "Well, don't think I care if you talk to me or not. It's mutual, I'm sure; but I want you to know my family record

is an open book and no dark mystery like yours, and while I mayn't dress like the queen of Sheba, I pay my rent right on the dot, and that's more than some folks does!"

Now how do you suppose she found that out, Bird? I'm almost sure I wouldn't repeat it to a living soul about the Barlays bein' back in the rent. But not to hold up the fight any, let me tell you that Van Duseman got no more said than that. Mis' Barlay's face must of got pretty terrible because all at once Van Duseman starts whining around, "Now don't you strike me," she whines, "don't you dare strike me," and I hears her backing away with Mis' Barlay right after her yellin' bloody murder. "Get out of here!" she yells. "Get out of here, you ugly old creature, and don't ever come up here again. I despise you," she yells. "I despise you and everything you stand for—all the meanness and poverty of your small life. You want to make me and my children ugly and small like you," she says. "You want us to haggle and fight with you and forget all the big things, and because you can't, you're trying to drive us out of here; but you won't do it! We're here to *stay* and no matter what you do to us, you'll never touch us *really*, do you understand?"

Land, Bird, Miss Van Duseman comes down them steps faster 'n she went up, and I thinks to myself: there goes one fine boarder, been with me eleven years. But do you know, Bird, once she gets her breath, she says to me, "So she thinks she can drive me out of here, does she? Well, I'll show her! I was here long before her and I'll be here long after!" And you know, Bird, I really thinks she was satisfied now she'd got Mis' Barlay to fight with her.

IV

Now you got to eat another piece of that crumb cake, Bird, and I'll tell you how it all come out. The day after the fight Mis' Barlay sends down for me and I goes up, kind of shaky for fear she's goin' to let in to me too like she done to Van Duseman. But no, she's just as quiet and ladylike as the day she come. We're all alone up there and she draws up a chair close to mine and says, "Mis' Kretchie, I've been a very foolish woman. Here I sit worrying how I am going to pay you your rent, how I am going to give my children even the barest necessities in the future, when there has been no need of it from the start."

Well, I blinks at that a while, Bird, then I says, "Oh you mean you'll sell some of your books and furs and things?"

She laughs soft-like at that. "The fox fur wouldn't go very far, I'm afraid," she says, "but it *will* take care of the rent I owe you," and she goes to the closet for it, Bird, and hands it over to me. "As for the books," she goes on, "they've been paying for us ever since we came here, but now I want the children to keep what's left of them. They were my father's," she says. "He was a very plain humble man and his only wealth was these fine old volumes he collected. No, Mis' Kretchie," she says, "what I meant was we're going to live with our relatives. They've money, plenty of it, and we can go on keeping up appearances that way." She smiling all the time, Bird, but somehow her voice sounds kind of bitter on that. "I suppose that's more important than independence, after all," she says.

"Are these the relatives where you was to take the baths?" I asks then.

She colors up at that and I was sorry I rubbed it in that way. "I was desperate that day I came to you," she says. "I had to find the cheapest place possible and yet it had to be respectable and decent. The boarding houses didn't want children, and the books wouldn't keep us in an apartment in a respectable neighborhood very long, with our meals extra and everything, so I had to say the right things to induce you to take us in. But we never went there, not once," she says. "You see, these relatives, they're not my people, they're *his*!"

Well, Bird, I knew she meant her husband, and I also knew she hated him by the way she looked. Then as if to kind of go with her givin' up the fox fur she comes out of her shell and tells me everything.

It seems her hubby's folks was death against him marryin' her because she was an actress, and they had a girl whose folks way back come over on the Mayflower picked out for him. Well, it seems this son wasn't much good without his father's money and he kept leavin' her to go back home and fix things up, but in the long run he always came back to his wife again. Then he has some luck on the stock market with the last haul from his pa, and he stays with his wife and kids longer than usual. Well, the old man's pretty sore by now because this Mayflower girl is still waiting for the son to get a divorce like he promised to, so the old man says never again. Then the stock crash comes, and the son gets caught and the old man sticks to his word and refuses to do a thing about it. So the son bein' no good without money ups and flees the country leavin' Mis' Barlay and the kids with nothin' but a flock of clothes and some books they manage to rescue out of the debts.

"He was always a coward," Mis' Barlay tells me, "but I loved him until he left for good like that." She told me the old folks come around after that and offered to take the children off her hands, so she could return to the stage, but she wasn't falling for that line any and she told them that she and the kids were sticking together and asking no favors of them old bluebloods.

Of course she didn't say it in those words, Bird, she said it like a blueblood herself, and I guess on the stage she could be more like a blueblood than a blueblood hisself; but I myself could never get the hang of talkin' that way.

Well, the old folks tries to work the kids away from her, but it can't be done so they consents to take in Mis' Barlay too, but by that time Mis' Barlay's up on her high horse and what she and the kids don't tell them bluebloods ain't worth tellin'. So the old folks washes their hands of 'em and don't send 'em a cent after that.

"I thought of going back to the stage," Mis' Barlay says to me, "but I knew I didn't have it in me any more. I'd tried to live up to my husband's name for so long," she says, "that I got just as stiff and colorless as all it stood for."

But it seems she'd got some promises for the girl Stella in a juvenile part so they was livin' in hopes of that. Then the boy could take the dancin' lessons he needed for this ballet business, and she'd be free to figure out somethin' for herself too. So the girl practised her diction—that's what she called it, Bird—and even done it at the table to get the habit of it, and the ladies all thought it was just put on. "The main thing," Mis' Barlay tells me, "was for us to keep our identity till something happened. But it hasn't and it won't," she says,

"that's why I'm not holding out any longer."

"But will they take you in now?" I asks her.

"They're sending the car for us to-night," she says; "they've been rather decent. You see, they've just got word that their son's dead. Death softens old people," she says.

I near die then, Bird, her callin' her husband just their son and saying all of a sudden he was dead.

I looked at her close. But she'd brightened up again and didn't show anything. "You'd rather not go, wouldn't you?" I says, "and I ain't said you couldn't stay, have I?"

She took my hand then. "You're very kind," she says, "but don't you see, the children want to now. They're too loyal to go without me but they'd never forgive me for depriving them of the advantages that are rightfully theirs," she says. "Yes, I'm sure it's best we go."

"But what about Stella's acting and the boy's dancing—will the old folks stand for that?" I asks.

She smiled queer-like. "The children don't talk of those things any more," she says. "They only talk of the fine rooms they'll have, the soft beds, the shower baths every morning—and they won't have to miss a meal to sneak them. Don't you see," she says, "it's too hard to think of the big things when the little things count so much."

She seemed to be through with me then so I stands up and shuffles towards the door. "Tell the ladies," she says, "that I didn't mean to be unfriendly. It was simply that I was so afraid of losing my—myself," she says, stumbling like that. "But maybe I lost it anyway," she says. "Sneaking baths, the fighting like a street woman—maybe that's why I'm leaving."

Well, Bird, that was all pretty high-tone talk for me, and you know I didn't quite get the hang of it all till that night I see her and the kids comin' down the steps bag and baggage, the girl and the boy runnin' ahead all excited and jumpin' in that swell limousine that was sent for them, and Missus smiling back sort of bewildered-like, as if she wasn't sure she had everything with her, and me too wonderin' what was missin' from her, and then I sees what it is: the fox fur she give me. Yes, Bird, I sees her goin' without that fox fur dangelin' from her and it seems to me like that fox fur is her pride and she's goin' away without it. And then it seems to me, Bird, that pride ain't somethin' you can keep in spite of anything like I was taught it was, but somethin' that goes pretty easy from the proudest of us without our bein' able to do much about it.

And you know, Bird, I couldn't bring myself to sell that fur. I kept thinkin' that maybe some day she'd want it back. I would have sent it to her the very next day, the way I felt about her goin' to them old grouches, and the girl maybe never gettin' on the stage but becomin' a snob, and the boy perhaps growin' up to sell insurance, but late that very night she left I wakes up with a terrible crash and Mr. O'Donnell yells out that the world is comin' to an end. Well, I runs up to the old fool's room and there all the plastering is fell, and him dancin' around like a loon, sayin' the hour of judgment is at hand. Well, after that I figures I'll hang onto that fur after all, and in case Mis' Barlay never does come for it I'll turn it in and it'll pay for redecorating Mr. O'Donnell's room for one thing, because like as not it was the boy's dancin' that weakened that ceiling so it fell, don't you think so, Bird?

The Garden of Sweden

BY RODGER L. SIMONS

Although enthusiasts who placed the original Garden of Eden in Swedish territory may have been wrong, Swedes have been singularly blessed in recent years

DID you know that Adam and Eve were Swedes? Of course it may not be wholly true. But at least some enthusiastic historians have endeavored to prove a contention to this effect. It started when Olof Rudbeck, a zealous Swedish scientist, historian, anatomist and archeologist about 1675 wrote a curious book called *Atlantica*, in which he proposed and defended the thesis that immediately after the Deluge Sweden was settled and colonized by Japheth, Noah's third son, and that in that country may be found evidences of man's earliest tenancy of the planet. Saturating himself in classical Greek lore, Rudbeck could not escape the conclusion that the fabled Atlantis was none other than his own Sweden. This fantastic claim was twisted by his followers into the even more weird belief that Sweden was the original Biblical paradise.

That is enough to tax the credulity of even the most confirmed Sveaphile. (Sveaphile: coined word meaning a lover of Sweden.) But evidence is at hand in substantiation of the premise that Twentieth Century Swedes have in many ways approached rather close to a paradise by current, earthly standards. They

scorn foreign loans, when other nations borrow heavily to balance budgets. They hew military expenditures to a wisp, when other nations prattle of increased armaments and the "necessity" of national defense. They hold unemployment at an amazingly low figure, when other nations writhe in the agony of impoverished millions. They maintain their big corporations on an intact or only slightly reduced dividend basis, when other nations consider themselves lucky even to keep business in scant and skeleton operation. They give liberal patronage to art, drama, shops, restaurants, when other nations admit the virtual elimination of "luxury buying." They plow through an international economic collapse with their major political, social and economic institutions in full swing, when other nations turn to "subsistence farming" and declare every sort of moratorium. They emerge from the worst national scandal of their history, yet face the future in confidence, chins up, spirits high, when other nations hold their heads in horror and moan, in the scriptural phrase, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

When I recently went to Sweden to do some newspaper work it was under

rather inauspicious circumstances from the standpoint of personal background. Having lived most of my years in Minnesota, I was habituated to hearing the phrase "big Swede" used as a term of opprobrium, if not an outright epithet. But a sojourn in that land of magically clear air, delightfully cool sunshine and quietly gracious people has shown me what a compliment it is to be called a Swede. And similarly I found in the underlying stability, the fine racial sanity, of the Swedish people a thing to incite the admiration and envy of larger but less harmonious countries.

II

Arriving in Stockholm a couple of months before the Kreuger blow-up, I had a chance to observe the Swedish people before, during and after this grievous national calamity. Findings subsequent to the disclosure of the Match King's perfidy indicate that his importance to Sweden had been rather generally overestimated during the years of his ascendancy. Only 6,000 workers or hardly more than one per cent of Sweden's industrial population were employed in the Kreuger match factories. Such concerns as the Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget and the L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company have wrenched their way out of a disastrously close affiliation with the late financier's antics and even the Swedish Match Company has effected an apparently firm reorganization. But none of this was anticipated or hoped for when there burst the ghastly news of Kreuger's treachery.

For considerably more than a decade Sweden had cherished and admired the Match Monarch as her foremost private citizen. Not only had he been esteemed by Scandinavians and the world at large

as a tower of financial strength and acuity but he had advanced the growth of prosperity in his own country, directly and indirectly stimulated Swedish life in many worthy channels, made his nation's capital a centre of international importance, cultivated Sweden's good will among foreign nations and in several respects practically built modern Stockholm, for much of which record his countrymen can still be grateful to Ivar Kreuger. And then for the Swedish people to see their great national idol turn sour was a blow of such magnitude and gravity that it could be fully appreciated only by one who lived among them through those trying weeks. Regrettable as was the financial ruin which engulfed many people, the loss of personal and national prestige was an even greater tragedy to the Swedes, a very sensitively attuned race even under normal conditions. The courage and hardihood which they displayed in climbing out of so severe a holocaust deserve from other peoples a degree of admiration as intense as was the resentment felt on the world's money markets over Kreuger's collapse.

That the general economic situation was bad is attributable less to the Kreuger manipulations than to the world crisis at large, for, having a large export trade, Sweden was hard hit by the depression. But, having stayed out of the European conflict of 1914 to 1918, she had no War debts to wiggle out of, no reconstruction problems to drain her resources and no army of cripples, invalids and mendicants to support. And the second quarter of 1933 brought appreciable signs and feeling of improvement. An increased confidence abroad, bountiful harvests at home, a brisk activity in Sweden's industrial life, a rise in employment, an increased liveliness in both

export and home market industries and an improvement in the foreign trade situation have militated in favor of a steadiness for the present, a hope for the future and a belief that the worst of the depression is past.

To this sanguine feeling much has also been contributed by the policies of the Social-Democratic Administration, which went into power at the elections two years ago this fall with Per Albin Hansson as Premier. They have already sliced four million dollars off the national defense budget by lessening the number of conscripts serving terms in what may laughingly be called the army, at the same time setting about to create jobs that would absorb the unemployment thus set up. A few million more lopped off here and another chunk whacked off there have wrought further savings to the national pocket book. They have even turned down the proposal of adding a hundred thousand crowns to the yearly annuity of Prince Gustav Adolph, eldest son of the Crown Prince, for the support of his bride, the young couple being expected to scrape along on his bachelor allowance of ninety thousand crowns a year—about \$20,000. Though the party in power has been forced to expand the budget somewhat during the past two years, this difference has been met by a twenty per cent advance in the income tax rate and a substantial boost in estate duties and in the tax on liquor and tobacco. (Though the Conservatives eagerly predict the fall of the Social-Democratic Administration, that party is firmly in power and there seems little likelihood of its being displaced until the national elections of 1936, and perhaps not then. There are local elections this fall, but, as in this country, they will only serve as feelers for the 1936 contest.)

At about the peak of American unemployment, along about November, 1932, when there were some twelve million out of work in the United States, the figure for Sweden was 147,000. In proportion to the two populations this means that unemployment in Sweden was about one-seventh of what it stood at in the States, and part of that was a normal seasonal unemployment due to the usual laying up of ships during the winter season and the consequent temporary discharge of seamen. The two years since then have shown a steady improvement in this situation and latest official records are that more than one hundred parishes in Sweden no longer report to the unemployment commission in Stockholm, which means that they have no idle. Since the building trades strike was settled last spring there has been a boom in that line, while at the big Sandviken Steel Mills north of Stockholm there is an actual shortage of labor.

While in both volume and proportion Sweden's unemployment seems trivial by contrast with our own condition, it has been a source of considerable worry to the Swedes. And they have set about correcting it in a typically sane Swedish way, without recourse to such passive methods as the British dole or such uneconomic measures as the wholesale and indiscriminate manufacture of jobs. Thus they have recently spent \$30,000,000 on new motor roads and plans are under way for the expenditure of another twenty-five million on this work. (In addition the current year's motor vehicle tax of \$16,000,000 will largely be used on roads.) The electrification of railways represents another outlet for Swedish relief funds. Extensive stretches of line have already been wired and the next step will be to carry the electrify-

ing north and west of Stockholm, a job costing \$10,000,000. Still another outlet for federal money is in the erection of modern government buildings. Among these have been a new central customs house and a state archives building, both in Stockholm. Additional ways in which the government has tangibly advanced the country's welfare by providing work for idle hands in more than 190 different localities include canals, improved forest culture, new automatic telephone stations, water power plants, landing fields for cross-country aviation, and the extensive drainage of swamps, through which vast tracts of land have been converted from worthless marshes into productive timber tracts.

The wages at which this relief work is done vary according to local conditions and range from eight to twenty-three per cent below the stipend received by regular workmen in the same districts. This has avoided the unappealing spectacle so common in the United States of seeing workers on relief paid more than their fellows in the community. The policy of the present Social-Democratic Administration in Sweden is to favor an elimination of relief work and they insist sternly on the rule that to be eligible for relief funds the beneficiary must be willing to go wherever he is sent and work at any task assigned him, a discouragement to malingerers. The normal Swedish wage scale is high and the standard of living is above that in Great Britain.

III

Sweden is a land where the older economists have always been taken seriously and heed paid to their counsels. It is a country to which political and social thinkers and theorists are wont to point as exemplifying various advanced

ideas in these fields. Thus one of Sweden's outstanding achievements in recent months has been the evolution and preservation of a stable monetary policy through the working out of that dream long-cherished in political economy, a system of "managed money." When in September, 1931, Sweden relinquished the gold standard a week after Great Britain had done so, it became the immediate concern of her bankers and economists to evolve a programme which would guarantee a fixed and steady internal purchasing power to the Swedish crown or krona. This was accomplished by basing its value on the domestic price level and the demands of the nation's own economic life and not, as has sometimes been alleged and misrepresented, by pegging the crown either to gold or to the pound sterling. Ten months later, as a result of these efforts, exchange fluctuations had been minimized, wholesale prices had been brought to a firm level and Swedish currency, within the realm, stood at exactly the same value as when she left the gold standard.

Equally interesting has been Sweden's success in the fields of collective labor bargaining and coöperative merchandising. In Sweden as elsewhere the trade union movement spread first among the workers and was later and somewhat defensively adopted by the employers. The General Federation of Swedish Trades Unions, established in 1898, is made up of more than forty trade and industrial unions with a total membership of 600,000, a goodly number in a country where more than half of the six million citizens are dependent upon agriculture for immediate livelihood. The general strike of 1902 gave rise to numerous employer groups, of which the Swedish Employers' Union has emerged as foremost. Agreements

between workmen and employers are usually made for a term of two years, with provisions for negotiation in settlement of disputes arising during the contract period. Breach of agreement is punishable through the imposition of fines by a Labor Court, whether the offending party be employer, trade union or workman. This machinery for adjustment has been the product of a slow, evolutionary process, with practically no federal intervention or the forcing of an issue by the state, as frequently seen in the administration of the NRA in this country. These organizations, both employers' and employees', have not entirely erased such occurrences as strikes, lockouts and blockades in Sweden, as evidenced by the flare-up in the pulp mills in 1932 and the more recent strike in the building trades. Nor does the trade union idea meet with acclaim from the great bulk of middle class Swedes, who see in the movement a conferring on labor of an ease and security which is denied the office worker and the small professional man. (The conservative press is rife with charges of "class legislation.") But the unions on both sides have fostered an increasing degree of labor bargaining and collective agreement, which is considerably more than could have been observed in recent labor upheavals in our United States.

Even greater success has attended Sweden's experience with coöperative marketing, manufacturing and building societies. Outstanding among these is the Coöperative Union, which has been growing and evolving for thirty-five years until now one family out of three in Sweden belongs to one of its member societies. Last year this group recorded a turnover of nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of clothing, provisions and household necessities through its

3,900 stores. Visitors to Sweden will recall the ubiquity of those neat little chromium-trimmed shops bearing the one word "*konsum*" in lower case letters on sign or window.

These coöperative purchasing societies draw their capital from the dues of members—one hundred crowns or about twenty dollars apiece for life, paid in a lump or accumulated at three per cent on purchases at the society's stores. Full-paid members draw rebates of three per cent on goods bought. These bonuses may be taken out as a dividend, may be turned over for credit to the member's name in a savings account with the society or may apply as a premium on one of the insurance plans which are offered to members. Merchandise is sometimes sold to non-members, but the practice is not encouraged except in the case of such of its manufactured goods as the society is trying to turn out under the economies of large scale production. The die-hards in these consumer societies abhor all such intercourse with outsiders and regard it as defiling the temple when the stores deal with the general public or employ private capital.

These stores are to some extent but not exclusively stocked from the Society's own manufacturing plants—flour mills, bakeries, shoe and tire factories, electric lamp works, and others, all of them laid out on the drafting boards of the central architectural offices. Control of their own factories has thus enabled the coöperatives to equate production to demand in a manner which other nations can only envy.

Consumer coöperation in Sweden manifests itself in sundry other ways, such as the electric power societies, in which the participants make and use their own "juice," and the coöperative building societies, in which families oc-

cupping a residential block will band together, buy the block and form a coöperative society. Spreading to the agricultural sphere, there are coöperative dairies, bacon factories, seed-breeders' associations, fruit-growers' societies, farmers' purchasing groups, egg-marketing combines and, very literally, "other articles too humorous to mention." It all savors of the old gag about taking in each other's washing, but like so many other things, it seems to work pretty well in Sweden.

IV

Ultra-conservatives in America who are prone to shudder and shriek "Socialism" at any deviations from the norm find in Sweden's coöperative spirit a fit subject over which to shake frowned heads. And our radical element hails that country as the modern land of milk and honey. Of course neither attitude is accurate. Individual initiative and private enterprise are anything but dead in Sweden, as evidenced in a wide variety of business from the small one-man operator to the gigantic industrial organizations that build electric generators for Australia and launch great ships to take them there. And on the consumer end, there are plenty of stand-patters in Sweden who can not quite reconcile themselves to the basic principle of the coöperatives and who willingly pay a little more at private stores "for the principle of the thing." As for the "danger" of Communism (or Nazism or Fascism) the frequent demonstrations against such doctrines and the general feeling of press and public reveal very clearly that the threat is of no moment. (A proposal last April to advance \$25,000,000 worth of Swedish goods to the Soviets on credit was refused by the Swedish Government. Of similar import

is the forbiddance of the wearing of the Nazi uniform in Sweden and the closing by official edict of the Nazi headquarters in a Stockholm hotel.)

Facts and figures from many sources show the surprising extent to which Sweden has climbed out of the slough of economic despond. The value of securities on the Stockholm Stock Exchange has been rising for some time, the returns of many big corporations being extremely high. The importation of gasoline in June increased from thirty-eight to fifty million liters and the value of motor cars from sixteen to forty-five million dollars. The ore export in June was 662,000 tons, as against 211,000 tons a year ago, an increase of considerably over a million dollars. Employment figures published by the Board of Social Welfare show a steady rise during all of last year and this. In both the north and south of Sweden the cutting of timber has increased in keeping with the boom in building and pulp mill requirements. Shipping and rail traffic have been much larger this year than last, and so too have bank cheque clearings. The big Götaverken shipyards at Gothenburg, largest in the north country, have been running full blast, with all nine building berths occupied. In several branches of the staple industries the volume of production has approached or exceeded the level of boom years. The same has been true in the luxury fields. Thus the spring motor boat show in Stockholm netted a volume of orders far in excess of anticipation. (Though to include motor boats among "luxury" buying in Sweden may be slightly inept, so many are her waterways and so necessary are water craft.)

With an area a little greater than California's and a population less than that of Greater New York, how has it

been possible for Sweden, so small a nation, to accomplish as much as she has? The answer is found both in the natural wealth of the country, her timber resources, water power, mineral deposits and farming lands, and in the rugged and fundamental attributes inherent in the Swedish mind and temperament. Not only is there no illiteracy in Sweden, school attendance having been compulsory since 1842, but the Swedes are an advanced and highly cultured race, especially gifted as technicians, engineers and organizers. With farmers' sons attending college and there frat-

ernizing with the scions of wealth and royalty, a resultant feeling of democracy pervades all classes. The peasants, far from becoming downtrodden serfs as in other lands, aspire and rise to positions of honor in the Government. (Thus of the 230 members who sit in the new Swedish Chamber, ninety-three are farmers.)

In brief, the Swedes have come close to a realization and attainment of what their Premier calls a "*samförstånd*"—a Utopian dream of mutual understanding. It is a misfortune that other nations can not do as much.



The World Propaganda War

BY WILLIAM E. BERCHTOLD

There is hardly a nation in the world whose government is not busier tampering with public opinion than seeking solutions for grave and universal problems

PROPAGANDA has played a part in government since before the birth of Christ, but never were the instruments of mass impression—the press, radio, screen, platform, schools—so extensive or so effectively harnessed by dictators and monarchs and presidents as they are today. Governments around the world consider it more important to concoct effective propaganda on the political, social and economic problems confronting their nationals than it is to solve those problems. The propaganda technique varies from nation to nation, but the object is the same. Berlin and Rome and Moscow and Tokio and Nanking and Paris and Washington all have their propaganda machines in action with outputs for both national and international consumption.

The propaganda bombardment between nations has reached such a feverish pitch that every government is using some device to shield its nationals from such outside influences as it may consider antipathetic to its own propaganda objectives. The walls of censorship have been thrown up around the borders of three-fourths of the nations of the world, and where frank censorship does not exist other media of control have

been brought into play to effect the same ends. The governmental propagandist has found censorship an invaluable aid in filtering out “foreign” influences which interfere with the effectiveness of strictly national propaganda. How long the United States, Great Britain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries (which stand almost alone in a world ringed by open or secret censorships) can keep from following the lead of Germany, Italy, Soviet Russia, Japan, China and most of the other nations of the world in the employment of censors depends largely on the continued effectiveness of other controls.

The terms “propaganda” and “censorship” have long been considered anathema to Americans. Not even during the World War, when our machinery for censorship and propaganda was as elaborate and as nefarious as that of any other nation, did we permit these terms to come into open and frank usage. It is not likely, therefore, that we shall follow the noisy, bungling leadership of Dr. Joseph Paul Göbbels despite his prediction that “within five years the whole world will imitate our most modern journalistic statutes.” Our technique, the evidences of which are

already visible to those who care to look, will be far more subtle. It will permit the majority of our editors and publishers to maintain their traditional composure toward the imperviousness of America's press to propaganda.

Despite the loud and somewhat farcical attempt of some newspaper publishers to insert "freedom of the press" issues into their fight against NRA codification early this year, there has been no danger of formal censorship of the press in the United States. There has been no need for censorship in either the United States or Great Britain, the only two major nations unquestionably outside its ban today. Both countries have preferred to leave their nationals completely exposed to the daily bombardment of governmental propagandists of all nations. The result has been bewildering to the individual, unequipped to give true values to the thousandfold impressions which assault the eye and ear through the press, radio and screen, but it has been salutary to the objectives of the propagandists at home. Both the National Government in England and the Roosevelt Administration in the United States have capitalized on this bewildered confusion of the individual. How long that state will continue to prove most effective remains to be seen.

II

Dr. Göbbels, whose blustering frankness frequently exceeds his good judgment, says, "The press must be the key-board on which the government can play." The German law which he calls "the most modern journalistic statute in the world" forbids the publication of "matter calculated to weaken the power of the Reich at home or abroad, the community will of the German people, its military spirit or its culture and econ-

omy." The Government licenses journalists who may practise, requiring all applicants to be at least twenty-one years old, Aryans and German citizens who have the "consecration requisite for the task of influencing the public." Another statute provides prison terms and capital punishment for persons who distribute anti-Nazi propaganda printed abroad and smuggled into Germany. Dr. Göbbels has left no room for doubt in the minds of the German people but that as Minister of Propaganda and Popular Enlightenment he dictates what they shall read, see and hear without competition from outside influences. The German state of mind following Hitler's ascendancy to power is reflected in the fact that vast audiences cheered wildly when Göbbels told and retold them of his policies for banishing freedom of speech and of the press. Freedom in the abstract means little to men who are hungry! But not even propaganda is a substitute for bread, as Göbbels himself should be learning in the recent economic collapse of the New Germany.

Propaganda, nevertheless, furnished the very life-blood for Hitler's Third Reich. It whipped the nation into a frenzy of nationalistic ecstasy. Germans soon found themselves attending mammoth mass meetings to hear Nazi spellbinders, reading newspapers, magazines and books crowded with Nazi philosophy, seeing motion pictures, dramas and operas glorifying the spirit of the New Germany, wearing pins, neckties and watch charms adorned with the *Hakenkreuz*, smoking *Kameradschaft* or *Sturm* cigarettes with pictures of Nazi heroes stuffed into each pack, listening to endless political speeches blaring from radios, walking along streets lined with flags, posters and pictures of Nazi lead-

ers—during every waking hour of the day the spirit and the power of the New Germany has been impressed upon the individual. Nothing has been overlooked. Hanussen's *Berliner Wochenschau*, whose circulation increased tremendously as despair turned the lower middle classes to astrology, even established the wildest dreams of the Nazis as coming true through revelations in the horoscopes of von Hindenburg, Hitler, von Papen and others. Familiar Christmas carols sung by Germans for centuries have appeared in revised editions substituting the name of Hitler for that of Christ! That the German people have been able to withstand these heavy doses of national propaganda, all directed from the office of Herr Göbbels, is a tribute only to their long suffering endurance.

But Nazi propaganda has been manufactured for export as well as home consumption. Communiqués loaded with misinformation, but designed to create a favorable attitude toward Germany outside her borders, were fed to the regular correspondents of all nations resident in Berlin. Carried as "news," because they bore the stamp of government authority, they quickly spread such stories as Communism's threat in Germany and portrayed Hitler as the savior of the entire capitalistic world. The General League of German Anti-Communist Associations spread pamphlets in the United States, Great Britain, France, Switzerland and the Balkans picturing the Reichstag fire as the pre-arranged signal for "Red" revolt in Germany. Dr. Göbbels recognizes that the "Red Spook" is still the most effective of bogies in capitalistic nations!

Money has flowed freely in the achieving of Nazi propaganda aims out-

side the Third Reich. Delegations of junketing journalists from Yugoslavia, Finland, Estonia and other neighboring countries have been entertained lavishly. As our own congressional committee investigating "un-American" practices revealed, correspondents from the United States were to have been fêted in Germany also.

III

The story of national propaganda in Italy, which made its impress upon the Italian people for ten eventful years before the rise of Hitler's Third Reich, is similar to that which Dr. Göbbels has been feeding to the New Germany in such large doses during the last year and a half. Mussolini has said repeatedly that the Italian press is free "because it serves only one cause and one régime." The press, radio, screen and other instruments of mass impression are all embraced by the Fascist totalitarian dogma: "Everything for the state; nothing outside the state." The younger generation has grown up without being subjected to political, economic or social influences outside the government-improved propaganda. Just as news of world affairs now reaches the German press through the government-controlled Wolff agency, so the 100-per cent government-controlled Stefani agency supplies the Italian press. Editors are given daily instructions by Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and press dictator, on what to play up, what to eliminate and how to comment on important events of the day. The result, like that in Germany, is a dull uniformity of the nation's press with all newspapers from Naples to Venice and from Brindisi to Genoa closely resembling Mussolini's own organ *Il Popolo d'Italia* of Milan. The stage is always set for its

maximum propaganda effect. Even when the squadron of Italian seaplanes spanned the South Atlantic, all Italy was given twenty-four hours to celebrate the news so gratifying to national pride before the people were told that five fliers were killed, three planes lost and one disabled. Propaganda has been a major force in sustaining the Fascist dictatorship for more than a decade, but an economic crisis has been brewing in Italy which even propaganda may have difficulty in counteracting, although Italian propaganda manufactured for export has made a strong attempt toward such an achievement. Italy would profit, for instance, by an international boycott against Japanese goods and Italian propaganda vividly pictures the dangers of the Japanese "cheap labor menace." Italy's entire silk output for the year is being held in warehouses pending some indication of the effectiveness of this propaganda against Japan.

Japan's own propaganda, while not as obvious as that of Germany or Italy, has been quite as extensive both inside and outside her own national borders. The white heat of patriotism dominates her national programme. As in Germany and Italy, the press is not only censored but Japanese editors are deluged with so many commands on what to print as well as what not to print that life is far from easy for those who seek to keep out of the hands of the police. News of world affairs is filtered into Japan through the government-controlled Rengo agency, insuring the elimination of influences foreign to the militant nationalistic propaganda which seeks to cut away modern culture, root and branch, in the same way that Nazi propaganda supports caste pride by glorifying the primitive and tribal past

of the race. Japanese and German propagandists have found considerable common ground in the spread of anti-Communist propaganda throughout the world, particularly in the United States and Latin America. Their coincidence of interests has been sufficient to warrant the Nazi Race Investigation Bureau of Berlin to find that "Japanese blood contains so large an admixture of Caucasian as to make it suitable for alliance with that of the purest Nordic." The Japanese, consequently, have been recognized as good Aryans and do not come under the ban prohibiting the marriage of Germans to non-Aryans.

Japan's jingoistic national propaganda has so convinced the Japanese of the inevitability of war with the United States that it is proving a boomerang to Japan's own war plans, which explains the stream of honeyed Japanese interviews which have found their way into the American press in recent months to temper the American fear of war in the Pacific and slow down the American plans for larger naval and air forces. The Japanese press gave unusual prominence to the failure of the United States Army Air Corps to fly the air mail, intimating that the American air forces are disorganized, untrained and poorly equipped. Such stories aid in tempering the jingoistic flood of Japanese national propaganda, which contributed in no small way to the hurried re-establishment of relations between the United States and the U.S.S.R. at the opening of the Roosevelt Administration. Japan is fast extending its sphere of trade influence in South America, and with its trade goes political propaganda, chiefly against the United States, to offset the favorable effects of the American-inspired Pan-American propaganda, which appears to be hitting its mark bet-

ter than in the days of more obvious *Yanqui* imperialism.

IV

Every Latin American country with the exception, at the present time, of Mexico is walled by an open or secret censorship on both ingoing and outgoing communications. Mexico has frequently employed censorships during the past decade in times of internal emergencies, but there is none in force now. Peru and Venezuela are ringed by the tightest of censorships. Peru, with a government which has been tottering for some time, suppresses news of political disturbances in all parts of the world. Peruvians at this writing have not yet heard of the San Francisco strike, Hitler's "purging" outrage, or the thousand-and-one uprisings, strikes, or revolutions which fill dispatches from all parts of the world. Sport fans in Peru must think it a bit queer that the results of the Wimbledon tennis matches in July have not yet appeared in their newspapers, if they have any curiosity in that direction. Through one of the quirks of bureaucratic censorship, the news stories containing the scores by games and sets were suppressed by the wary censor, apparently because the succession of figures gave the impression of furnishing some sinister code words which might have a political significance.

The war in the Chaco has been the subject for an intense propaganda bombardment by both sides, resembling on a smaller scale the war lies which the Allied and Central Powers spread from 1914 to 1918. Atrocities, casualties and victories are purely a matter for manufacture on the typewriters of the war propagandists of both sides behind the lines. If the official communiqués of the

warring nations are to be given credence, the total casualties have already surpassed the total population, male and female, of both countries! Strict censorship, coupled with active propaganda of the most nefarious kind, insures a wholly partisan view of the war to the nationals of each side. The radio has provided no end of headaches for government officials of the several South American countries which have been involved in revolutions or wars during the last half dozen years. It is easy enough to control national radio stations within the borders of each country, but there is no way to shut out the partisan blasts of high-powered stations in neighboring countries. In the first battle of the Leticia, for instance, the strict censorship in Peru kept Peruvians from learning of the battle until Colombian radio stations went on the air with reports colored from their own particular nationalistic viewpoint. The only way to counteract such demoralizing radio broadcasts by neighboring countries is to use government-controlled stations at home to furnish nationals with reassuring announcements of the "truth." France, Germany, Austria and Italy have similarly used the radio in a round of intensive attacks and counter-attacks upon the League of Nations, Fascism and Nazism for the benefit of neighbors in the Saar, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Danzig, Poland and the Balkans.

In Europe, censorship coupled with active propaganda machines dominate not only Germany and Italy, but France, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and Soviet Russia. France achieves her ends by employing the sly subterfuge of los-

ing, delaying or garbling dispatches which are unfavorable to the Foreign Office's viewpoint. Her propaganda is carried to the ends of the earth, and particularly to her colonies and to countries sympathetic to her viewpoint, through the heavily subsidized news agency, Havas. Perhaps her strongest bulwark has been built in the courting of Francophiles with ribbons and honors. Greece uses not only honors but money to bribe journalists who happen to be swayed easily through such influences. Switzerland, a hotbed for international propagandists who cluster around Geneva, promulgated a law this year which authorizes the Federal Government to take action against Swiss newspapers "which threaten to disturb the good relations between Switzerland and other countries"; the Press Commission of reactionary editors and publishers appointed to act as prosecuting attorney, jury and judge against possible violators closed up *Le Moment*, Geneva's Socialist daily, as its first act. Czechoslovakia, the last Central European country to keep up even the appearance of democratic government, has frequently but quietly censored, fined, confiscated and suppressed publications (particularly Slovak periodicals) which do not reflect the "right" view of the Czech-dominated republic. Spain has suffered a relapse from its first attempts at complete freedom of speech and of the press, chiefly because of the flood of foreign propaganda and the uncertainty of the effectiveness of its national propaganda against such odds. Portugal, Hungary, Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are without open censorship, but the governments' reign of terror against those who oppose the powers-that-be has convinced editors and publishers of the desirability of printing the govern-

ment communiqués and omitting anything which might prove displeasing. Because Balkan editors are constantly in danger of printing something which may incur the wrath of their governments, most publications employ a *gérant responsable*, a responsible editor, who takes the rap on everything that is punishable by the unwritten law of the country and gets paid for spending most of his time in jail. Even little Andorra, whose 5,000 inhabitants have never had a newspaper or even a printing press in their own country, has followed the fashion in censorship this year. The ban is directed against Andorran news published in Spanish newspapers which may be critical of the existing powers in the little Pyrenean country; the punishment for those who import banned publications involves a term in chains in the dungeon of Andorra's jail.

V

The only nation in the world which frankly and openly censors news dispatches going outside its borders is Soviet Russia. Foreign correspondents take their dispatches directly to the censor, who reads them in their presence. If there is anything in the dispatch which is prohibited, the correspondent is frankly so advised and is given the reason why the Government feels that the material should not be sent. The correspondent is even afforded an opportunity to debate the matter with the censor, and frequently obtains permission to send dispatches which might be prohibited under a strict interpretation of the rules in force. The Soviet censorship, once so rigid that it afforded propagandists in Riga, Helsingfors, Tokio and Bucharest an opportunity to obtain wide credence for fantastic stories about Russian life and conditions, is now far

less rigid than that in Berlin or Rome. As Karl Bickel, president of the United Press, said upon his return from a trip to Moscow last spring: "The Russian censorship, from an American newspaperman's viewpoint, is probably the most intelligent and sanely conducted operation of its kind." The chief difficulty experienced by American correspondents in the Soviet Union is not with the censors, but rather in the magnitude of the task of covering the activities of 150,000,000 people spread over one-sixth of the earth's surface and engaged in a gigantic social and economic project. The whole of the Russian scene, so far as American newspaper readers are concerned, must be viewed through the eyes of not more than two dozen correspondents for American newspapers and press associations.

The news of the world moves into Soviet Russia through the news agency Tass. Its dispatches might be said to display a "communistic viewpoint" of world affairs to the same degree that dispatches of the Associated Press or United Press reflect a "capitalistic viewpoint." There is no need for the daily dictation of policy from some central point, such as that in vogue in Germany and Italy, because the Soviet newspapers are manned by party leaders and owned by the state. While the number and circulation of newspapers in Germany and Italy have declined rapidly under the thumb of dictatorship, Russian newspapers have increased from less than 500 to more than 4,000 within a decade and circulations have soared to the limit of production facilities. *Izvestia* and *Pravda* have a combined circulation of nearly 3,000,000, a point at which it is arbitrarily held. One year of Hitlerism in Germany swept 600 newspapers and periodicals out of existence and

dropped the circulation of those that remain from twenty-five to forty per cent. The Soviet newspapers, dependent upon neither advertising nor circulation for their existence, have proved the backbone of the vast programme of propaganda necessary to change completely the ideology of a nation. Motion pictures, museums, plays, radio and every other modern device have been utilized to the fullest extreme to accomplish the ends of proletarian leadership in the shortest time possible. Since Communism is an international and not strictly a national movement, its philosophy has been actively spread to all parts of the world through propaganda. That the chief results of Communist propaganda in the United States until recent years have been negative, few will deny; but there are unmistakable signs of unrest now which give new potency to persistent campaigning.

VI

Great Britain and the United States, the targets for a major share of the propaganda of all nations because both are without censorships, must rely upon other controls to make their own governmental propaganda effective. That the National Government in England is having an increasingly difficult task in that direction is no secret. Although the Government has an overwhelming majority in Parliament, its weakness in the constituencies presents a paradox which is giving concern to exponents of the National Government, who foresee the probability of a Socialistic victory in the next election. The immense support which the Government enjoyed from popular journalism in the general election of 1931 is waning. The *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle* together give the Socialist opposition the power

of their vast circulations. For different reasons, the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* batter the National Government from the other side. It is from one of the earliest champions of National Government then that we hear pleas for "more effective propaganda" to offset this mounting disadvantage. J. L. Garvin in the *London Observer* is openly advocating a Ministry of Propaganda for Great Britain:

"It is almost impossible in a Parliamentary country like ours to devise press laws which would enable any Government of the day to secure in every newspaper—without interference otherwise—the command of a certain amount of space for the direct statement of its policy and proceedings to the whole people. Yet National Government ought to be capable of exceptional authority. . . . There ought to be a Minister of Propaganda in every Cabinet. Amidst the universal democracy of today—with a larger proportion than ever before of electors totally ignorant with regard to every difficult public question—the work of continual explanation and enlightenment is absolutely vital. It never can be done except by a Minister who can give his whole time to it and he ought to be a vivacious man of first ability. The Government cannot begin to compensate for its unique disabilities in the popular press unless it make a bolder and more vivid use of loudspeakers, color and symbolism than has ever before been heard or seen in British politics. It is futile to rebel against the popular conditions. Either you ought not to have instituted democracy unlimited or you ought to realize once for all that it can only be attracted and stirred by primary means."

Such a suggestion would have been

greeted as heretical in England a decade ago, but today it is only a mild approach to the modern propaganda technique being employed all over the world. Each government looks upon its own maintenance of power as absolutely necessary to avert national catastrophe, if not the end of civilization itself. There is no need in the United States, however, for either a Minister of Propaganda (we would probably call him "Secretary of Public Relations") or for censorship. The very suggestion of either one would set the self-appointed guardians of our free press quaking like aspens in a stiff breeze. President Roosevelt is far too cagey for that!

The Roosevelt Administration is leaning more heavily upon propaganda to bolster up the New Deal than any peacetime administration in our history. The skeleton organization for a very formidable Department of Propaganda has been set up and operating in Washington since March 4, 1933, but out of deference to the traditional American aversion to the term "propaganda" it is known by no such name nor has it been dignified with the title of a Department. The New Deal is employing the largest and most experienced staff of publicity experts ever to grace the government's payroll. It includes more than 100 writers and twice that number of minor employees.

No President has ever paid such close attention to the planning of his public acts to capitalize on their propaganda value both at home and abroad. Many a minister of propaganda could afford to take a few pages out of the Roosevelt notebook as well as a few cues from the newspaper-trained trio who make up the White House Secretariat: Louis McHenry Howe, Stephen Early and Marvin McIntyre. The President is a mas-

ter of American publicity tactics. He has an intimate knowledge of the technical intricacies of news dissemination, motion picture production, news photography and radio broadcasting. He appears to get as much pleasure out of a well-turned publicity *coup* as he might from some great stroke of statesmanship. When the press bungles one of his well laid propaganda plans, he shows his only lapse from his usual smiling composure. His Message to the Heads of Nations is a case in point. It was calculated to have a salutary effect on American foreign relations, but turned out to be a dud because the New York *Times* had speculated on the probability of debt cancelations being included in the message. Its honeyed words, with no mention of debt cancelation, fell flat in the Foreign Offices abroad, which had been keyed up by the *Times* to expect a momentous event. The *Times* correspondent received the most serious rebuke meted out by the President since he started his twice weekly conference with the press at the White House last year.

No President has ever won over the White House press corps more thoroughly than Mr. Roosevelt. He makes a conscious practice of calling reporters by their first names, jokes with them, consults them, invites them to Sunday night suppers and movies, and brings them into his confidence so intimately that few have failed to succumb to the seductiveness of the New Deal. The Roosevelt Administration has manufactured a surfeit of "news" in Washington. The propaganda staffs of the NRA and AAA have organized their activities on a wartime scale, so that 120,000,000 Americans have been bombarded with information on every phase of the New Deal—through the

newspapers, magazines, radio, motion pictures and every modern means of ballyhoo.

The New Deal propaganda proved so effective during the first year of the Roosevelt Administration that the patriotic appeal of the Blue Eagle boycott blanketed the press more effectually than any revealed censorship could have accomplished. Since the grip of the Blue Eagle has been broken in more recent months, the Administration is apparently casting about for other methods of marshalling public support to stifle criticism. With few exceptions, those newspapers which have consistently criticized the Roosevelt Administration unfavorably have experienced declining circulation and advertising revenues because the general public has considered it "unpatriotic" to criticize the President in time of "emergency."

The flood of foreign propaganda which has washed our shores has added to the confusion of impressions made upon the mind of the average individual, with the result that most citizens are content to "let Mr. Roosevelt worry about it for me." The confusion has made it possible for the Administration to pursue policies which would not have been tolerated under conditions which might encourage full freedom for criticism. As long as the Administration can keep up the fiction of experimentation without fixing upon any plan, its propaganda will continue partially or wholly to satisfy most sections of the electorate.

The strong appeal to patriotism is still sufficient to balance any "foreign" ideology which seeks to capture American minds. Congress, through its power to appoint committees to investigate "un-American" practices, can provide an important force to harass all propagandists who oppose the Administration.

Through the unrepealed provisions of the Wartime Trading with the Enemy Act, it is possible to expose and deport any foreigner representing a foreign government without registering with the State Department. Through the immigration acts, administered by the Department of Labor, power is available to bar all aliens who become involved in serious criticism of the Administration. Because the term "propaganda" has gained such a sinister connotation in America, the Administration need do little more than brand its critics—whether they be Republicans or Communists—as simple "propagandists."

VII

There are no indications to encourage a hope that this propaganda war between nations will cease; there is every reason to believe that it will become more intense. It is a vicious game at which nations can play only by poisoning the minds of each other's nationals. The world propaganda war might logically lead to real war between nations. Propaganda, with the aid of open or secret censorships, would determine the final drawing of the battle lines and the formation of alliances which would pit one group of nations against another. The only deterrent to such a natural course involving the United States lies in the degree to which Americans and, particularly, those who control the media of mass impression—the press, radio, screen, platform and schools—exercise vigilance in sifting truths from propaganda lies. It is no easy task.

The propaganda technique of governments all over the world is often so subtle, and shifts so fast, that it provides a serious challenge to such agencies as the Associated Press and the United Press, which conscientiously attempt to

supply Americans with world news free from propaganda. The naïveté with which some American editors consider American newspapers impervious to the nefarious devices of governmental propaganda does not aid in defining the task. Frank Parker Stockbridge, editor of the *American Press*, in speaking before the American Society of Newspaper Editors last spring said: "A reporter who would permit himself to be fooled by propaganda is futile." Futility is easily achieved at the hands of the 1934 brand of governmental propagandist.

As the public learns more about the methods and motives behind the propaganda which it sometimes receives as news, it is quite possible that the result will be a complete break-down of public confidence in the newspapers, radio and other sources for daily information. The tremendous decline in the circulation of German newspapers since Hitler came into power is an unmistakable sign of such a break-down of confidence in the New Germany. The rise in subscriptions to confidential news letters in Washington (numbered in tens of thousands for some of the principal Washington news-letter producers) is a milder indication of such a break-down in confidence, particularly among business men, in America since Mr. Roosevelt took office. If the trend continues and the controllers of the mass impression media in America are not able to meet fully the challenge provided by propagandists all over the world to the satisfaction of the American public, the recurrent phrase "that's only a newspaper story" or "that's only a radio report" may prove to be the death knell of public confidence in the media which have commanded their faith in the past.

Purifying the Human Race

BY D. M. LeBOURDAIS

Legislators have a tendency to set up sterilization as a panacea for crime, disease and poverty, but, like other panaceas, it will not accomplish all its advocates expect

FROM points as far apart as Germany and Oklahoma come projects for purifying the human race by means of the surgeon's knife. Hitler's scheme is described as "an act of neighborly love and of provision for coming generations"; while the announced objective in Oklahoma is to reduce, if not do away with, vice, disease and poverty.

The desire to apply stock-breeding procedures to human beings is not new. The re-discovery in 1900 of the laws worked out thirty-five years before by the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, gave a great fillip to such ideas. Mendel experimented with peas, but it was not long before similar studies were conducted upon mice, rats, flies and a great variety of other small animals and insects. Mendel's findings were in the main confirmed.

What, then, more natural than that the same principles should apply to man? Surely, man could not be the one great exception? But biological experiments with humans are more difficult than with flies and mice. For one thing, human beings are not so easily controlled; and, further, the time element adds greatly to the problem. Neverthe-

less, by means of observation and the study of family records, it was learned that certain characteristics, such as eye-color, skin pigmentation and hair-color and type, and certain disabilities, such as hemophilia and St. Vitus dance, were undoubtedly inherited in accordance with Mendel's laws. If these were transmitted in such a definite manner, why, it was asked, might not insanity, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, criminality and other similar defects? Like begets like throughout the organic world: why should the rule fail with man?

So, since it was not possible to breed human beings experimentally, the next best thing was to study human genealogies. Following a hot trail, the researchers scanned such records as were available, but perhaps naturally they fastened on those more likely to support their theses. Typical of these is the story of the "Kallikaks," which has since become a classic. Published in 1912, it was the result of researches conducted by Dr. H. H. Goddard and associates into the family history of an inmate of the Vineland (New Jersey) Training School (for feeble-minded persons). The record was traced back to a certain "Martin Kallikak," who, during

the Revolutionary War, begot an illegitimate son by a girl presumed to have been feeble-minded. This son was the ancestor of 480 descendants, of whom, according to Dr. Goddard, 143 were undoubtedly feeble-minded and only 46 regarded as normal. Included in the roll were 36 illegitimate, 33 sexually immoral, 24 confirmed alcoholics, 8 keepers of houses of ill-fame, 3 epileptics and 3 criminals, in addition to 82 who died in infancy.

But Martin Kallikak, after the affair with the feeble-minded girl, made a respectable marriage. Of the 496 direct descendants of this union, all were said to have been normal persons, although two were recorded as having been alcoholic and another sexually immoral.

As demonstrating, on the other side, the value of good heredity, the genealogy of the Edwards family of New England was produced. Richard Edwards, grandfather of the famous preacher, Jonathan Edwards, married Elizabeth Tuthill. From this pair there were said to have descended 13 college presidents, 295 college graduates, 65 college professors, 100 clergymen, 100 lawyers, 80 public officials, 75 army officers, 60 prominent authors, 60 physicians, 30 judges, several governors and members of Congress, 3 United States senators and one vice-president of the United States.

That these worthies were the product more particularly of germ plasm contributed by Elizabeth Tuthill was deduced from the fact that Richard later married Mary Talcott, and that from this marriage only ordinary people—no college president, few, if any, clergymen, and undoubtedly no vice-president of the United States—were found to have been descended.

The genealogists vied with one an-

other to produce evidence, on the one hand, of the baneful consequences of the propagation of degenerate strains; and, on the other, of the beneficent results of breeding from better stock. Magazines lent their aid to the crusade; editors viewed with alarm; sermons—somewhat cautiously—were preached; and legislators began to take notice. What to do about it?

II

The stock-breeder's method of controlling propagation is castration, a procedure not unknown in human history. But there were various objections to this. It had been discovered, however, that the desired results could be attained much less objectionably by means of a somewhat different operation. It was known that if the male seminal duct were severed and the ends properly secured, procreation could be prevented without interfering with the future performance or enjoyment of the sexual act. With females the same results could be attained by excising a section of the Fallopian tubes, not so simple an operation as with males, but still not a difficult or dangerous one for modern surgery. This procedure came to be known as sterilization.

The danger having been graphically demonstrated, and the remedy apparently at hand, the legislators got busy. In 1905, a sterilization act was passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, but was vetoed. Two years later, a law was adopted in Indiana which provided for the sterilization of rapists and inmates of institutions for confirmed criminals, idiots and imbeciles. The act remained practically a dead letter till 1920, when it was declared unconstitutional. In 1909, an act was passed by the legislature of Washington authorizing, as ad-

ditional punishment by the courts, the sterilization of persons having carnal knowledge of girls under ten years of age, rapists and habitual criminals. This law was upheld by the courts. But laws passed in New Jersey (1911) and New York (1912) providing for sterilization of inmates of State reformatories, charitable and penal institutions, and of feeble-minded persons, epileptics, rapists and confirmed criminals, were both held unconstitutional. An act (1913) of the Iowa legislature authorizing the sterilization of persons twice convicted of felony or sexual offenses other than white slavery, and once convicted of the latter, was also declared unconstitutional.

Space limitation forbids a recital of the vicissitudes of sterilization legislation in the various other States. The now famous decision of the United States Supreme Court (1927) in *Buck vs. Bell*, upholding an act of the Virginia legislature, has doubtless settled the issue, for the present, at least. In presenting judgment, Mr. Justice Holmes declared, "The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes"; and in reference to the particular case, "Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

In spite of legal uncertainty, half the States had passed sterilization acts of some sort before the question was decided by the Virginia case, and since then several others have done so. In many of the States very little use has been made of the legislation so enacted; but in California, where the first sterilization law was passed in 1909, upwards of 10,000 persons have been sterilized—more than in all other States combined—and a great deal of pertinent data have been accumulated. The

California act, as it now stands, provides for the sterilization before discharge, with or without consent, of any person lawfully committed to State hospitals for the insane or the feeble-minded, who in the opinion of a board appointed for the purpose is likely to transmit his or her disability. While not required by law, as a matter of practice, consent of the patient or his responsible guardians is always secured. Very little difficulty is experienced in this regard.

III

About the year 1910, Dr. H. H. Goddard discovered the "moron." With the aid of intelligence tests, introduced into the United States shortly before, it was found that a vast number of persons not obviously feeble-minded, like the familiar idiots and imbeciles, had much less than what was considered normal intelligence. These were the morons, so named by Dr. Goddard. Public alarm excited by this unexpected discovery was further heightened a few years later by the results of group psychological examinations of recruits for the United States army during the Great War. As interpreted, the figures indicated that more than forty-seven per cent of white drafted men had mental ages under thirteen years—or, in other words, were morons. Visions were conjured up of a society in which one-half of the population was engaged in supervising the other half.

But meanwhile scientific research had been active. Additional experience with intelligence tests showed that the line of intellectual normality had previously been placed entirely too high. The case-histories of the Kallikaks and other similar family strains were more carefully examined. Doubt was expressed as to whether, after such a lapse

of time, it was possible definitely to state that the girl with whom Martin Kallikak had had his illicit affair was really feeble-minded; and the correctness was questioned of the diagnoses made upon many of her descendants.

Further information was produced, too, concerning Elizabeth Tuthill. It was found that previous researchers had ignored these important facts: that she had been divorced by Richard Edwards "on the ground of adultery and other immoralities"; that one of her sisters had murdered her own son, and a brother murdered a sister; that she was extraordinarily deficient "in moral sense"; but that, notwithstanding this, she and not the more conventional and moral Mary Talcott was the ancestor of that great line of personages.

All of which merely emphasizes the fact that the question of human heredity is a complex and difficult one; and that where matters affecting behavior are involved it is impossible to dissociate the effects of heredity from those due to environment. Undoubtedly, families can be found, such as the one which gave rise to the celebrated Virginia case, in which certain defects or disabilities recur with such persistence as strongly to suggest hereditary influence; but, on the other hand, comparative studies of the family-histories of institution inmates and of persons taken at random from the general public tend to show no appreciably greater percentage of maladjustment in the one group than in the other.

It is admitted, of course, that a person with a bad family history as regards certain diseases should not marry, or else marry into a family with no similar strain—so far as can be ascertained. The need for eugenics is not denied; indeed, there is no doubt that through

increased knowledge of human inheritance many undesirable characteristics may in time be stamped out. But the majority of social scientists no longer believe that insanity, feeble-mindedness, criminality, or any other such manifestation of human behavior is inherited in the same sense, for instance, as eye-color. These are not Mendelian characters. They are the results of an infinity of causes, having much more to do, in most cases, with environment than with heredity.

Investigations conducted by Dr. Clifford Shaw of the University of Chicago show a direct relationship between environment and the incidence of juvenile delinquency. Child welfare agencies report significant results from follow-up studies of brothers or sisters placed separately in widely differing types of foster-homes. Similar studies are now being conducted with identical twins. Recent trends in pediatrics indicate something of the potentialities inherent in special feeding and care. While perhaps the most intriguing prospect is suggested by the study of endocrines and hormones. In this field are possibilities of mutations and variations entirely beyond anything previously anticipated.

IV

Is there, then, no place in a social programme for sterilization? Assuredly there is. Much of the opposition to it is due to ignorance. Oklahoma proposes to sterilize persons thrice convicted of crime, and, so it is reported, habitual criminals flee the State in terror. Obviously, the power to procreate is not so highly prized—which leads to the conclusion that sterilization is being mistaken for emasculation. Oklahoma criminals are not the only persons so

confused, otherwise legislatures would not prescribe sterilization as a punitive measure. (Many habitual law-breakers are undoubtedly feeble-minded, in which case they should be treated as such, not as criminals.) Some oppose sterilization as being contrary to "God's law." Views of this kind admit of no argument; it is reassuring, nevertheless, that in such matters the vast majority are in agreement with the dictum of Mr. Justice Holmes.

Opposition, however, has in the past not been confined entirely to these: until recently a considerable percentage of those actively engaged in the treatment and care of the feeble-minded were also opposed, or at least lukewarm in support. Distrustful of panaceas, and realizing the extravagance of claims made in its behalf, they were fearful lest their support be misinterpreted; and they also feared that if legislators continued in the delusion that sterilization would shortly end or greatly reduce the incidence of feeble-mindedness, support of existing institutions or funds for urgently needed new ones might not be forthcoming. On the other hand, all were confronted with the necessity of freeing the institutions of the large numbers of inmates ready for parole—except for the danger of sex difficulties.

In 1930, a questionnaire was circulated among the members of the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-minded, asking whether they were in favor or not of a measure of selective sterilization as part of a broad programme of supervision and parole to be applied to institution inmates who, after suitable training, were considered eligible for parole. Ninety-four per cent of the replies were in the affirmative.

Institutions for the feeble-minded, of which there is one or more in practi-

cally every State, are primarily training schools. Most of the higher-grade inmates can be taught to become, with a certain amount of supervision, self-supporting in the community. But obviously, even with the most careful supervision that is practicable, it must be only a matter of time till these normally sexed, but intellectually limited, persons—especially the girls—become parents. And, although it is by no means inevitable that the offspring should be of equally low mentality, the parents could not, in the circumstances, be expected to provide the children with proper home surroundings. Consequently, a very real danger exists that such children would develop, in their turn, into public charges of one sort or another. This the community has a right to prevent. If, however, the inmate is sterilized before release that danger, at least, is avoided; marriage is possible; and the chances of successful adjustment in the community are greatly enhanced. Here, then, is where sterilization comes in. It is a very necessary and useful measure of social control in so far as feeble-minded persons are concerned. But it can not take the place of segregation and training; it is an essential complementary measure.

The value of sterilization in this regard is well exemplified by experience in California. At the Sonoma State Home (for feeble-minded persons) about 1,600 persons of both sexes have been sterilized in the past twenty-five years. Studies made by Dr. Paul Popenoe, of the Human Betterment Foundation, Pasadena, based on paroles from this institution, show that most of the common objections are not borne out by actual experience.

One of the stock arguments is that sterilized women, once the inhibiting

fear of pregnancy is removed, will become more promiscuous, and thus contribute to the spread of venereal disease. Dr. Popenoe finds that sterilized girls are, in fact, not more promiscuous than unsterilized persons of the same degree of intelligence. This would seem to be an obvious inference, since the amount of intelligence required to take advantage of such a situation is more than that which such persons possess.

Another objection is that those sterilized, in resentment against the deprivation of their power to procreate, will tend to become anti-social and indulge in criminal or other delinquent behavior. This, too, presupposes a degree of insight which the feeble-minded do not possess, and is also not in accordance with experience. Furthermore, Dr. Popenoe has found that the percentage of successful marriages contracted by sterilized paroles compares favorably with that among the general population.

Far from resenting sterilization, the inmates of the Sonoma State Home look forward to it. It is, in a sense, a badge of distinction: it indicates those who are capable of being paroled into the community. On a visit to the institution, I was being shown round by the superintendent, Dr. Butler. As we crossed the yard, we were approached by a good-looking young girl of about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

"Doctor, when will I have my operation?" she inquired.

"What operation?" the doctor countered, pretending not to understand.

"Oh, my sterilization operation," she replied.

"Your turn will come pretty soon," he assured her, as we passed on.

As far as she was concerned, steriliza-

tion was merely a routine matter without which the period of institutional residence was not complete. I am quite sure that it never occurred to her to think that she would, in consequence, be a marked person in the community. And it is more than likely that the full implications of the matter were largely beyond her capacity to understand.

Nevertheless, when properly trained, persons with even such limited intellectual capacity do very well at routine household duties, or in manufacturing establishments where manual dexterity, rather than intelligence, is required. Well trained feeble-minded persons of this type are often more reliable than persons of greater intelligence, because they are satisfied to stick to the things they have been trained to do, and are not tempted to move from one job to another.

V

How about the insane? In California the majority of those sterilized to date are persons released from mental hospitals, and most mental hospital officers are strongly in favor of sterilization. Quite aside from any question of heredity, freedom from worry concerning possible pregnancy is bound to have a beneficial effect upon many women patients. Indeed, the illness of some is undoubtedly precipitated by such worry—which would suggest that sterilization (pending more adequate birth control information and greater availability of contraceptive appliances) might also be a boon to many women who are not mental patients.

It must be remembered that many women (or men) released from a mental hospital are quite as capable of controlling propagation as any one else, given proper instruction and facilities.

Others, of course, in whom the disability has perhaps a more sexual basis might be the better for sterilization. The question here is merely one of convenience. For there is no reason why a woman should not have her Fallopian tubes severed if she so desires—no more than there is against having her tonsils or appendix removed.

When it comes to reducing crime by the surgeon's knife the prospect is entirely futile. Crime may be reduced, but not by means of anything so simple. If preventing criminals from procreating were at all effective in that regard, crime should long ago have ceased to trouble us. For until comparatively recently criminals were subjected to treatment much more drastic than sterilization. Up till the Eighteenth Century, there were, in England, as many as 240 crimes and misdemeanors for which the penalty was death. During the reign of Henry VIII more than 72,000 persons were executed. Considering the difference in population, Henry's acts "of neighborly love" were a much more thorough purging than even Hitler contemplates today. Yet crime continued in spite of the hangings and torturings.

In the early days of medicine, all diseases characterized by heightened temperature were included in the general term "fever," and treated alike. But with greater knowledge of disease, many different forms of fever were recognized, each requiring a special treat-

ment, depending upon the cause of the particular fever in question.

With respect to crime, we are yet very much in the position of medicine before fever was differentiated into its various forms. Although we recognize that stealing is different from manslaughter, we nevertheless have but one remedy for both. Some day, however, we may learn that crime is quite as complicated as fever, and that its cure requires even greater knowledge and skill. For, in dealing with crime, one must have not only a knowledge and understanding of the individual, but also of society as a whole. And just as fever was found to be but a symptom of deeper underlying causes, so will crime some day be more generally recognized as a symptom of a deep-seated social disorder.

To sum up, then, it may be said that sterilization has a definite field of usefulness as a measure of social control as regards the feeble-minded. And that it has a more limited utility with respect to the insane and certain women of neurotic disposition who might feel more secure if the fear of pregnancy were entirely removed. But as regards others, such as criminals and paupers (who do not come in the above categories), nothing in our present state of knowledge would indicate that it is at all applicable. On the contrary, it is more than likely that any attempt to consider it a cure-all must end in disappointment.



Hitler and the Catholic Church

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

The totalitarian tendencies of Rome and Hitlerism clash and promise to clash more violently still when the Saar plebiscite is over

TODAY there is only one organization in Germany that has succeeded in maintaining international affiliations and has so far escaped being swallowed up into the devouring maw of the National Socialist political machine. This is the Roman Catholic Church. The world's oldest authoritarian system, with nearly two millennia of continuous existence behind it, still stands despite the assaults of a rival system which, after less than two years of office, has wreaked havoc upon all who sought to block its march to the seat of power.

Both the Roman Catholic Church and the National Socialist Party make totalitarian claims upon the whole population, and, as such, can not in theory recognize any line of demarcation between the respective jurisdictions of Church and State. The Church of Rome still formally clings to the medieval notion that the State is the servant of Holy Mother Church; the National Socialists clamorously insist that the Church shall be the instrument of the State. Since the Protestant Reformation the Catholic Church has found it increasingly difficult to sustain her claims, and today there is no political entity in

the world, with the exception of Vatican City, that fulfils the papal ideal of the theocratic State. The Church, however, has wisely though tacitly adapted herself to circumstances over which she has no control. Though never in so many words renouncing her claims to supremacy in a doctrinal sense, she has yielded politically to *force majeure*, and has suffered her more presumptuous claims to lapse into innocuous desuetude.

In many democratic countries, among which the United States holds a conspicuous place, the position of the Church has been made relatively easy by limitations which the State has imposed upon its own prerogative. Outside of the comparatively narrow domain reserved by the State for its exclusive use, the Church has been free to exercise her jurisdiction over her adherents—at any rate to the extent to which she could persuade them voluntarily to accept that jurisdiction. But when the Catholic Church is confronted by another totalitarian system that sets no limits, other than those dictated by purely opportunistic considerations, to its jurisdiction, then the Church is bound to find herself in distressful straits. Such a situation exists today in

Germany. The Church has on occasion waived many of her theoretical claims rather than jeopardize her material interests; but there is a point beyond which she can not yield without ceasing to exist as a Catholic Church. To take an extreme instance, such a point would indubitably be reached if an attempt were made to detach the Catholic Church in any country from her allegiance to the see of Rome. The Nazi Government has not yet formally announced that such is its intention, but it is well known that many of the brasher spirits among the Nazis, such as General Hermann Göring, Prime Minister of Prussia and Hitler's right-hand man, would greet such a move with gusto. In their eyes, the Christian Churches, Protestant and Catholic alike, have no function other than to serve as instruments for carrying out the will of the National Socialist régime. If the Churches could be persuaded to drop their fussy doctrinal squabbles and unite to form a single *Reichskirche* that would embrace all the religious forces of Germany, recognize Hitler as its supreme head, and wheel about in disciplined formation whenever *der Führer* gave the word, it would be a reinforcement of inestimable value to the propaganda machinery of the Nazi Government. The Evangelical Church—itsself comprising a union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches—has already been arbitrarily incorporated into the *Reichskirche* and placed under the direction of Hitler's henchman, Reichsbishop Ludwig Müller, who is doing his best to imbue about seven thousand recalcitrant pastors with a proper admiration for Nazi doctrines. The Catholic Church, needless to say, has held aloof from the *Reichskirche*, which she could not join without repudiating her

fundamental dogmas and renouncing her allegiance to the Pope.

II

In maintaining her position, the Catholic Church has been greatly assisted by the authoritarian structure of her hierarchy. The Evangelical Church, in contrast, had a democratic constitution. All its members, even those whose connection with the Church was of the flimsiest, were entitled to participate in elections for the choice of the various governing bodies of the Church. The Nazi party machine promptly injected itself into these elections, applied the same steam-roller tactics that have produced such enormous majorities for Hitler in the political sphere, and obtained results that were almost equally gratifying. Thus it came about that, though a majority of the Evangelical clergy were opposed to the Nazifying tendencies, they saw the ground swept from beneath their feet and the government of the Church fall into the hands of those clerics who were prepared to subserve the racial beliefs of the Nazis in violation of the Christian principle of the universality of human brotherhood.

Such tactics obviously could not be effectually used against the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, over which the laity exercise no control. Thus the Church has managed at least to keep her head above the flood that has engulfed everything else on the German landscape. Hitler no doubt has a vivid recollection of the humiliation suffered by Bismarck through the failure of his *Kulturkampf*, and he has no desire to find himself in the same predicament.

It was in 1872 that Bismarck embarked upon the *Kulturkampf*, the "clash of civilizations," by having the

Reichstag pass a law expelling the Jesuits. In the following year came the enactment of the so-called May laws by the Prussian Diet, the purpose of which was to make the Church little more than a government bureau. The Catholic bishops refused to comply with the laws. Within a short time a number of them had been consigned to jail, and 1,300 parishes were deprived of their incumbents. It soon became evident that Bismarck had committed a grave error of judgment in thus gratuitously presenting the Catholic Church with the martyrs that are always a boon to any cause. The Centre party that had recently been formed in the Reichstag to represent Catholic interests rapidly increased in numbers and soon became the largest single party. Bismarck reluctantly realized that he would have to go to Canossa if he was to avoid a possible Waterloo. The May laws were first allowed to go unenforced and were ultimately repealed in the latter part of the 'Eighties.

Bismarck's mortifying experience has served as a warning to all subsequent German statesmen to move cautiously in dealing with religious matters, and the Nazis are anxious to avoid being maneuvered into an equally untenable position.

At about the same time that Bismarck was waging the *Kulturkampf*, he was also harassing the Social Democrats. Little sympathy though there might be between the free-thinking Marxists and the Ultramontane Catholics, they found themselves companions in distress. A certain element of fellow-feeling which they could have experienced in no other way was thereby infused into them. Thus were sowed the seeds of good understanding that bore fruit in the post-War years when the government of the

Republic was administered by a coalition of the Social Democratic and Centre parties. In 1932 the Catholic Chancellor Brüning was administering the Reich government with Socialist support, while the Socialist Prime Minister Braun was administering the Prussian government with Centrist support. This long association of the two parties was one of the causes of the Nazi ire at the Catholics. General Göring has frequently bracketed the "black moles" of Clericalism with the "red rats" of Marxism as noxious vermin that he intends to extirpate without mercy.

The downfall of the ruling Centrist-Socialist coalition took place in the middle of 1932, when President von Hindenburg dismissed Chancellor Brüning and replaced him with Colonel Franz von Papen, who in turn ousted the Socialist régime in Prussia. There ensued for a period of over half a year a series of political intrigues in which Papen, himself a renegade member of the Centre, played a prominent part as an intermediary between Hindenburg and Hitler. The upshot of these machinations was the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor on January 30, 1933.

III

The triumph of the Nazis immediately confronted the Roman Catholic Church with an ominous situation. What course should she pursue? If the Church could have counted upon the unqualified support of all her children, she might have ventured a trial of strength. But the disintegrating tendencies of modern times, though they have probably affected the Catholic Church less than the Protestant, have none the less made their inroads upon the ranks of the faithful. Several men of Cath-

olic background can be found occupying prominent places in the Nazi party, and either inspiring or sanctioning the attacks on the Church. Adolf Hitler himself must be accounted a Catholic; he was baptized within the fold of the Church and has never formally left it, although of course he is not what is known as a practising Catholic. The same can be said of his Propaganda Minister, Dr. Joseph Göbbels.

The best index of the extent to which German Catholics are prepared to back up their Church by political action may be inferred from the strength attained by the Catholic political parties prior to their disbandment. There are about twenty million Catholics in Germany. About three-fifths of the total German population participates in elections. Therefore, if all Catholics had been unreservedly loyal to their political parties, we should have expected to find a Catholic vote of about twelve million. Actually, the Centre and its ally the Bavarian People's party together polled about five and a half million votes. In other words, more than half of the Catholic community was casting its vote for other parties. A goodly number of these dissidents could have been found in the ranks of the Nazis.

With Hitler installed in power, political Catholicism was overcome by panic and retired in confusion. When the Reichstag passed the Enabling Act of March 23, conferring dictatorial powers upon the Hitler cabinet, it was the Centre that tamely furnished the votes necessary to make up the two-thirds total required by the German Constitution. A few days later, the Catholic bishops assembled in conference and rescinded the measures that some of them had previously taken in the way of prohibiting Catholics from

joining the National Socialist party. While these events were taking place, thousands of Catholic functionaries were being ousted from public office all over Germany and replaced by Nazis. The debacle was completed shortly afterwards when the Centre and Bavarian People's parties were dissolved in common with all other political parties outside the National Socialist ranks.

As the struggle now began to shift from the temporal to the spiritual front, the political leaders of Catholicism like Dr. Brüning vanished into oblivion and the prelates of the Church replaced them on the battle line. Of the latter, the one who has made himself the most conspicuous and fearless exponent of the Catholic point of view is Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich and Freising and head of the Bavarian episcopate.

Cardinal Faulhaber has always been inclined to take an aggressive stand against the Nazis. While Chancellor Brüning was still in office, he continually besought him to take stern measures to stem the rising tide of Hitlerism. But when it came to the pinch, the political leaders yielded without a struggle. After the triumph of Hitler, Faulhaber's urge to come to grips with the Nazis was restrained by Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, who was responsible for conducting the Vatican's negotiations with the Reich. The Church had but recently gone through religious wars in Mexico and Spain, where she had held strongly entrenched positions, and had not emerged unscathed; she was not eager to join battle with the secular power in Germany, where her position was relatively much weaker. Moreover, Cardinal Pacelli plumed himself upon his

knowledge of the German political background. During the post-War period he had seen many years' service in Germany as Apostolic Nuncio, first in Munich and later in Berlin. But he had been recalled to Rome before the Nazi tide had attained menacing proportions, and, despite the warnings of Cardinal Faulhaber, he did not seem to grasp the real significance of the National Socialist challenge. He apparently imagined that German National Socialism was simply a duplication of Italian Fascism, and that its wrath could be appeased by concessions similar to those which had been made to Mussolini.

There are, however, a number of important differences between Fascism and National Socialism which make the task of the Church in arriving at a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with the latter much more difficult, if not impossible. Although Fascism boasts a totalitarian philosophy, it has not developed the mystical side of its ideology to a degree comparable with National Socialism. Fascism's doctrines are almost exclusively political and economic, and it therefore does not press so hard upon the heels of the Church. Since the Pope in 1929 renounced his claims to temporal sovereignty in Italy outside the bounds of Vatican City, friction between the Church of Rome and the Kingdom of Italy has practically disappeared. Fascism has cultivated no such fanatical theory of racial superiority as has impelled National Socialism to denounce the Old Testament as obscene and brutalizing Jewish propaganda, to ridicule St. Peter and St. Paul—and sometimes even Christ himself—as Jewish rabbis, to deplore the intrusion of alien Christianity with its "slave morality" into the paradise of ancient

and heroic Teutonic pagandom, and to look askance at the Pope himself as being a non-Nordic. The headquarters of the Church is at Rome. Her supreme head is invariably an Italian. These considerations tend to moderate the clash of Catholic internationalism with Italian nationalism, and, by the same token, to exacerbate the clash with German nationalism.

IV

Cardinal Pacelli nevertheless clung to his hope that by negotiating a concordat with Berlin he could spare the Church the ordeal of enduring a frontal attack by the massed fury of Hitlerism. On July 20, 1933, largely as a result of renewed wire-pulling by the ubiquitous Colonel von Papen, the Reich Government and the Holy See signed a Concordat. The most significant provision of this treaty was perhaps Article 32, whereby the Vatican undertook to restrain all German ecclesiastics from joining or supporting any Catholic political party. There were a number of other provisions that were primarily intended to safeguard the Church's authority in such matters as ecclesiastical discipline and religious education. Some of them, however, were phrased in such vague terms that they could readily become a fertile source of future discord. In particular, no attempt was made to answer the crucial question: where does the political sphere end and the religious sphere begin? The impression left by the Concordat was that it was a stop-gap agreement regarded as definitive by neither party, but temporarily accepted by both because it afforded a breathing-spell in which they could maneuver for position, each feeling for the most vulnerable spot in its

opponent's armor and searching for some issue that would crystallize public opinion in its favor.

In pursuing these tactics, each side has sought to avert a head-on collision with its opponent. The Nazi strategy is to avoid arresting any conspicuous Catholic dignitary under circumstances that could not be readily concealed by the censorship. They do not wish to repeat Bismarck's mistake of making martyrs. They prefer to muzzle the bishops by intimidation, and, where this proves unavailing, to prevent the publication of their strictures upon the Nazi régime. It is the priests and subordinate clergy who are made to suffer if they repeat the sentiments of their superiors—about two hundred priests were arrested during the first year of Hitler's rule. At the same time the Nazis carry on an active propaganda among the Catholic masses with the twofold purpose of assuring them that nowhere else in the world does the Church enjoy such freedom as in Germany and of subtly indoctrinating them with the Nazi point of view.

The clergy adopt parallel tactics in protesting the Nazi attacks. They avoid all direct criticism of Hitler. Indeed, they profess to accept at its face value Hitler's assurance that he intends to preserve Christianity as the religious foundation of the State. But the local Nazi leaders are then sorrowfully or indignantly reproached for "opposing" Hitler's policies by harassing the Church and failing to observe the Concordat.

It is possible that the stubborn stand taken by the embattled pastors of the Evangelical Church and the caution displayed by the Nazis in disciplining them may have emboldened Cardinal Faulhaber to speak his mind. At any

rate, toward the end of 1933 he delivered a series of sermons on successive Sundays during the Advent season in which he centred his criticism upon the Nazi doctrine of racial supremacy. "Not blood but faith is the foundation of religion," declared the Cardinal. He reiterated that the Jews had been the chosen people prior to the coming of Christ and that the Old Testament was indeed a divine revelation. He enraged the Nazis by charging that the idealized ancient Teutons had been addicted to indolence and drunkenness until they had been elevated by conversion to Christianity. His sermons were later published in book form under the title *Judaism, Christianity and Germanism*. Although the book was not officially banned, local Nazi organizations resorted to the intimidating methods in which they are so expert to discourage booksellers from stocking it. In January, when Professor Karl Adam of Tübingen University, one of the most distinguished of German Catholic theologians, delivered before a Catholic gathering an address that was in substance a repetition of the ideas voiced by Cardinal Faulhaber, Nazi students staged a demonstration of protest and the Württemberg Minister of Education promptly suspended Professor Adam from his chair until the political police had completed an investigation into his activities. "The only thing that they [the Nazis] could not endure," declared Hans Schemm, Bavarian Minister of Education, "was to hear the religion of their fathers denounced as pernicious paganism. This is only another way of flinging mud at the German race and the German people. . . . I will not rest until these malcontents are destroyed, root and branch."



In the opening months of 1934, the tension between the Catholics and the Nazis markedly increased. Though refraining from official acts of violence against them, the Nazi Government encouraged mob demonstrations against Catholic prelates. On January 27 two shots were fired into the windows of Cardinal Faulhaber's palace in Munich. On April 7 a crowd of a thousand Nazis, hundreds of whom were in uniform, besieged Bishop Ehrenfried of Würzburg in his palace and shouted out threats to lynch him. The police accordingly placed the Bishop under "protective arrest" in order to rescue him from the mob. On April 20 another crowd gathered and burst open the palace doors with a wooden beam. Fortunately the Bishop was absent from home on this occasion.

The drive against the Catholic press and Catholic youth and labor organizations was intensified. Catholic newspapers are rigorously censored and suspended at the slightest provocation. They are frequently compelled to publish Nazi propaganda without modification or comment. The prevailing Nazi attitude toward them may be gauged from a court decision rendered on April 3. A Catholic newspaper had brought suit against the Essen *National Zeitung*, which is owned by General Göring, on the ground that canvassers for the latter publication were employing intimidating methods in obtaining new subscribers. The Duisburg court threw out the petition and severely censured the Catholic organ. "This action of the petitioner arising from purely selfish motives," said the court, "is all the more reprehensible because it tends to destroy the unity of all German nationals

and gravely endangers denominational peace, wholly aside from the fact that the so-called Catholic press today is a superfluous element."

Even more bitter has been the quarrel over the control of Catholic youth associations. The Nazis have created an organization known as the Hitler Youth, which is intended to enjoy a monopoly over all organized sporting activities. The leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Schirach, is a bellicose young man who initiated a vigorous campaign to bring the Catholic youth groups under his control. The Concordat leaves the status of these Catholic associations in an ambiguous position. Article 31 provides that all Catholic organizations that serve social or professional purposes, or other than purely religious, cultural or charitable purposes, shall continue in existence "without prejudice to their possible incorporation in State organizations." Naturally the Church is prepared to fight tooth and nail before she will permit these organizations, which are an invaluable means of retaining the loyalty of the younger generation, to slip out of her orbit. She refused to yield on this point. The Nazis retaliated by harassing these organizations in various ingenious ways. A letter from a member of a Catholic youth association to an English friend was published in the London *Times* in April, and the following striking statements are quoted from this source: "The Government . . . officially regrets all the maltreatment that we have to suffer, and dissociates itself from all attacks on us. But it does nothing for our protection. . . . Whoever is not a member of the Hitler Youth finds it almost impossible to obtain a position through the State employment exchanges, or indeed any position, since in big busi-

nesses, for example, which rely in any way on State or public contracts, they make membership of the Hitler Youth a condition of employment with all their apprentices. . . . Unpunished, the Hitler Youth in Cologne wrote on the plaster of the church walls: 'Christ is kicking the bucket [the German word is *krepieren*, a verb ordinarily applied only to the death of animals], but the Hitler Youth is marching on,' and then molested young Catholics coming out from a service. Whoever tells of these and similar things risks going into protective custody for an indefinite time on account of atrocity propaganda. . . . No paper could ever print what is daily happening to us. . . . Many places are absolutely lawless, and thus there happen to members of our Scout troops things so bad that they revolt against all the customs of civilized peoples."

Such persecution as this provoked many Catholic prelates to resort to unwontedly vigorous language in expressing their indignation. An Eastertide pastoral issued by Count Galen, Bishop of Münster, was particularly outspoken. Referring to the Concordat, he asked: "What is any agreement worth when it lacks a guarantee in conscience? And how can one seriously speak of such guarantees when true belief in God and the moral law has been lost? . . . The assault on Christianity that we witness in contemporary Germany exceeds in pernicious violence anything known from the past."

VI

The rising tide of persecution to which the Church was being subjected impelled high dignitaries to besiege Vice-Chancellor von Papen, the only practising Catholic holding high office, with pleas that he exert himself on be-

half of his Church. Papen had hitherto invariably counseled the Church to take the easy course and yield to the oppressor, but at last he screwed up his courage to utter a protest. In collaboration with Edgar Jung, a Catholic scholar of Munich, Papen prepared a speech criticizing the extremist policies of the Nazis that aroused world-wide interest when he delivered it at Marburg University on June 17. "Voices demanding that I take a clear position toward contemporary events in Germany . . . are multiplying and becoming more urgent," asserted Papen. "It is claimed that, through the fact that I took so decisive a part in the developments in Germany through the abolition of the Weimar and Prussian régimes and the consolidation of the national movement, there results an obligation that I must observe developments more acutely than most Germans. . . . It would be a mortal sin not to say what in this decisive period of the German revolution must be said. . . . There is ahead a struggle to decide whether the new Reich will be Christian or lose itself in sectarianism and pseudo-religious materialism. The decision will be simple if the governmental power will abstain from any attempt to influence it in the direction of forcible reformation. . . . Let nobody close his eyes to the fact that if religious trouble were brought on by force it would loose energies on which even the force itself would founder. Those circles that hope for a new 'racial-religious union' would better ask themselves how they can conceive of the fulfilment of Germany's task in Europe if she is voluntarily to exclude herself from the community of Christian nations."

Papen's speech was ordered sup-

pressed by Dr. Göbbels, the Minister of Propaganda. A few days later, however, a conference between a delegation of German bishops and representatives of the Nazi Government got under way with a view to ironing out the dispute relating to the interpretation of Article 31 of the Concordat. On June 30 it was announced that an agreement had been reached. But the ambiguous lines that it followed again conveyed the unmistakable intimation that the vital issues were being dodged. The Reich Government agreed to suspend for the time being its attempt to coördinate the Catholic associations; the Church agreed to reorganize them on a diocesan basis and thereby eliminate the centralized administration which the Nazis regarded as obnoxious.

On the same day there took place Hitler's famous "purge" of the Nazi ranks, in the course of which the Nazi high command not only disposed of alleged conspirators and others who they thought might become conspirators at some future date, but also paid off a few old scores against persons who had obstructed their path while they were climbing to power. Among those who perished were the leaders of the two most important Catholic associations—Dr. Erich Klausener, president of the Catholic Action society, and Adalbert Probst, leader of the German Youthful Strength organization. These were among the associations that were to be decentralized, and apparently the Nazis thought they might as well do a good job of it by eliminating the leaders altogether. Also among the victims of Hitler's gunmen were many other prominent Catholic laymen, including Edgar Jung, Papen's collaborator. Papen himself was confined to his home under arrest, and it is said that his life

was saved only by the direct intervention of President von Hindenburg. Late in July, when Hindenburg was on his death-bed, Papen was eased out of the cabinet by being appointed Minister to Austria, but it is the general impression that he will not hold this office for long.

VII

The death of President von Hindenburg has removed the outstanding protector of those Protestant pastors who have been resisting the Nazi attempts to coördinate the Evangelical Church; the ousting of Vice-Chancellor von Papen has eliminated the only highly placed figure capable of exercising a moderating influence on the Nazi offensive against the Catholic Church. As had long been anticipated, Hindenburg's death has been followed by a renewal of the drive against the Evangelical clergy; but the last few months, curiously enough, have seen a distinct lull in the campaign against the Catholic Church. This cessation of pressure, however, is clearly a temporary retreat dictated by opportunistic considerations. The Nazis have their eyes fixed on the Saar. There will soon take place a plebiscite in the Saar to determine whether that territory will continue under the administration of the League of Nations or return to Germany. As the population of the Saar is overwhelmingly Catholic, any rupture with the Church in Germany is likely to be reflected by a drop in the vote for re-union with the Fatherland. If the Saar should vote against Germany, it would be a black eye for Hitler that might lead the docile German electorate to ask embarrassing questions; even a sizable minority vote against the Nazis would provoke unfavorable compari-

sons with the nine-to-one majorities Hitler extracts from the German people. It is therefore natural that Hitler should suspend any measures that would serve to alienate the Saar voters. It is the familiar maneuver of *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

The Saar plebiscite is scheduled to take place on January 13, 1935. Once that is out of the way, the Nazis will be relieved of all restraining influences and will be free to press their drive against both the Evangelical and Catholic Churches with a vigor and ruthlessness surpassing anything yet displayed. Unless all signs deceive, the year 1935

will see the Christian Church exposed to the most withering blast she has had to endure since Russia went Bolshevik. In Russia the Orthodox Church collapsed like a worm-eaten tree. Are the Protestant and Catholic Churches in Germany made of sterner stuff? Have they been more successful in resisting the disintegrating influences of modern times? Are their elaborate temples of worship hollow shells, or do they still enshrine an unquenchable faith capable of producing martyrs as of old? The answers to these questions will interest the Christian Churches not only in Germany, but everywhere else in the world.



Russia's Rising Proletarian

BY SAMUEL LUBELL

*The Communists find substitutes for Mayflower ancestry and
"keeping up with the Joneses"*

IN THE Museum of the Revolution in Odessa hangs the picture of a human pyramid. At the peak is the Tsar and his family. Descending in successive levels are the gay nobility, wild-eyed, crafty priests, cruel stupid-looking soldiers, fat-faced landowners and bloated capitalists, scheming merchants and weak-looking intellectuals, and finally, at the very bottom, the great mass of the proletariat, the workers and peasants. Their bent shoulders and hunched backs are all that is supporting the upper levels and their strained, hating faces present an ominous contrast to those above. The point of the picture is obvious; and there is scarcely any need for the captioned question, "What would happen if the workers got out from under?" In a sense the picture does not portray the Tsarist order; the hierarchy of classes tapers off too smoothly, and save for the facial expressions there is no indication of the terrific chasm that separated the upper class from the great mass of the population. But what is more important is that the workers did get out from under. And what has happened?

Of course the pyramid crashed; no ruling order ever collapsed so completely. A few flagpoles and churches

are still topped with golden bears, but they serve as trophies for the victorious and not as signs of hope for the defeated. The fierce determination with which the Bolsheviks have uprooted all that was traditional in Russian life reflects the fanaticism that has animated them. Throughout history there had been revolutions, but they had served merely to pull down one flag and to run up another. One set of rulers had been yanked from their perch and a new class climbed to dominance. But the Bolshevik upheaval was to be *the* revolution. No Phoenix of a new graded society would rise out of the ashes of the old. The traditional top-down system of politics and economics had been turned topsy-turvy and the Bolsheviks swore to keep it so.

Marx and Engels had pointed the way. All property, the entire means of production was to be vested in the state, collectively owned by the workers. No individual could possess independent means of production—means of exploiting and enslaving his fellow man. Economic activity was no longer to be geared to satisfy the whims of the ruling classes, the workers to glean the chaff that fell from the luxury-laden carts. Large-scale production and inten-

sive industrialization had made possible the tuning of production and consumption to the needs of the masses. That was the Soviet challenge to the capitalist world, that top-down politics and economics which had prevailed in all previous civilizations could be done away with, that a leveled, classless society could exist and that the result would be a workers' paradise!

After fourteen years in power how close are the Communists to the realization of that ideal? A backward, agricultural country has been industrialized and publicized by the successful completion of some of the world's greatest construction projects. Millions of illiterates have been taught to read and to write and to lump all political, social and economic evils under the labels of "kulak," "bourgeois" and "Fascist." The spirit of anarchy has been starved out of the peasant and his resistance to collectivization has been broken. That a socialized state can exist has been demonstrated. That living conditions in the Soviet Union will improve steadily can hardly be doubted. But as for that society free of social and economic distinction . . .

II

"Are you a proletarian? What does your father do? Is he a worker?"—those questions have been shot at me repeatedly by curious Russians, usually young boys and girls in their early twenties. And after I had satisfied them that every one in my family had to work for a living, they would exclaim, "We're proletarians too. We own this country."

Strange this pride in social origin in a country that knows no *Who's Who*. Nor is it merely a question of class consciousness. Solid social and economic

advantages are to be had if one comes from good old working stock. Better jobs, quicker advancement, technical training, party membership, political trust—opportunities of every sort beckon to those Russians who have been wise in their choice of parents. A father who has been exiled to Siberia by the Tsar is worth a *Blue Book* rating and a Mayflower voyage combined. While every "bourgeois" *a priori* is a subject of suspicion and distrust, the proletarian is one of the chosen few who can regard the OGPU as a friend and protector. That alone would make a proletarian appearance as helpful in Moscow as that "Harvard look" in New England.

Much of the harshness with which the "bourgeois" elements were set off originally has disappeared with the comparative peace on the class war front. Stringent regulations forbidding their children from playing with those of the proletarians or peasants have been relaxed. University training has been made more accessible; also opportunities for industrial employment and advancement. But the stigma has not worn off. Large numbers of completely disfranchised live on the scraps that they can beg or steal, or eke out of a perilous trade. Service in the army, membership in the Party and innumerable other choice fields are practically closed. And always there is the feeling of being discriminated against, of suffering a peculiar status in the eyes of the law. An act that might be dismissed as "carelessness" on the part of the proletarian is "sabotage" for the declassed.

Then there is the dread in knowing that if anything goes wrong—which isn't unusual in Russia—they will be the first to suffer. Scapegoats who pay for the Kremlin's mistakes are al-

ways drawn from the ranks of the "class enemy." If there are scarcities of goods the stores at which they buy will be the first to raise prices, the last to receive supplies. If Moscow is to be relieved of surplus population the kulaks and their children will head the list of those to be handed walking papers, and the newspapers in justification will hint darkly, "Once a Kulak, always a Kulak, and their children after them."

Custom, class education and uneven progress have strengthened these distinctions of birth and breeding. Almost every Russian city is composed of two sections, an old and a new. In the new quarter are the recently constructed tenements, wider and cleaner streets, trees and playgrounds. Here live the favorites of the Revolution. Members of a trade union occupy one house; all the workers in a particular factory another; and a third building is coöperatively owned and managed. Considering the extreme housing shortage throughout the Soviet Union it was to be expected that the Bolsheviks would care for their own first; but in the meantime a visit to any of these "old cities" will reveal all the elements of a future slum, swarms of dirty children playing around in streets and yards, crowded promiscuous living conditions, subsistence diets and—in cities like Baku, Tiflis and Batum—the thousands of inherited peculiarities of a different race and tongue.

Despite all the preachings of a classless society Russians see nothing contradictory in styling themselves as "proletarians," other workers and peasants as the "toiling masses" and still others far down the scale as "bourgeois-kulaks." Nor are these labels resented as unnatural by those to whom they are applied. The disfranchised have learned that

they live merely at the sufferance of their boss, the state. Intellectuals are careful not to excite the suspicions of the police and to keep their own place. In Moscow I asked a hotel clerk whether it was fair that she should receive so little while factory workers were rewarded so highly for their daily toil.

"But why not?" she replied. "They're workers. I'm not."

III

Nor are there any cynics to expose the "bourgeois" manner in which photographs of shock workers are splattered over the factory walls. The Kremlin has spoken in high praise of the shock brigade movement, and the bookstores are stocked with pamphlets explaining why socialist competition spurred by popular acclaim and piecework is different from competition and piecework under capitalist banners. Groups of workers who agree to fulfil or better their planned quotas form shock brigades. Competition takes place within the brigade, between rival brigades in the same factory and finally between different plants. Winners are awarded the Order of Lenin, or the Order of the Red Labor Banner. Their pictures are posted up in public, reprinted in the newspapers, and quite often they break into movie shorts!

Substantial preferences are granted these "*udarniks*" for it is they who set the pace for industrial production and inspire the slower workers to speed up. In addition to their salaries, among the highest in the Union, they receive better rations, superior living quarters, technical training, more competent medical care, larger pensions and frequent bonuses in the form of scarcity goods, excursions, vacations at sanatoria

and cure-resorts, and theatre tickets which they are not supposed to sell but which they often do. In the workers' restaurants special rooms and reserved tables are set aside for them, and they also have a wider choice of dishes. Almost a million *udarniks* in the Ural regions have been granted free use of family vegetable plots; the first six thousand rubles of their annual income is tax-exempt, and all are assured that their sons and daughters will be given every advantage and opportunity. Entrance to the Communist Party is facilitated, and even though its membership ranges around three million, the Party is still a highly select order.

Communist Party members are not the "richest" persons in the Soviet Union. Many shock workers and most theatre stars, playwrights and authors earn more. But no Party member need envy his neighbor, for in Soviet Russia not money but "pull" is the primary consideration. All the preferences that are granted the shock worker are accorded the Party man in his own right. Once a year he receives a six-week expense-paid vacation at a Black Sea resort. In the theatres the velvet-draped balcony centre formerly known as the Royal Box is now reserved for Party leaders and more than once I have seen vacant seats there while the rear aisles were crowded with those standing.

Privileges of a Party man are largely intangible, and in many cases unmentionable—like being a friend of the local political boss. All sorts of little favors fall his way. No matter how incapable a Communist proves, as long as he remains orthodox he will be taken care of. If he fails in one line of endeavor he will be given a softer job, more suited to his talents. If he is in the employ of the government proba-

bly he will have the use of a private automobile and special chauffeur. Should he desire to make a trip around the country, usually there will be no difficulty in arranging for him to inspect a shoestring factory in the Ukraine—and of course he travels "soft."

By no means all Communists use their Party standing for petty personal gain. In fact the percentage of Communists who are honest and faithful to their ideals probably is greater than a similar lot in any ruling class. That is partly due to the sincere asceticism of inspired revolutionaries, but also to the backwardness of the country which limits its economic gain, and to the terrific struggle for power, the Bolshevik substitute for money-making. With gigantic projects involving hundreds of men being inaugurated monthly, no country can show similar opportunities for exercising power. And a Party membership is open sesame for all doors. How great is this prestige is reflected in the respect and admiration of those who aspire to the purple. On a Black Sea steamer I ran into one Russian who proudly confided to me that his brother was a member of the Communist party in New York. How terribly disappointed he was when I told him that being a "Red" in America was not a sign of social distinction!

IV

Economic differences that set off the various Soviet classes are not easily appreciated by foreigners. Even the most envied Bolshevik has less in material comforts than the average middle-class American. But for Russians the gap between the three-room apartment that a Communist family may have and the one-room that is the common lot is terribly wide. A world of distinction is

expressed in the one pound of bread difference in the daily rations of the manual worker and intellectual.

Stalin himself put the skeleton of wage equalitarianism into the family closet in 1931 in his famous speech on "new conditions and new tasks." Increased mechanization of industrial processes necessitated the training of a class of highly skilled technicians. Labor turnovers of 200 per cent in six months could no longer be tolerated; nor that "a locomotive driver should earn only as much as a copying clerk." Instead, a system of piecework and varying wage scales had to be adopted. A few diehards who attempted to keep the span between the skilled and unskilled as narrow as possible, were stigmatized as "petits bourgeois." There was to be no holding back. Every incentive was to be provided for more efficient production. In many cases the difference between the lowest and highest rates is nine times. Bonuses and shock worker preferences have pushed them still further apart.

Far more important than the actual number of rubles one earns is where they are spent. Under the Soviet system of closed and open stores, prices for the same products vary as do the stocks of commodities in the different shops. Certain scarcity goods are limited only to a few privileged stores, and for the unprivileged all the rubles in Russia will not procure that merchandise—unless some one with "pull" serves as middleman. A Russian who could fill his every need in a Soviet shop would be highly fortunate, for prices there are only about one-sixth what they are in the open market. Those who have no access to closed stores are doomed to subsistence living.

To make matters worse—or more

systematic—workers receiving the lowest salaries are generally the ones who do most of their shopping in the open market. Social origin is an indirect factor in determining in which stores you buy, in that your father's background may decide the sort of job you receive. Privileged retail outlets are customarily linked up with factories and large employment centres. Heavy industry plants are favored by the State Commissary over light industry mills; while the stores catering to clerks and office workers have a still lower rating. Factories that have fulfilled their plan are rewarded with greater wages and cheaper priced and more varied stocks of goods. Enterprises that have fallen down in production are penalized by lower wage incomes and poorer selections of merchandise, priced considerably higher. Probably most Russians have never heard the maxim, "the rich get richer"; but many would appreciate it.

Under the Tsar the peasant paid for almost everything; under the Bolsheviks his status continues unchanged. The ravages of class war have been felt most keenly in the villages. Probably five million peasants paid with their lives for collectivization. Their sorry economic plight is reflected in the steady drift of peasants to the cities. Many arrive penniless and take to begging. Moscow, as the most favored city of the Soviets, enjoying superior rations and higher wage levels, attracts the largest number of drifters. Oil production, most successful under the Five Year Plan, explains Baku's prosperity, with rations almost as good as those of Moscow. Other key industrial centres, particularly in Siberia and west of the Urals, have also been blessed with large stocks of cheaply priced goods and

higher wages at the expense of the less fortunate regions. Light industry towns like Tiflis receive "second zone" rations. Batum, relying chiefly upon mandarins and tea leaves, has a "third zone" rating. Agricultural communities are in the "fourth zone," and receive no fixed allowances of food; they suffer most from the caprices of nature and the Bolsheviks.

Wage levels in the four zones are graded accordingly and as a result the relative prosperity of the different regions is clearly reflected in the life of its cities. In Rostov the streets are thronged with men and women hurrying by with loaves of sour, black bread under their arms. In Baku bread loaves are rarely seen but fish, meat and vegetables are borne aloft. Tiflis is overrun with bazaars, because so large a part of the population is forced to buy in the open market. Tropical heat and tattered beggars only emphasize the foul, pestilential odors that rise out of the side-streets and courtyards of Batum.

Peculiarly enough, the worse off the region the more infested it is with "kulaks" and "bourgeois." Communists have a simple explanation for the coincidence; it is because they are kulaks that they live so poorly. But wasn't it Marx who argued that institutions make men what they are? If a Bolshevik visited a poor white region in the South, would he be satisfied with the explanation that the reason they live so wretchedly is because they are poor white? Which is cause and which effect is difficult to say, but this much can hardly be disputed, that the whole system of Soviet distribution as it now operates tends to emphasize, perpetuate and widen the differences between the various classes.

v

Keeping up with the Joneses has not yet become ingrained into the Soviet consciousness. But the era of militant communism when the old proverb that "cleanliness is next to godliness" was taken so literally, when it was felt that decent clothes of any sort betrayed a "bourgeois mentality," will never return. Some traces of asceticism still linger, even as the influence of the early Christian monks was felt long after they were gone. Veteran writers still use clothes to symbolize the class struggle that is searing the souls of their heroes. But far more typical of the current attitude toward clothes was the combine specialist I met on the train to Kharkov who lifted his soiled *rubashka* shirt complaining bitterly that foreign engineers did not wear "clothes as dirty as this." Or the many Communists, both men and women, who assured me that the reason Soviet women dressed so badly was not a lack of taste but an inability to get anything better.

Style has already become an important feature in the life of the Russian woman. No Park Avenue debutante could take more pride in her Parisian frock than does a Soviet woman in a dress of foreign cut. Their full-hipped figures are not made for slim-lined dresses, but since when has a little discomfort deterred the march of fashion? More than one Soviet woman has become the "wife" of a foreigner just to be able to shop in Torgsin.

Moscow has no exclusive shops and offers little choice in the way of clothes. But this spring saw its first fashion magazine, and considering its popularity, there will be others coming along. Most men have only one "off day" suit and the women only one "good" dress,

but they manage to present a brave spectacle when they go out in their cheap but "stylish" clothes. Cosmetics are used in amazing quantities. In Moscow's five-story department store there are perfume counters on two floors. In the wee hours of the morn on May Day long queues of girls are invariably seen outside the beauty parlors.

True, these "bourgeois" characteristics are still only in the symptom stage, and the lines marking off the Soviet classes are still shadowy. But the leveling days of Bolshevism are over; the fierce barbarians are being corrupted by success. Socialism, inheritance taxes and

the idealistic doctrines of Bolshevism will nurse a peculiar class structure, in much the same way that our Declaration of Independence and frontier shaped American society on lines very different from those of Europe. Perhaps the Soviets will achieve an even greater measure of economic democracy than America. Socialistic restrictions on individual gain and a little more than lip service to Communist ideals may provide a base for distribution broader than any mankind has ever known—providing the problem of efficiency is met. But that remains to be solved.



Answer to the Economists' Prayer

BY F. B. NICHOLS

The drought may make farming the "prosperous industry" prayed for as a bellwether for the nation's climb out of depression

A MOTOR truck filled with fat cattle came to a stop with a distinct jar one morning recently at a street intersection in the wholesale district of Kansas City near the stockyards. It awakened the owner of these animals, who was dozing lightly in the seat beside the driver. The stockman yawned and then glanced up the avenue on a vista of more commercial activity than he had observed in this area for several years, during his occasional trips to market.

The scene failed to mirror the liveliness common in the Golden Age of the Coolidge Era. But it did supply a colorful contrast to the desolation evident at the bottom of the business depression. The doors and windows of the great buildings were actually open. Many employes were in sight. A switch engine was puffing importantly nearby at a long string of loaded freight cars. Street buses were discharging numerous passengers.

"What's going on here, anyway, Bill?" the cattleman asked the driver, who travels through this section several times a week.

"I think," Bill replied, "that the farmers finally are buying something."

As the signal light changed to green he threw in the clutch, and the vehicle resumed its journey to the yards.

"Maybe that drought of last summer was a good thing for country people," the driver continued. "Anyhow these city folks are beginning to pay something like a fair price for what they eat. I think farmers are at last on their way to make a little money."

Bill's brief analysis of the improved financial outlook for agriculture is in line with more elaborate presentations of highly trained farm economists. Preliminary studies by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that countrymen will receive far more money in 1934 for much less food than the output they produced in 1933. And according to the Standard Statistics Company the rural income of the United States this year will be \$8,250,000,000, an advance of 29.3 per cent over the \$6,383,000,000 which farmers received last season. Federal benefit payments are included in the calculations for both periods.

A background on this larger flow of cash to rural America is mirrored by records from central commodity mar-

kets. Substantial gains have been recorded during the last few months in the quotations for most agricultural products. Wheat, for instance, is selling for seventeen cents a bushel more than at this time last year. The price of corn has advanced thirty-eight cents a bushel in the same time. Barley is forty-nine cents a bushel higher and rye thirty-five cents. Cattle are bringing \$3.50 a hundred-weight more for the better grades than at this time in 1933; the quotations on sheep are about the same. Hogs are selling for \$3.60 a hundredweight above the prices of last year—at almost twice their value in 1933—and in addition the packers are paying a processing tax of \$2.25 a hundredweight. Pork is costing the killers more than ten cents a pound live weight. Eggs are selling for seven cents a dozen more than a year ago, and butterfat at an advance of five cents a pound. The price of cotton is five cents a pound higher than a year ago. Practically all other farm products, and especially fruits and vegetables, also have registered substantial market advances in the last twelve months.

Officials of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration already are beginning to point with pride to their objective and the degree of success in attaining it. Their aim, as outlined in the act creating the AAA, is to “. . . re-establish prices to farmers at a level that will give agricultural commodities a purchasing power with respect to articles that farmers buy equivalent to the purchasing power of agricultural commodities in the base period.” The base period for all farm products except tobacco is from August, 1909, to July, 1914; for tobacco it is from August, 1919, to July, 1929.

The general index of farm prices, according to the Bureau of Agricultural

Economics, now rests at eighty-seven per cent of normal. Average values are much higher in some commodity divisions; they have reached 107 per cent, as an illustration, for both grains and cottonseed. Further advances during the next few months are expected by practically all buyers of rural products, as well as by farmers. Meat prices, especially, are likely to be abnormally high by midwinter.

These climbing quotations mainly reflect the influences of crops and livestock limitation projects of the AAA, a terrific drought and the decline in agricultural stocks. That huge financial dragon, “the surplus,” which has plagued farmers for many years, and especially during the last half decade, is almost vanishing. There will be sufficient food for the nation during the coming winter, but its shelves will be nearly bare when spring comes.

II

High prices for farm products are certain to prevail during 1935. The prayer of economists for a “prosperous industry” to serve as a bellwether for the nation in its climb up the trail out of the valley of depression may be answered. Will agriculture repeat its spectacular performance for a previous generation, in pulling the nation out of the hard times of the 1870's? That period of trial, like this one, also was a secondary post-war depression, following the Civil War.

Farmers took prompt advantage of an extraordinary commercial situation which prevailed during the last three years of the depression of the 'Seventies. A tragic series of crop failures occurred in what was then a relatively prosperous Europe. It was accompanied, strange to say, by better-than-average yields in the

United States. Huge gains naturally followed in the agricultural exports of America. A vast flow of new money into this country finally broke the log jam of depression, and commercial forces presently resumed their normal trends.

The current rural financial outlook is similar to the one which prevailed during the late 1870's in that commodity prices are increasing rapidly. This larger income, however, is being distributed unequally. Some farmers, in areas which suffered most from the drought during 1934, will have little or no buying power during the next six months except for bare necessities. But other countrymen, who raised fairly good yields of at least some crops, are in the best financial condition they have enjoyed since 1929.

These more fortunate farmers are numerous. I am included in the group. On my ranch near Buffalo, Kansas, most of the farm projects for 1934 worked out quite well. Our wheat, for instance, yielded twenty-nine bushels an acre, or more than twice the national long-time average. We grew good crops of other spring grains and a huge tonnage of prairie hay. Plenty of good spring water and an abundance of grass were available all summer in the pastures for the cattle and other livestock. There is ample feed on the place to carry the animals through the winter.

The main loss we experienced from drought was extensive damage to the corn crop; it produced the smallest yield of that cereal ever grown on this place. Dry weather also cut the tonnage of the ordinarily drought-resistant sorghums. And it delayed the preparation of land for winter wheat, which is likely to reduce the returns in 1935.

Practically all rural people whose

operations were successful this year will be buying fabricated articles extensively between now and spring. And if agriculture is definitely on the road to average profits a huge amount of money presently will be available to American farmers for the purchase of manufactured goods. The normal income of countrymen is about six billion dollars larger than their gross receipts in 1933. Presumably most of the cash they receive (except that share of it which is required for taxes and debt charges) will flow back promptly into urban commercial channels. In all events that was the case in the more prosperous periods of the past. Rural people commonly are liberal spenders, "when they have it."

Business organizations serving the country field always have tried to anticipate the buying habits of farmers. Especially did they give much thought to that type of planning in the days before the Year of the Big Storm. Huge fortunes were made by men skilled in this fascinating kind of forecasting, who were numerous in the personnel of mail order houses and agricultural implement companies. Memories of those happy days still survive among business executives. These leaders yet have the ability to smell green pastures from afar. They can start as quickly toward commercially attractive lands as a trained horse on a race track. And the trail blazers already are in action. Many a "big shot" in the industrial world has been polishing up his contacts with rural dealers and leading countrymen during the last few weeks in an effort to obtain an accurate current vista on "the farmer's state of mind."

These preliminary data on the potential demand for fabricated products over the countryside which they have

obtained are being received with feelings of unrepressed joy by numerous manufacturers. They are delighted to find that "the farmers are at last getting some sense!" Various boards of directors are even now making plans for gradually stepping up production schedules in their plants, after reading reports on interviews with country residents. These investigations mirror a national trend in rural thinking which I have observed for some time in the farm community where I live.

III

They show, in brief, that countrymen will spend much of the larger income that agriculture is certain to secure in the more prosperous tomorrow on purchases that will contribute to real satisfaction in living. There is a general acceptance now among rural people of the belief that "farming is a way of life," and they propose to make the way more agreeable. The old-time desire to "make more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land" has vanished. It has gone down the fade-out trail followed by ox teams, covered wagons, one-horse plows and the feeling of confidence in the infallibility of the Republican Party.

Various potent influences have contributed to this changing viewpoint on the design for living over the countryside. The most important of these motivating forces is the general spread of advanced educational training among the younger men and women on the farms. In our neighborhood, for illustration, practically all the members of this group are either college or high school graduates. The more aggressive segment of the farm population no longer looks at the problems of country

living from a grade-school background.

Their souls are filled with that divine discontent which is a requisite of all progress. To a considerable extent they share the impatience common among most urban dwellers over the backwardness of agriculture. This metropolitan viewpoint is an open book to them. They were subjected to the influences of the cities for many years while doing their advanced school work. A majority have been employed for a time in the towns. Most of the girls have had excellent training in home economics laboratories. Modern homes are no novelty to them.

The young farm people are demanding more from life than it brought to their fathers and mothers of the older generation, and they are planning to achieve these ambitions in the countryside. They highly value the freedom and independence of rural living, along with the beauty of the open fields and wooded hills of their home communities. Little fascination is exerted on them by the lure of the city; the disgraceful economic performance of urban industry during the last three years has shattered most of their illusions.

But this coming generation of farmers, which presently will be setting the buying pace for agriculture, is demanding a more attractive home environment. It is weary of taking baths in a tin washtub. And the light from a kerosene lamp no longer is satisfactory. There also is a keen desire through the country for better furniture and more efficient household appliances. The sales messages of manufacturers are falling on fertile ground.

These rural ambitions for better homes could be realized readily by about half the farmers, who are almost or entirely free of debt, if their earn-

ings were on normal levels. For mass production has greatly reduced the cost of modern household equipment and furnishings in recent years.

A clear understanding of the distinction between debt-free farmers and other countrymen who are deeply involved financially is necessary for any one who is attempting to obtain an accurate perspective on the commercial possibilities of rural trade during the next few years. The income secured in the near future by upwards of half of the country people who are burdened with heavy obligations will be used mainly, of course, in reducing this load of debt. The rest of the folks, however, who generally make up the more substantial land-owning class, naturally can employ their additional earnings in the purchase of manufactured goods, or in any other way they see fit.

There is little probability that much of the income of either class will be used during the next decade for promoting another land boom, or in investments away from the farms. The business depression staged a splendid demonstration of the evils inherent in reckless financial expansion by rural people. It will take a long time for them to forget the lesson.

And there also is at last a general appreciation among countrymen that farming is not an industry in which great wealth can be accumulated. But most of them realize that it does have other substantial advantages. They generally believe that the growing of crops and animals offers an interesting and worth while career to those who place a high value on the opportunity for healthful living in the great outdoors. And when combined with an attractive home environment agriculture provides material rewards that compare favor-

ably with those available to most urban residents.

This realistic viewpoint on rural life has been clear for many years to some of the deeper students of the agricultural set-up. And they usually have tried aggressively to improve living conditions in the countryside. The desire for more pleasing rural homes has been aided and abetted for a long time by farm leaders of the non-political type, such as F. D. Farrell, of Manhattan, Kansas, president of the Kansas State College. Most of these men have done far more than merely talk about the need for more attractive living standards in the country, although they also have injected a great deal of effective propaganda into the movement.

At the Kansas State College, as an illustration of the better farm homes background which has been fabricated in most States, a powerful department of rural architecture has been created. Its members, such as Walter G. Ward, the professor in charge, have secured a comprehensive training in both agriculture and architecture. They have taught their students how to design buildings that are practicable and which merge into the rural landscape. And the department also has provided a building service, and many standard plans, which are available to all farmers in the State.

Elaborate research work has been carried on by these specialists, usually in coöperation with manufacturers, on the application of household mechanics to country needs. The information secured from such studies has been applied in the homes of many leading Kansas farmers. And through the teachers of vocational agriculture, who may be found in all the larger high schools, and otherwise, the department has car-

ried its campaign for better homes to most of the younger rural population.

Manufacturers thus are finding that a great deal of the preliminary educational work normally required in their sales projects already has been done. Their propaganda now is encountering a ready acceptance over the countryside. And it is about to bear commercial fruit. As the additional income for American agriculture rolls in during the next few years, it will largely be diverted, except on farms where the owners are deeply in debt, and except that portion which is

required for the purchase of field and road equipment, to the makers of building materials, water supply systems, electric light plants, good furniture and modern household appliances.

A new set of homes will be dotted over the agricultural regions of the United States during the next decade. In their brighter environment most of the current disadvantages to farm life are certain to disappear. And the vast business transactions required by this evolution may contribute greatly to the complete commercial recovery of the nation.



The Nazis Turn to “*Ersatz*”

BY GEORGE GERHARD

What chance has Hitler of succeeding in his present plan to make Germany self-sufficient?

BACK in 1920—on the twenty-fourth day of February, to be exact—the Nazis laid down twenty-five commandments to guide them on their march to Berlin and the Wilhelm Strasse. Their programme began with a demand for cancelation of the Treaty of Versailles—and ended with one for an all-powerful central authority. In between the two one could find demands for the former German colonies, for state ownership of all trusts, for “communalization” of the large department stores, for agricultural reform, for the elimination of Jews from the public life of the nation, and for many other things.

Some of these tenets have been realized, others have apparently been dropped in dispassionate silence. But it may be an indication of the wisdom and foresightedness of Nazi policy in its early stages that no mention whatever was made in these twenty-five commandments of that problem which is today, nineteen months after the ascendancy of Adolf Hitler, at the root of the Third Reich's difficulties: the shortage of raw materials, the inadequacy of foreign markets—briefly, the problem of economic self-sufficiency. The reason for the neglect in the original platform seems obvious: the Nazis put the chips

of their propaganda and oratory on politics, and to them, economics was something which would follow automatically in the wake of the swastika, as the night follows the day.

To a philosophical mind, it might occur that it is the day rather than the night; and a more searching Nazi mind might have become aware of the possibility that the course of the political ship is definitely influenced by a lull or a breeze or a storm in the economic development of the country. If the Nazi mind has in the past failed to realize the importance of economics, current events have forced it quickly to remedy the oversight.

The man who stands as the political exponent of the New Germany, Adolf Hitler, and the man who is its present economic leader, Dr. Schacht, both agree that the nation must aim at greater self-sufficiency (they call it “autarchy”) and, possibly, at complete economic independence. If they add, however, that autarchy has been forced upon them by a hostile world, they don't know their history—or they don't expect others to know it. Autarchy has long been a German household word, even under Stresemann and Dr. Brüning. For what would be more natural for a nation

which has been defeated and suppressed by its enemies than to throw out its chest in bold defiance and to declare: "All right, if you abandon our stricken ship on the high seas, we shall make port under our own power, even if we have to use our shirts for sails." There is a difference, though. Under Brüning the flag of autarchy was conveniently hoisted as a worth while long-term economic policy; and the good will of the outside world was by no means neglected. Today, autarchy is a last refuge.

Economic self-sufficiency is to be attained in three ways: (1) by increasing the production of raw materials with greater physical effort; (2) by increasing the production of other natural products by new scientific or technical processes; (3) by the production of substitutes for raw materials. It may be noted at this point that so far autarchy seems to be aimed principally at purchases from foreign countries; it is not mentioned that all this new domestic production must be absorbed by the German people themselves. Nor is any provision made to increase wages and salaries and earnings so as to give the people the purchasing power to take care of the added industrial and agricultural output.

II

What, exactly, is the German Government doing in order to rid the country of its dependence upon foreign suppliers? Take, as an instance, the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, which was founded in 1917 in the midst of the World War when the scarcity of raw materials created a desperate situation. It may or may not be a coincidence that a few months ago, in a similarly trying period, the foundation was laid for a new home for this institute which is de-

voted to iron and steel research and which has two purposes: first, to maintain the high prestige of German quality steel on the world market; second, to search for new methods in the manufacture of iron and steel under the present conditions of raw material scarcity.

The important part which the Institute plays in present-day, and undoubtedly will continue to play in future, Germany is not only derived from the military preparations of which the Hitler régime has been accused time and again, and in which the steel industry occupies the spotlight. It is also derived from the public works programme of the Government, for which some three billion marks will be expended, and which makes heavy demands on the steel industry. The revival of the metal and machine industries, the stimulation of exports, renewed building and housing activities throughout the country emphasize the importance of this leading key-industry. When it is recalled that steel production last year totaled nearly eight million tons, as compared with less than six million tons in 1932, and that the production of raw steel has nearly doubled within the last two years, it becomes obvious what a tremendous responsibility the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute is facing in its future work.

Germany has a very vital interest in new scientific methods of improving the quality of inferior iron ore. The domestic iron ore production could be increased by about two million tons annually from domestic mines, of which those in Bavaria are the most abundant, their deposits being estimated at hundreds of millions of tons. But the German ore is far below that of Swedish, French or Belgian origin in quality; hence, new methods of smelting must be found if the Germans are to make the proper use

of their ore deposits. This will be one of the chief tasks of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute.

The annual convention of the Association of German Chemists, recently held at Cologne, disclosed some interesting trends on the problem of how to achieve greater economic self-sufficiency. Dr. Drawe of Berlin told of the production of gas through a special process of combustion of coal with oxygen. Over 35,000 cubic feet of city gas were obtained out of one ton of soft coal. The enormous advantage of this special process would be complete gasification of the coal, whereas heretofore only about twenty or twenty-five per cent was convertible into gas. This may be bad news for the coal magnates of the Ruhr Valley, who have had more than enough competition from the gas manufacturers. But then a better and more profitable use for coal may soon be found if present studies of the synthetic production of oils and fats out of coal lead to more practical results than have so far been obtained.

Another product which interests the German Government and chemists alike is the soya bean. No other seed, with the sole exception of the peanut, contains between fifteen and twenty-four per cent of fat, and between thirty-five and forty-nine per cent of albumin, as the soya bean does. As food and as fodder it is equally important, not to speak of its value to the chemical industry for the manufacture of oils, soaps and the like. The soya bean costs Germany about one hundred million marks every year on the import list. In past years, the cultivation of the bean was handicapped, for various reasons: the import price was so low that the farmer was not very much attracted by the prospect of competing with the Far East

product. Besides, climatic conditions did not seem favorable to large-scale planting of the bean. Now, however, the Government has decreed that steps must be taken to save a large amount of foreign exchange every year by cultivating the bean, thus supplying not only the population but industry also with a highly valued raw material. Just how successful the plan is going to be must be left to time and the ingenuity of the Nazi régime. Land is scarce, and if the soya bean is to be planted on a large scale, other crops will have to be reduced.

Another speaker at the convention advocated increased oilseed cultivation, which has dwindled to almost nothing in the last fifty years. While in 1875 between 350,000 and 400,000 hectares accounted for this particular branch of agriculture, last year there were not more than 5,000 hectares in cultivation of oilseeds. Germany is dependent upon foreign suppliers of both mineral and vegetable oils, and therefore the Government is determined to exploit oilseed cultivation to the full capacity of the German peasantry. It will continue for another year the minimum price guarantee to farmers producing oilseeds. By bounties, it has succeeded in doubling this year the area under flax, and in nearly quintupling the area under rape and other oilseeds. Heretofore, only an insignificant part of the German consumption of vegetable oils has been supplied by domestic producers. But—as in the case of the soya bean—increased production is limited by a lack of suitable lands, as well as by the small number of oil-bearing plants that are adapted to German conditions. Any substantial increase could only be made at the expense of grain production. Yet the Government seems confident—otherwise it would not have suspended all imports

of vegetable oils and oleaginous raw materials, as it recently did.

The subject of the loudest propaganda is the replacement of imported raw materials by synthetic substitutes. Textiles are leading the procession, most of which are products of the rayon industry, which has a proud record but a poor future. Back in 1913 Germany was first on the list of world production, followed by Great Britain and France. Italy was in sixth place, and the United States supplied not more than 5.7 per cent of world production. Last year, the United States headed the procession, with thirty-two per cent of the world output, followed by Japan with fifteen per cent, Great Britain thirteen, and Italy twelve per cent—with Germany nowhere in the picture. In fact, between 1913 and 1933 German imports of rayon rose from 1,600,000 kilograms to 10,300,000, and last year they supplied more than thirty per cent of total domestic consumption.

Again, the Government raises a determined fist. Imports of rayon have been placed on the restricted list. Technical improvements and lower production cost are counted upon to make greater self-sufficiency of the rayon industry a reality. But—again there are difficulties. The industry has to import wood which it can not find on the home market. What is even more important, expansion and reorganization of the industry would require a vast investment of new capital and would destroy old investments. The new materials which have appeared on the market are technically inferior and can not compete with foreign products. Besides, they are very dear. Neither of these factors justifies new capital investment. Besides, for an inferior product there would be no export market. Yet the Government insists

that the rayon industry must develop to a point where it can take care of the domestic demand.

III

Here, then, are some efforts in three leading key industries. Steel, which we first took up, is indispensable for housing, building, construction. Food and vegetable and mineral oils are as essential to human beings as shelter. And the last subject which was discussed, textiles and rayon, have to do with clothing the people. So there are the three fundamentals: shelter, food and clothing. If the Government succeeds in establishing the economic self-sufficiency of the country in these three fields, at least the people can be sure of the fundamental requirements of living a civilized life. True, there are many other products which have to be imported: lumber, for instance, of which eighty-five per cent of the total domestic demand has to be imported; or leather, nearly sixty per cent; or paper fifty per cent; or tobacco of which practically one hundred per cent has to be purchased from foreign countries.

But these and other products, while important for the industrial life of the nation, do not affect the life of the individual citizen to any great extent. Even if the Government gives attention to the production of artificial leather and artificial rubber, even if it replaces copper with aluminum (for which, incidentally, the raw material, bauxite, has to be imported from abroad, too), even if according to latest reports fuel oil is being successfully produced from coal, one may conveniently forget about these and other achievements. They are secondary in importance; they may make, in different circumstances, contributing factors to the prosperity of a nation. But that is

not the issue at stake. The primary demand in the German situation today and tomorrow and the day after is to pull the people, and therefore the nation, through a period of political and economic isolation. Can Hitler and his followers feed and house and clothe the people, out of the people's own resources and independent of the attitude of the rest of the world?

Offhand, one would feel inclined to say no. For obvious reasons: first, Germany's industry and agriculture have been built from the very beginning upon the basis of "service," that is, to serve the outside world. They have not been the final product of an age-old attempt to attain self-sufficiency; that came only after the World War. Long before, they grew and prospered not because of the domestic, but because of the foreign markets; and the people at home prospered because industry and agriculture prospered. How, then, could any régime step forth and make the bold announcement that from now on the farmer and the manufacturer must give up their dreams about world domination (so far as their sales are concerned) and must serve first and foremost the nation at home? This would involve tremendous sacrifices, would change their economic structure and would turn inside out their organization, their policies and their whole economic attitude and outlook. It would mean revamping completely a nation that was born in an international cradle in a commercial sense and that had given all the years of its young life to the (once more commercial) realization of its mission.

As much and as strongly as any such effort is condemned by common sense, as well as by fifty centuries of mankind's history, one must admit this much: so many things have been changed within

the short period of Hitlerism that one ought to be careful not to put the cards down on the table and say: "Impossible!" What would have been considered "possible" two, three years ago? The wholesale elimination of the Jews? The defiance of a whole world? The blindfolding of sixty-five million people? The open preparation for another war? The firm (and ever growing firmer) establishment of Adolf Hitler and his Nazis?

Hence, it may not be so unwise, after all, to give at least passing thought to the possibility that National-Socialism may succeed in its fight for "*Ersatz*," for substitutes of important raw materials, too. There are factors that speak for such achievement. First of all, German industry is today far from what it was in 1914. Its unique structure (built for the purpose of serving the world demand) was first affected by the requirements of the World War. After the revolution, it had to change around and, because of the lack of domestic buying power, produce for the world markets once more. Meanwhile, export possibilities have shrunk to a considerable extent while at the same time the Nazis have started their public works programme and other measures designed to give work to industry—armaments may be only one of them.

By the same token, the German peasant has found a great patron in the Nazi régime. He has for some time felt the uncomfortable pressure of foreign growers, of declining world prices, of abundant supplies. And for some years even before the coming of the swastika he had had high tariff protection, import quotas on foreign shipments and special privileges on the domestic market.

Thirdly, the Nazis are not starting at the bottom of a depression. In fact,

they are riding the crest of relative prosperity at home. It is not their fault—they were merely lucky in that economic betterment in the Fatherland started actually six months before Hitler assumed power.

So, when you hear of autarchy, do not dismiss it without remembering that

the Nazis have made headway in the past without the world. Even if every precedent is a warning to Hitler to go slowly, his tremendous hold on the imagination of his people may prove powerful enough to shatter every one of them—even to regain the good will of the world.

This Is Peace

BY FRANCES FROST

THIS is rest: last leaf
down-stricken from the gray
twig and sky, the sheaf
bent to the final day.

Under the silver limb
of autumn, cool, undone,
this is peace for him
who, in the heat of sun,

set his heart to the green
upturn of loam, to seed
broken in bud, the lean
and toss of purple weed.

Now a calm and amber
enchanted change has come
upon the hills. November
sends beast and blossom home,

blows across man's eyes
the ghost of frozen aster,
the balm of empty skies,
the quiet of disaster.

Modern Maledictions, Execrations and Cuss-Words

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

While the theological bases for cursing were being undermined, the younger generation discovered new ones

WHEN man began to lose his belief in a petty-minded, interfering God, then oaths and curses began to lose their true value. Enemies hurling curses at one another had to believe that each curse had the backing of some sort of Omnipotence, or it couldn't amount to much. Perhaps it was not so important for the man who hurled the curse to believe in it; but certainly the man at whom it was hurled ought to be convinced of its authority.

As the conviction slowly died out that there was a God ready at a moment's notice to take sides in any small quarrel, the sonorous old oaths dwindled. "By God's Mercy!" shrank to "Gramercy"; "By God's Death!" became "Ods-death," "God's Wounds!" became "Zounds," and finally along with a sturdy lot of profane relatives went down into complete oblivion. The Goodness and Graciousness of Deity still serve the ladies for mild emphasis, "Dio Mio" has become "dear me"; "A pox upon you!" has been vaccinated out of existence; and "May you be condemned to eternal torment!" has shriveled into "damn." In fact the only real

oaths we have left must be galvanized daily into life by perjury laws. Even the bootleg profanity of Yankee Calvinists who thought they might hurl God's name without His knowing it—gee, gol, gosh and godfrey—is no more today than the trash of speech, undeserving a capital letter or an exclamation point. Yet until recently there still lingered about some of these tattered and soiled fragments of an abandoned theology a sort of mystery, an aroma of power. They ceased to be curses, but they continued as cuss-words. Their value lay in the fact that those at whom they were hurled; while having no idea of what they once meant, still sensed a malign significance. At their worst, when they were made up of words which were socially ostracized, they became maledictions, or Bad Words. A malediction, I take it, is an invocation of evil from no omnipotent source, but a sort of home-made defilement. Little boys who use any of them have their mouths washed out with soap.

One other dwindling heritage remained to us from a form of cursing which was the most ancient of all; when

man called upon Deity to turn his enemy into a pig or an ass, or any other creature lacking in social status. This form of execration still survived as "epithets," or the calling of names.

Please note that I have been employing a past tense. For in this present day of unrestrained emphasis, even the surviving cuss-words, maledictions and execrations of ancient and half-forgotten lineage are dying of anemia, sharing the fate of Zounds and Gramercy and Odsblood. There seems to be little left that a man might use against his adversary except logic, and that of course is out of the question.

II

But man must have words to hurl; and I am suddenly aware that a new vocabulary of vituperation has been born while I slept. Its terms perhaps lack the authority of the old oaths and curses. But at least they are cuss-words. They have all the requisites: neither the cusser nor the cussed knows just what they mean; and yet there clings to them a certain mystery, a malign portentousness.

Plutocrat! Bolshevik! Capitalist! Communist! Pacifist! Imperialist! Militarist! Fascist! Radical! Rotarian! Bourgeoisie! Petite-Bourgeoisie! Proletariat! Hurl one of these in the proper tone of voice, and the cussed shrinks back as from a blow, while the cusser gains all of that spiritual relief which was once enjoyed by the militant churchman who cried, "*Anathema, maranatha, maledicta!*"

No dictionary is new enough to offer definitions of these words based on current usage, for usage changes overnight. A "plutocrat" used to be one who ruled by reason of his wealth; but rich men in hopeless minorities, rich men who do

not want to buy political power, rich men harassed and overtaxed, rich men in jail—all are plutocrats. Bolshevik comes from a Russian word meaning majority. In America we believe that the majority should rule but that a Bolshevik shouldn't. A Bolshevik in Russia believes in Russia first—Russia for the Russians; down with foreign goods, foreign music, foreign capital, foreign labor! In America it is the Rotarian, so I am told, who believes in America first, and down with foreign labor and foreign goods. *Ergo*, a Rotarian is a Bolshevik. A Communist is one who believes that all wealth should be held in common; that those who were lowest should be as the highest, and that those who were highest have no right to live at all. All power, they say, should be in the hands of the common people; and yet all communes, since time began, have been ruled by dictators. An Internationalist is one who seeks to force our government to do something about the Jews in Germany, but either doubts or regrets the waves of emotion which swept our country at news of "Butcher Weyler's" concentration camps of starving women and children in Cuba. An Internationalist would make sacrifices for his household, and his village, and for all mankind; but not for his nation, as represented by "the flag." I have yet to learn his exact attitude toward county, State, congressional district and other political units. A Militarist believes in a bigger and better army in order to avoid fighting. A Pacifist believes in bigger and better fighting in order to avoid the army. A Pacifist is, in fact, one who believes he should not resist a foreign foe, but would like to die resisting an American policeman.

Somehow, out of all this scrambled usage, I hope sooner or later to obtain

definitions, and then will come power! For if you have followed my reasoning you must know that the strength of a cuss-word lies in its mystery. When I have them defined I may still hurl them with effect, but if they are hurled at me I am as Achilles.

Achilles in truth! For I shall always have a vulnerable heel. That word "Bourgeoisie"; I shrink from it in argument. Give it just the right twist of pronunciation, stretched out, with a showing of teeth when you come to the "wah," and a hissing "z" sound to the "s," and I lie down on my back, metaphorically, and put all four feet in the air. When it is followed up in attack by Petite-Bourgeoisie I am dead, and Proletariat buries me.

It does me little good to reason about these words; to say that they are used by people who borrow terms as well as arguments from an old-world situation and foolishly try to apply them to the new. Am I of the bourgeoisie? I can't be, unless there is an aristocracy above me, and two "classes" below. Is it wealth that separates our superior from our middle class? Tell that to the old citizens of Massachusetts or of Virginia or the Carolinas, and then call out the marines. Is it birth? I have some Mayflower ancestors but I greatly fear me they were proletariat when they came over; and some Virginian forebears were lower than that, if there is anything lower than a proletarian. Is it rank? That comes into existence at the whim of the supreme authority, which would confine our upper class to senators and representatives, or else to judges and post-office employees. It would depend upon whether you held that supreme power rested with the people or with Mr. Farley.

I have a Communist friend—he ap-

plies the term to himself—who says our three American classes are the exploiters, the exploited and (in between) the petits-exploiters—jackals, as it were, who run around after the lions. He says I am one of the latter. Why? Partly my attitude of mind, but chiefly because my slender savings are invested in stocks and bonds, which represent the sweat of the toilers. He thinks it is my investments which determine my attitude of mind. My education or culture, he says, has nothing to do with it, and I wonder just what he implies by that. Patiently I pointed out to him that at various times in my life I have had traffic with plumbers, carpenters, mechanics and others who are said to exude perspiration; and in more than one instance I suspected that their investments exceeded mine, and that *they* exploited *me*. He admitted that while there are undoubtedly three classes in America—otherwise how could a poor social agitator gain a living?—yet the members of our classes are regrettably lacking in class-consciousness and refuse to stay put. A banker in jail, I was told, working with a road gang, is still bourgeoisie because he wants to get out and get back to his exploiting. But a street-sweeper, who wishes he were not a street-sweeper but investing that banker's money, is still proletariat.

III

"There's glory for you!"

"I don't know just what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

So far as most of those new cuss-words are concerned I have gained some immunity. I have stopped shrinking. Not so in the face of another group. "Introvert!" "Complex!" "Moronic!" "Inhibited!" "Mind-Set!" "Habituation!" "Prepotent Response!" "Defense Mechanism!" "Eye-Cue!" As a very small boy it was my custom, if I found myself near some barnacled old salt who muttered hoarsely, "Avast there, blast your eyes!" to withdraw hastily and seek the purer companionship of my parents. I was taught that such words might be the heralding of a richer verbal onslaught, equally obscure but even more dangerous. Today, when I find myself in the company of some frail and inoffensive appearing schoolmarm, and she chances to murmur "Fixation!" or "Psychosis!" my early training reasserts itself and I seek safer companionship.

Once upon a time vituperation was cabined and confined. Strong words were for strong men. But times have changed. "Damn" is lisped from the cradle, and the vocabulary of youth has burgeoned. When the average young person of today really unlimbers, even an old sinner might better sound the retreat.

"Freudian Complex!" Here is a pair of expletives which, in combination, have almost the authority of an oath. Add "Libido!" and they become a curse. I have heard them from the lips of a young woman who watched me with the wide eyes of apparent innocence; and I knew they heralded a barrage that would cause that horny old salt of my childhood to blush through

his tan, could he have understood it all.

There is an essay that I must write some day. It will be entitled "Is There Anything left to Whisper About?" My thesis will be that some of the lost reticences had their value. But just how to prove it I have not yet reasoned out.

To the same extent I sigh now and then for the conservation of profanity. I think that I might one day learn to use some of these new maledictions and execrations, and attack my own contemporaries with them; but militant youth, thus armed, frightens me.

"My son," I protest, "I don't see how you could possibly consider doing such a thing!"

"In that case," he retorts, "your eye-cue must be subnormal." It is almost as though he had replied, "The-hell-you-say!" In fact the enormity of what he might mean, if either of us understood, leaves me tongue-tied.

Cussing in my day never meant anything. But in those arguments where it was used, the one who used most, and pronounced it most emphatically, generally won. That is still true. In these latter days I have known an assemblage of parents of both sexes to engage in argument upon the upbringing of children, all contentedly talking at once; until some firm young person suddenly silences the lot of them by interjecting the word "Norm!" It is as unsafe to ask her what she meant as to inquire of a London cabby what he means by "Gor-blyme." He would only swear again, and worse.

The old-time cussing had its source in theology. The lexicon of bright youth today is far richer, drawn as it is from sociology, pedagogy, and above all from psychology. Here is a science that seems to be all expletive. I myself have heard two vocal adepts in this field hurling at

each other "Ideation," "Epiphenomenalism," "Panpsychism," "Psycho-physical Monism," "Inhibited," "Gestalt," until the air was shattered.

"Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable

child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said, in a thoughtful tone.

In Time Of Drought

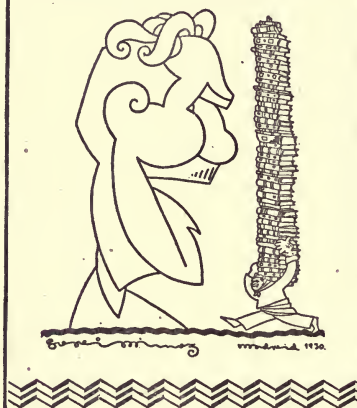
BY MAY WILLIAMS WARD

DROUGHT is not only the lack of rain,
Not only . . .
In drought man thinks that he prays in vain.
Ah, lonely,
Forsaken, resentful, he shrivels inside.
Apart
From the bone-bare field and the choking herd
There is drought of heart.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



THE last time I wrote a Landscape under the pear tree where I am now sitting, it was early summer and the brook that roars at my back, disgorging itself of the autumn floods was just as busy then with the downpours of June. The march of the seasons has made the expected alterations in the color of the country, but in spite of these superficial changes, there is the feeling of permanence that is always to be found in nature, and a very comfortable feeling it is, too, in a world so torn as ours.

The brook sings in the same key, and has the same trick of making its human neighbors dream that it is raining, and half-awake, to realize that nothing need be done about the windows; in fact, that nothing at all need be done except to stretch, snuggle under the covers, and sink again into sleep, without the sound of a single squealing brake or thumping manhole cover to break the profound peace.

How much quieter the country is in autumn than in spring, when things are beginning! The phoebe-bird that was busy with her family during the other visit is gone; the lovely barn-swallows, whose mother lured them out into the open after giving them flying lessons in the barn for a week, and taught them

all the tricks, have vanished. Last night the katydids argued for a while in the rain; otherwise, there were no sounds, and this morning, neither sound nor motion, except for the brook, and the chipmunk, still pudgy from peanuts and chocolate candy, but not entirely spoiled, for he was

busy very early with a large apple, which he added to his winter store only after a hard struggle.

Many things have happened in the world since that other Landscape, and few, one grieves to say, from which much comfort can be extracted, except that there was no European war in the late summer. Next year, say the prophets; about June or maybe as late as July. . . . No one can fail to see that all the ingredients are present for an explosion which might make the other World War look like a Sunday School picnic, but poverty may save the day, or at least postpone the disaster. For modern warfare is a very expensive pastime, and recent revelations concerning our friends the munitions makers make it seem unlikely that they would be interested in financing a war if there were any uncertainty about the bills being paid.

They Are Business Men

They are, as Shaw pointed out some

years ago, in business to make money and it is hard to understand how they could expect to profit by another universal conflict that would be bound to leave Europe bankrupt, and which might conceivably inflict wounds from which civilization would be several generations recovering. So about the only thing for those of us who do not love war to do is to pray that everybody keeps broke, with the faint hope that before money gets plentiful again, mankind will by some miracle make up his mind that war is foolishness and give it up as a bad and unprofitable habit.

As for what is happening in our own country, the opinion continues to prevail, especially among followers of the doctrines of Karl Marx, that we are headed for Fascism, and that the only alternative is Communism. Marxians are believers in a rigid dogma, in fact, a far more rigid dogma than Marx himself taught, which sometimes happens in religions, and from the Landscaper's point of view they are far too cocksure in their prophecies, since it does not seem by any means certain that we shall either have to go Fascist or Communist. Either extreme would be antagonistic to American traditions, which lie much better than many superficial observers realize, and this remark applies both to foreigners and to our natives who haven't been around the place very long, or who know America in its urban aspects alone.

The End of Capitalism

One of the longest and most impressive of the recent books in this field is Lewis Corey's *The Decline of American Capitalism* (Covici-Friede, \$3.50), in which Mr. Corey attempts to prove that capitalism as we have known it is quite definitely done for, and that the

only question is "What next?" There are six hundred pages, about two hundred too many, because of the repetitions, and Mr. Corey has made out an excellent case, one of the most convincing yet set down. The volume is heavy going because of the style, but in spite of all its handicaps, it deserves the attention of thinking people. It is not sensational, neither is it a dogmatic attempt to show that because Karl Marx said so capitalism must go; Mr. Corey believes that capital had as much to do with its fate as the prophecies of Marx.

Another book in the same general field is a large and handsome symposium called *Challenge to the New Deal*, edited by Alfred M. Bingham and Sel-den Rodman (Falcon Press, \$3.50), in which the editors of *Common Sense*, with the help of many distinguished contributors, undertake to show that the New Deal was doomed from the start because of its attempt to straddle, and that the only solution for our problems is a far more radical attack than we have had up to the present. The contributors represent a wide range of thought, and no unified programme; most of them are simply "agin the government." The Bingham-Rodman programme itself is, of course, Left political action through the Farmer-Labor party; they believe the interests of farmers and industrial workers lie side by side, which is a charming piece of naïveté on their part. However, there are some excellent essays in the collection, and a large number of amusing cartoons.

James Warburg's *It's Up to Us* (Knopf, \$2.50) is one more book bearing directly upon present problems. Mr. Warburg believes generally in a swing back to the Right and away from what he considers regimentation, although in

asking for a return to "early principles" he admits that the Republican party has taken many planks from Socialist platforms in the past and may have to do as much again. In other words, Mr. Warburg seems to the Landscaper to want the Elephant to gallop off in opposite directions simultaneously, which is no easy trick even for a political elephant accustomed to many strange and difficult maneuvers. Mr. Warburg, however, represents a sort of middle-ground common sense point of view that is never out of place; useful as a check and balance, if for nothing else.

Death of the White Race

In connection with the prospects for another World War, and also in connection with the political and economic future of this country, Dr. Enid Charles's *The Twilight of Parenthood* (Norton, \$2.50) makes exceedingly interesting, if rather alarming, reading. Dr. Charles announces that the white race is committing suicide by not having a sufficient number of children even to maintain its present numbers, much less to increase at a sufficient rate to consume all the products, industrial and agricultural, that science is dumping into the world.

It is her conclusion that in no single white country, except Russia, is there a possibility of an increase in population during the next hundred years, that in some countries, the decline has already set in, and that it will come quickly to the majority of the others. Also in Japan, despite the efforts of the authorities to keep the birth rate up, there has been a steady decline for the past ten years, which is accelerating. Vital statistics among the black races are hard to come by, although it is clearly established that the Negro birth rate in the

United States is suffering a rapid decline under the urbanization of the race.

So we are faced with a future of plenty and very few people to enjoy it, if the trend can not be reversed, which does not appear improbable. Perhaps some new system will be put into effect that will make everybody love life so much that it will quite naturally be passed on to as many offspring as possible. However, as matters stand, the authority of the churches has either disappeared or is very much weakened, and practical means of contraception are available to practically everybody, with the results as suggested in the foregoing paragraphs.

Plenty of Food

As an appendage to Dr. Charles's book, there is O. W. Willcox's *Reshaping Agriculture* (Norton, \$2.50), which deals the Malthusian theory another hard blow, and which attempts to prove that farming in the future will be safe and easy, although how it can be profitable if there are no people to consume is quite another matter.

On the question of world trends, R. Palme Dutt, an English follower of Marx, has written a readable if often illogical and unreasonable book called *Fascism and the Social Revolution* (International Publishers, \$2.25). The title tells the story: the only choice is between Fascism and Communism, and Communism is ideal, whereas Fascism is just terrible, so why doesn't the whole world demand Communism, which besides being ideal is inevitable, because Marx said so. Mr. Dutt sees a close parallel between Roosevelt and Hitler, which shows what a strange and wonderful thing is the mind of an orthodox Marxist.

Gerald Heard, who is a noted broad-

caster in England, writes about our own times from a somewhat different angle in *These Hurrying Years* (Oxford University Press, \$2.50), an interpretative history of the Twentieth Century to date. It is Mr. Heard's theory that we are living in a new world, and that unless we can adjust ourselves to it, our minds particularly, the whole show will blow up, and the human race will have to start over. What he would like to have us do is to content ourselves with a sort of vague belief in the existence of a First Cause, and beyond this to keep our minds open and well-ventilated, or in other words, to do something the human race has never been able to do up to this point, namely to face eternity without any certainty whatever.

A Radio Philosopher

Mr. Heard writes vigorously and is often delightfully ironical. Some of his history is excellent reading, some of it quite irritating. As a philosopher, he rates about as far up the list as might be expected from anybody who talks regularly over the radio; the Landscaper feels that at bottom he has very little to offer except entertainment, and that if his premise is true, that we live in a wholly new world to which we must make our adjustments or perish, we'll just perish.

To begin with, a large part of the old world is left both outside mankind and inside, and even if it were not the race has not yet mastered such speedy adaptability as Mr. Heard demands. Too much must not be expected when so many of us in this age suffer all our lives from digestive troubles the cause of which is that some remote ancestor decided eons ago to get up off his all-fours. . . .

But that our world if not altogether

new has many wonderful new things in it nobody can deny. Many of these modern miracles are fully treated in A. Frederrick Collins's *The New World of Science* (Lippincott, \$2.50), the result of a visit to the Century of Progress Exposition. Mr. Collins ranges widely, explaining the photoelectric cell and its uses, how planetaria are made, the latest thing in automata, television, and so on. There are many diagrams and illustrations, and even explanations about making many of the devices. It is an interesting volume, although very badly written; if you buy a copy for your teenage boy, who will probably eat it up, tell him he is not to take the style as a model.

The Wall Street Casino

To swing back to economics for a moment, there is John T. Flynn's *Security - Speculation: Its Economic Effects* (Harcourt, Brace), which can not be passed by, since Mr. Flynn is the Landscaper's favorite writer on Wall Street. He believes the Stock Market is a gambling joint and says so and comes as near to proving his point as anybody can.

Of world affairs outside our own direct range, although concerned with events that may have a hand in shaping our future, also, there are two new books about what is happening in central China, where a Soviet Republic is actually functioning, with some 80,000,000 adherents. They are: General Victor A. Yakhontoff's *The Chinese Soviets* (Coward-McCann, \$3), and Agnes Smedley's *China's Red Army Marches* (Vanguard, \$2.50). General Yakhontoff's book is factual and documented, where Miss Smedley's is colorful and romantic, but there is no essential disagreement between the two observers. Miss Smedley is completely partisan, and perhaps not free from exaggera-

tion of the heroic qualities of the Red Army, but this has nothing to do with the importance of what she is writing about. Both writers are of the opinion that the establishment of this Communist government arose from the needs of the peasants and was not the result of external propaganda; both consider it likely that the nation within a nation may be a nucleus from which will grow a government strong enough to offer stiff and effective resistance against foreign domination.

As footnotes to all these books about contemporary affairs, R. B. Mowat's charming study of the Eighteenth Century, *The Age of Reason* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), and Herbert M. Morais's *Deism in Eighteenth Century America* (Columbia University Press, \$3.50), make good reading, particularly since the tolerance and internationalism of the Eighteenth Century have so completely disappeared from our own nationalistic age. The Landscaper has always had a passion for *The Age of Reason*, which had a far stronger influence upon the culture of the ante-bellum South than is generally known, and the course of Deism in this country, including its final defeat at the hands of the orthodox, is an exceptionally interesting subject, which Mr. Morais has treated thoroughly, although the arrangement of his material leaves much to be desired.

Gossip About Presidents

There are so many novels waiting for attention that not all the space can be given to the most delightful book of the month, which is Irwin W. (Ike) Hoover's *Forty-Two Years in the White House* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), an inside account of events and people in the Executive Mansion from the administration of Cleveland down to the arrival

of the present Roosevelts. This book has everything in it to attract a wide public, and if it is not high up on all best-seller lists by the time these words appear, the Landscaper will be willing to admit that he is no kin to a prophet.

Hoover saw everything and has set it all down in candor; his book is even-tempered and convincing, and pretty much without heroes, although he thought Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were somewhat above ordinary stature. The other Presidents he knew intimately seemed to him not at all above the ordinary and some of them below average. Coolidge he considered a little queer, but the Executive he really disliked was Hoover, who, he says, never had a pleasant word for anybody and who "worked all the time like a man in fear of losing his job." The book is in some respects of first importance historically, but aside from its permanent value, it is chock-full of the most fascinating gossip, and as much of this is about the President's wives as about the Presidents, so that women readers will like it no less well than the men. The publishers announce that the book-version is virtually entirely different from the parts of Mr. Hoover's manuscript that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Good American Novels

Several distinguished American novels have appeared since the last Landscape was written, and of a notable half-dozen three of the authors are men, which shows that not all our good fiction comes from the distaff side, although the women in this country do hold the lead by an unmistakable margin.

The six are Grace Zaring Stone's *The Cold Journey* (Morrow, \$2.50), Jo-

sephine Johnson's *Now in November* (Simon and Schuster, \$2), Nancy Hale's *Never Any More* (Scribner, \$2.50), Archie Binns's *Lightship* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50), Samuel Rogers's *Dusk at the Grove* (Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown, \$2.50) and John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50).

Mrs. Stone is the only established novelist in the lot. She is already well known for *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, *The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena*, etc. The present book is concerned with the Deerfield Massacre, and the adventures of the survivors who were taken to Canada, and who finally found their way back again to the Massachusetts colony. It is, therefore, a historical novel as to general classification, but actually it is a study in three civilizations, the Puritan, the French or Catholic, and the Indian; and Mrs. Stone has brought a great deal of ironical wisdom to the task of setting these three off one against the other. A style that is cool, balanced and precise, an understanding of people, particularly women, and a keen sense of the technique of the novel combine to make this book a genuine work of art, and to the Landscaper's way of thinking Mrs. Stone's finest achievement to date.

A Mature First Novel

Josephine Johnson is a very young short story writer whose first novel is a story of our own times, the adventures of a family driven back to the land by the depression. The time is the summer when everything depends on the successful outcome of the crops and a drouth ensues. There are other tragedies, one on top of another, but the philosophy of the book is not gloomy

or pessimistic, rather it is the simple truth that life somehow goes on and that a sense of the beauty of small things is a secure defense against anything that may happen to pathetic human beings. Both the writing and the point of view are astonishingly mature, and lead one to expect a great deal of this very talented new author.

Miss Hale's novel is concerned with the workings of the New England conscience in the lives of three modern young women, and is written with both skill and insight, a well-organized and moving novel, which owes much to modern technique; and which is well worth reading.

Mr. Rogers's *Dusk in the Grove*, which won the current \$10,000 Atlantic Monthly prize, and which is the first American novel to gain this coveted award, is a fine example of the stream-of-consciousness novel in which this method is handled with deftness, and in which the characters come vividly to life. It is the story of an American family whose lives centre about a Rhode Island summer place, and it follows the fortunes of mother and father and the children to the end, or at least until we see which way things are going for them. The prose is smoothly beautiful for the most part, and while the book is by no means great, it is far superior to most prize novels. As this is being written, it has won considerable popularity, although it has been criticized by proletarian reviewers because its people seem to be aloof from the contemporary struggle, secure middle-class people whose troubles arise from conflict within rather than without. The Landscaper feels that its problems are so essentially human that no system can remove them, and does not, therefore, hold that the book is any less im-

portant because Communism is never mentioned in it.

Life Aboard a Lightship

Mr. Binns's novel deals with the lives of a small group of men on a lightship off the Pacific Coast. The main thread of the story is the fate of the ship itself, to which we are introduced at a time when storms have cheated of proper relief, and when food and coal are both running low. Mr. Binns tells the tale of each of the men, who are a thoroughly interesting lot of human beings. The author spent months on a lightship himself when young, and his atmosphere is therefore authentic, but again his primary interest is in people, in the strange things that go on in their minds, and the curious adventures they manage to have before they drop anchor. Done with admirable grasp of the material and with cleverness in the weaving of a complicated pattern, this is a very good novel indeed, romantic in its essence, although credible and unstrained. It reveals a new author who has something to say, in addition to being able to write exceptionally well.

Mr. O'Hara's study of life in a Pennsylvania town has the failings and the virtues of a certain hardboiled attitude toward life and people that is to be found in the works of Dorothy Parker, and which is also familiar to readers of Mr. O'Hara's short stories in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. He deals with the country club set and the emptiness of the lives of its members. His central figure is a handsome, attractive and successful automobile dealer, whom we meet when his life has taken a sudden turn for the worse, and who seems unable to check his disastrous course. Trapped by his own weaknesses and

follies, he takes the easy way out by suicide.

Mr. O'Hara's Virtues

In its details there is no denying the truth of Mr. O'Hara's picture, the excellence of his dialogue, nor his ability to tell a story. But there is a brittleness about the whole thing that does not make for real excellence, and the brittleness lies only partly in the nature of the material. One has the feeling that Mr. O'Hara's admiration for his unadmirable characters is too great; his racketeer is too romantic, and the racketeer's assistant, Al Grecco, too noble. The language of the book is completely frank, and the sexual episodes unvarnished, although it is certainly in no sense deliberately pornographic. Rather, it is an indication that we live in an age that does not recognize dignity, and there are some of us who think this is a loss; that people who do not recognize dignity as of any importance are able to live only slightly above the animal level. So when they decide to kill themselves, it is very hard to be moved, for there is no tragedy in the death of the trivial and the ordinary, defeated by its own inner weaknesses. However, Mr. O'Hara's book is highly readable.

Of recent English novels, Rose Macaulay's *Going Abroad* (Harper, \$2.50), a satire on Buchmanism in the Basque country, and a most amusing picture of a group of English people, plus two beauty shop owners, during a summer on the northern coast of Spain, is one of the choicest items. Miss Macaulay is gentler than she used to be, but she can still make a bull's eye with her barbs, and this book is easily one of the most entertaining the Landscaper has seen this season.

Charming English Panorama

Doris Leslie's *Full Flavour* (Macmillan, \$2.50) is a long and leisurely novel of the panoramic type, covering Victorian England and fetching up at the World War. Its central figure is Catherine Ducrox, who becomes after the death of her charming but ineffective father the head of a cigar business and at last an important factor in the whole English tobacco trade. She is therefore a prototype of the modern business woman, and a charming person besides. There are many other characters and sufficient adventures to keep the story moving gently along, and the fact that the discerning reader will see how the book is constructed will probably not mar his pleasure in it all. It is, as one reviewer said, "sweetly written," and the Landscaper enjoyed it thoroughly with one reservation, Miss Leslie's single American character, whose language is atrocious and impossible and who is vulgar because she is American. The English are very tiresome on this point.

Hugh Walpole's latest, *Captain Nicholas* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), is a Walpole potboiler about a charming villain who returns to the London home of his family after a long absence and just about wrecks a peaceful and old-fashioned household. Speaking as one who has never been impressed with Mr. Walpole's greatness, the Landscaper found the novel only passably entertaining, and at times pretty tiresome, especially when the author wandered off his pitch to discuss matters not very germane to the story. There are, however, thousands of readers who like Mr. Walpole, and the latest novel bears the strong marks of his personality, although it is not among his major works.

An Anti-Fascist Novel

Among other recent foreign books, Ignazio Silone's *Fontamara* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50) is outstanding, a singularly effective tale of a tiny hill village in the south of Italy which held out for the twinkle of an eye against the on-rushing tide of Fascism. It is a peasant story by a man who has spent his life fighting for the rights of a class that has suffered severely at the hands of the great Mussolini, and therefore it is partisanly hot with emotion. But it has the authentic ring, and is told with fine skill. The author is now living in exile in Switzerland, where he is the editor of a labor newspaper. His novel has been a best seller in most European countries, although, of course, it is under the Fascist ban.

Other recent American novels include Albert Halper's *The Foundry* (Viking, \$2.50), which is the story of an electrotyping plant in Chicago done with great realism and made highly readable, with much humor to give it savor. It is frequently lacking in taste, and also the style is badly in need of pruning, a talented book that could have been better. Mr. Halper needs badly to curb his carelessness in the inept use of metaphor, for one thing. A friend with plenty of blue pencils could be of great service. . . .

Also William Wister Haines's *Slim* (Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown, \$2.50), the story of a lineman on high tension systems that is an authentic piece of Americana, written with a great deal of vigor. It was a runner-up to Samuel Rogers's *Dusk at the Grove*, and if it had won the prize would probably have gone a good deal further than the Rogers book because it is less "literary." At any rate, it is a

good swinging healthy tale, and deserves attention.

A few additions to the non-fiction list that are of outstanding importance: Sacheverell Sitwell's *Liszt* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), one of the year's best biographies; Henry W. Nevinson's *In the Dark Backward* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), a stirring written adventure in human history, in which the scholarly author takes his departure from some contemporary scene and wanders off into past civilizations, the feat being done with invariable charm; Captain Henry Landau's *All's Fair: The Story of the British Secret Service Behind the German Lines* (Putnam, \$2.50), one of the best of the spy books; and Aladar Kuncz's *Black Monastery* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), a book about the life of an internment camp during the World War, an exceptionally well done and interesting account of what happens

when a group of men is forced to live under unusual conditions.

Good Animal Books

The past few weeks have been unusually heavy in the way of new publications even for this season of the year and with all his agility the Landscaper has not been able to cover the peaks and valleys fully: He bows himself out with a strong recommendation for two animal books, R. W. Thompson's *Wild Animal Man: The Story of Reuben Castang* (Morrow, \$2.50) and Courtney Riley Cooper's *Boss Elephant: The Story of Old Mom* (Little, Brown, \$2). Mr. Castang has tamed all kinds of beasts, including grown chimpanzees, and is a remarkable man on many counts, worth reading about; and Old Mom is one of the most fascinating elephants the Landscaper has ever encountered.





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Apéritif

The Save-a-Life League

THIS department's staff interviewer had a disconcerting experience the other day when he was sent out to look into the activities of the Save-a-Life League. The League, you may know, engages in the commendable work of preventing people from committing suicide, or trying to, at least. What happened evidently was that the abnormal number of customers brought in by the depression had made the League's president somewhat absent-minded, and when our interviewer arrived, the president, forgetting his name and occupation, immediately went to work on him as another despondent prospect for the halter.

There was, possibly, good reason. In the first place, he was far from the best man for the job, since Dr. Walter B. Pitkin maintains that persons of feeble nervous energy should avoid interviews, and our interviewer is hardly so well equipped in this respect as the doctor himself. Moreover, he quails at the sight of moral tracts and neatly framed quotations from the Bible on the walls, which were in profusion at the offices of the Save-a-Life League.

For these reasons he may well have appeared to be at the end of his rope or contemplating dangling by his neck from it.

But the surprise of being so misjudged did little or no good to his remaining aplomb, and when he assured the Reverend Dr. Harry M. Warren, president of the Save-a-Life League, that he desired nothing better than a long life, the assurance must have fallen short of actually assuring. Dr. Warren seemed doubtful, and every now and then during the interview, when he was explaining the technique of dissuading people from suicide, the explanation had such a direct and realistic quality that our interviewer suspected that Dr. Warren was taking no chances, was getting in some good licks of dissuasion just in case he really happened to be a customer, in disguise.

"You," said Dr. Warren, for instance, to the interviewer, "don't really hate your body enough to destroy it. You don't hate it at all. You like it. Look at this leg of yours." Here he grasped it just under the knee. "Why, it's a fine leg—a splendid leg. You wouldn't do anything to harm such a leg." This was partly true, and partly rank over-em-

phasis, if he intended it for our interviewer. While that worthy doubtless has no wish to do injury to his underpinnings, they are actually pretty miserable specimens, knobby and lean and with nothing splendid about them. But the argument was fascinating, Dr. Warren was magnetic, and with a shiver of doubt running up his spine our interviewer began to wonder whether he might not really be a customer, after all. It was very confusing.

II

Nevertheless, with an effort of will he set about gathering facts. The Save-a-Life League was started twenty-eight years ago by Dr. Warren, formerly pastor of the Central Park Baptist Church in New York; and he estimates that it has saved between twenty-five and thirty thousand lives since. It is an interdenominational association, largely manned by clerics, who believe that suicide is a sin against God as well as an unnecessary, painful and profitless undertaking. Its activities consist in answering letters of prospective suicides, interviewing them at its office, sending out agents to interview those whose relatives or friends telephone in to ask help, and doing whatever it can to relieve distress in families where suicides have already occurred. In this last category the League's work includes sending some 200 children of suicides to summer camps and giving away an equal number of Christmas baskets. It has branches or allied workers in Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, St. Louis, Minneapolis and half a dozen or a dozen other cities. Some 7,000 voluntary contributors support its work.

The police and the medical examiner's office report daily to the League cases of suicide and attempted suicide.

Weekly radio addresses and dramatizations have brought the League to public attention, as has newspaper and magazine publicity from time to time. Between May 1, 1933, and May 1, 1934, workers of the League called upon 1,819 persons in New York City who had tried to kill themselves, 1,321 families in which suicides had occurred, and at the offices of the League interviewed 2,822 persons—2,157 men and 665 women.

All this, obviously, represents a great deal of effort, and cynical persons are apt to doubt that it is worth it. Their argument is that a man or woman who is honestly determined to commit suicide will go ahead and do it without confessing the intention to an organization whose purpose it is to prevent such things. In this connection an insurance agent told recently of a man who had taken out several hundred thousand dollars' worth of life insurance and carried it for two years and one day, then killed himself, knowing that it could not be contested on the ground of suicide after that length of time. The agent was convinced that the man had suicide in mind when he took out the policy. Now one of the stock tricks of the League workers is to persuade a would-be suicide to wait a day or two; after which the desire usually begins to wane. But a man who can plan ahead two years for self-destruction, and carry it out, is surely beyond help from the most persuasive minister.

It must be true that a great many of those who go to the League's offices professing the intention of suicide, even if they are not merely looking for hand-outs, are willing to go at least half-way with any one who tries to dissuade them. Dr. Warren says that all most of them need is some one to listen sympatheti-

cally to their troubles. Presumably there is such a vast deal of trouble in the world today that sympathetic ears are growing scarce, and it becomes necessary to have special organizations of this sort in lieu of ordinary friendship or affection—which is a sad state of affairs in itself. But it does not answer the question whether such persons would actually commit suicide if they could find no sympathy at the League's offices or a similar place.

Many times, however, the troubles are of such a nature that it is possible for Dr. Warren and his associates to do something concrete about them. If a man, not normally dishonest, has taken some one else's money, occasionally the League workers can make arrangements for its gradual return without having him sent to prison. When such a man is of a temperament that could not bear the disgrace of imprisonment, then obviously the League has prevented him from committing suicide. If an indiscreet girl can not face the disgrace of bearing a child out of wedlock and sees suicide as the only course, the League can and frequently does persuade her that she can have the child safely and without any one's being the wiser, even her parents. In such cases the League saves two lives at a time.

High school and college students have been indulging in suicide lately rather more than is good for them. Dr. Warren has a story of two roommates, one an upper classman who had been subdued by Schopenhauer and the other younger but also susceptible. They arranged a suicide pact, and but for the generous gesture of inviting a popular young instructor to join them, might now be beyond all care. The instructor appealed to Dr. Warren and Dr. Warren managed to transmit some of his

own regard for living into the youths.

If a prospective suicide has close relatives, it is usually an easy matter to restrain him by describing the unhappy effects upon those relatives. One of these effects is a tendency to imitate. Very often one suicide in a family will start a train of them.

Many persons begin thinking of suicide because they feel that there is no place left for them in life. An aging man, retired or jobless, may become despondent over the fact that he is a burden on relatives and a useless part of the community. Such cases require only the discovery of some activity to engage the person's thoughts and energy. In one instance the activity for a widowed and retired clergyman took the ironical form of searching the Bible for admonitions against suicide and preparing a pamphlet on his findings. Dr. Warren believes that he has been instrumental in preventing some sixty clergymen, of all creeds and denominations, from committing suicide.

Among the miscellaneous bits of information our interviewer picked up is the fact that women are less successful in their attempts to do away with themselves than men. Apparently their lack of a mechanical bent stands them in good stead. Another rather curious item is that boys most often choose hanging as their method of suicide. Just why this should be so Dr. Warren could not be sure, but presumably a necktie, belt or piece of rope is nearly always lying about for handy use when a pistol, poison or tall building might be hard to come by.

Whether or not the League actually prevents suicides in the thousands of cases of despondent people which come before it, is not perhaps so important as the fact that it does instill new hope and

courage in most of them. Even if a person is lacking in the "guts" which Dr. Warren's elevator boy said were necessary for a real suicide, he must be in an exceedingly unhappy state of mind before approaching the League, and it is undeniably true that the League does yeoman's work in improving despondent mental conditions.

Naturally, religion plays a considerable part in the undertaking. Many of the applicants are good Christians at heart and can be affected by religious arguments. Dr. Warren usually prays with them by the time he has succeeded in restoring their sense of proportion to a point where there seems to be no further danger of self-destruction. He reiterated this fact as our interviewer was about to depart, and his manner seemed to indicate that he would not be at all averse to trying it with that sinner also. But, like moral tracts and neatly framed quotations from the Bible, being prayed with or over gives our slubberdegullion interviewer a queer sensation at the pit of the stomach. It also causes confusion in his mind, and since he had already been thoroughly upset over the question as to whether or not he might really be a customer for the halter, it seemed the part of wisdom to leave without this ceremony. After all, it would have been a terrible black eye for the League if he went there merely for a story and came away so confused that he jumped in front of a subway train.

It was as he left that the elevator boy confided in our interviewer his opinion that it took more "guts" to commit suicide than he thought most applicants to the League possessed. Our interviewer is still wondering whether the elevator boy was in the pay of Dr. Warren and this was a last subtle touch to clinch the discouragement of his presumptive sui-

cide plans, or whether the remark was merely intended as a casual insult. In either case, knowing his instinctive contrariness, we have since watched over him like a hawk.



"American Principles"

There is a story from Washington which has to do with the curious effect of exposing New Deal measures to democratic institutions. It seems that the Bankhead Bill, dealing with the cotton restriction programme, had a provision requiring the vote of cotton producers on the continuation of the restrictive measures. A few weeks ago the AAA thought it was time to do something about the matter and began thinking of ways to hold the election. Whereupon difficulties rose up in a cloud.

The Secretary of Agriculture has no constitutional power to say who shall or who shall not vote in any American election, but who else was there to decide on age limits, for instance? There are cotton producers under twenty-one as well as over it, but is the convention of twenty-one years as the age of majority in ordinary political voting a sufficient reason for excluding those under it in purely economic voting?

Such matters caused a wave of headaches in Washington. But the thing which completely stumped the Administration thinkers was the inclusiveness of that word "producers" in the language of the bill. "Producers" were not only owners but tenant-farmers as well. There was no denying that. But, as every one knows, tenant-farmers were also in good proportion Negroes, and Negroes do not make a practice of voting in the South, considering it, on the whole, unhealthy. Worse, if they did

begin to vote on crop-restriction measures, there was no telling when they might take it into their heads to insist upon voting on other things, such as Huey Long, or Tom Heflin, or Bilbo the Two-Edged Sword, or even the good Senator Bankhead himself.

Obviously, there was nothing to do but drop the matter hastily, and hastily it was dropped. It ought to be a pleasure, at any rate, for opponents of the New Deal to learn how easily New Deal measures shrivel away when exposed to the strong flame of good old democratic institutions.



Nothing Ventured

While political and economic observers were staggering around looking for something—almost anything—clear and definite to comment on, at least one class of commentators in the past few

years has gone serenely along in the old way, unbothered by revolutions or New Deals. This class consists of radio broadcasters of football games. They might occasionally become confused over the nature of a penalty or the name of a tackler, but on the fundamentals up until this fall they remained sure of themselves and were almost happy. Now it appears that even this last rock of stability is to be denied us. In New Haven on the Saturday of the Yale-Army game an announcer—surely corrupted by the spirit of the times—remarked late in the afternoon: "It's getting very dark up here now." A moment later he hedged with: "But the visibility isn't diminishing." Then clinched the argument with: "By any chance." Thus covering every eventuality and making himself as safe as an economist.

W. A. D.



How the English Handle Crime

BY P. W. WILSON

The case of Bruno Hauptmann brings up again the contrasts in English and American legal machinery

IN A RECENT broadcast, President Roosevelt made a flattering allusion to Great Britain's far-famed way of managing her affairs. Did England remain on the gold standard? Triumphant, the President answered—no.

Comparisons of this kind are chiefly of value when they suggest what may be to the public advantage, and there is another problem on which the experience of England may shed a sidelight. That problem is not currency but crime.

The United States is mobilizing the forces of the law—Federal and State and municipal—against the underworld, and we may ask the question: how do the English handle a case of alleged murder? To take an illustration—let us suppose that, at some gasoline station in London, a Bruno Hauptmann changed a five-pound note for which the authorities had been watching. What would have happened?

No two criminal cases are precisely parallel and kidnapping for ransom has been almost unknown in Great Britain. But we may consider a few typical prosecutions for murder, some of them ending in conviction and others in acquittal, which illustrate the English procedure.

On May 1, ten years ago, the attendant at the left luggage office of Waterloo Station in London noticed blood on a handbag there deposited. He informed the police and detectives watched the office. On May 2, a man—Mahon—claimed the bag. He was arrested at once and taken to the police station for questioning. The bag was found to contain women's clothing and certain indescribable fragments.

The man was warned—as the law requires—that any statement made by him would be taken down in writing and might be used against him. He wrote and signed a confession that, at a bungalow, he had quarreled violently with a woman whom, in self-defense, he had killed. On May 3 the police searched the bungalow and verified the story in so far as the killing was concerned.

According to law, the prisoner on that day was brought immediately before a magistrate and charged with murder. Remands or postponements of a further hearing were granted until May 22. Five days were then devoted to the preliminary hearing. In the meantime, a coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner.

The decision of the magistrate or the

verdict at the inquest—either or both—would have been enough to support an indictment before the grand jury, and the grand jury did not hesitate to bring in a true bill. On July 16, the case was heard before the Sussex Assizes and a verdict of guilty resulted. After all measures had been taken to modify the sentence of death, either by appeal to a superior court or to the Crown for the prerogative of mercy, Mahon was executed on September 3. The case, thus disposed of, had followed a normal time table. From the discovery of the handbag to the disappearance of the murderer on the gallows, there elapsed a period of just four months.

II

The problem of dealing with such a crime in England or, indeed, in any European country, must always be simpler than in the United States. England is an island of limited area with a carefully patrolled seaboard. The United States is a continent with two frontiers—the Canadian and the Mexican—which are more or less open. In this vast continent—again to recapitulate the familiar argument—there are forty-eight sovereignties, with the District of Columbia added, all of them endowed with powers of life and death. A suspect of a crime committed in one State has only to domicile himself in another State, and he greatly complicates the task of the police. There has to be extradition by a process of law usually reserved for treaties between foreign countries. In the Lindbergh case, extradition was powerfully opposed by the defense and the prosecution had to be very sure of its ground in order to secure the usual opportunity to put the prisoner on trial for the real charge against him.

Mahon was arrested at some distance from the scene of his offense, which was perpetrated in a county outside London. But this circumstance did not assist him. Instead of extradition there was jurisdiction, and the jurisdiction was immediate.

The importance of adequate jurisdiction can not be overestimated. Society in the United States is easy-going. But in the end crime has to be suppressed. If the law is ineffective, other measures are applied. There is lynching. The Ku Klux Klan or Vigilantes are organized. The police, knowing that convictions are made difficult and even impossible, and that dangerous malefactors are released from prison again to prey upon the community, solve the problem by shooting bandits at sight. It is only by strict, rapid justice in the courts that these alternatives can be avoided. It is significant that in England the police, as a rule, do not need to carry arms.

In many cases, it is the local police who are the first to be brought on to the scene of a murder and, like all police, they are suitably imbued with a sense of their own infallibility. But in any grave case where the solution is not obvious, they do not hesitate to call in Scotland Yard and, in any event, Scotland Yard can intervene. The inquiry thus becomes what in the United States is called Federal. The whole of the experience accumulated within a powerful and national agency is brought to bear on the local investigation.

The bungalow case is instructive also because it is a fair sample of the kind of murder with which, as a rule, England—often in contrast with the United States—has to deal. A broad comparison of criminal conditions in the two countries is here essential.

In 596 cities of the United States with

a population of 21,661,366, there were, during the year 1932, no fewer than 1,224 cases of murder and non-negligent manslaughter. That is about sixty cases per million of people. In England, the corresponding figure, in so far as it is available, works out at five cases per million on the average—sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less but, in any case, only a fraction of the American percentage.

Some people in England believe that a European, when he crosses the Atlantic and settles in a new world, is endowed diabolically with a double portion of original or aboriginal sin. The theory is merely amusing and it happens that Great Britain, while more successful than the United States in dealing with murders, is at the moment less successful in handling motor cars. There is plenty of slaughter on the highroads.

No nation has a monopoly of health. That nation is healthiest which takes the wisest measures to safeguard health. So it is with safety, so it is with the prevention of crime. It has to be carefully and courageously organized.

In the United States the murderer starts young and, in conspicuous instances, he has committed a number of murders before he is hunted down and killed off as we kill vermin. In England a strongly deterrent policy suppresses what may be called the light-hearted murder, especially among the young. A murderer may by great luck escape the gallows, but not more than once, and it is not worth while for boys and girls to adopt a career of "gunning for dough."

Juvenile delinquency is always a danger and not for an instant can Great Britain—any more than other countries—afford to let down the bars. If the

English were to relax their vigilance against murder, they would become as murderous as anybody else. At this moment Great Britain is seriously concerned over a crime wave—anyway a ripple. As elsewhere the police are having to combat the automobile and the pistol as weapons for defying the law. A good deal is said about the evil stimulus of gangster films and the exploits of daredevils like Dillinger being fully reported in the press.

What England has achieved is not the eradication of crime. It is its disintegration. Crime is still individual. But it is not a system. There are deplorable lapses from the usual world, but there is no underworld as that term has been used in the United States. Murder is not a matter of professional routine in which somebody is put on the spot and bumped off by trained gunmen. The murderer—for instance, Mahon—is an amateur, acting for himself.

Restrain every impulse to crime in boys and girls. There is always, here and there, the pervert who, after years of progressive degeneracy, succumbs to a fatal impulse. He does not shoot, rob a safe and run. Living as a rule in a respectable neighborhood—possibly a village—he may have no criminal record of any kind. His act of violence—as in the case of Mahon—is the hideous climax of some situation in which there has been sordid or sexual strain or stress.

The amateur murderer has had no practice. His only "master mind" is his own mind and he is trying a terrible experiment for the first time. It is no wonder that, clumsy in his methods, he makes an untidy job of the business. Burned and buried bodies, mutilations, trunks and torches—it is peculiarly hideous. There may not be many of these murders. But those that do hap-

pen are—like the bungalow affair—far from pleasant.

In the case of the bungalow murder nobody—when the handbag was discovered—knew that an offense had been committed. The habits of the slain woman suggested that, for a considerable period, her disappearance might have aroused no comment. The information given promptly by the attendant at Waterloo Station was thus of immediate value and it is an instance of what is always helpful in the war against crime. The people assist the police and public opinion demands that such assistance shall be whole-hearted. There are, of course, those who have reasons to obstruct the course of justice by withholding information or otherwise misleading the authorities. But it is a risky game to play. England sees to it that law is more to be feared than lawlessness. The criminal may have friends. But if they assist him, he can not protect them afterwards.

III

The United States is faced by a difficulty which is not to her discredit. In 1776 this country set out to solve what has always been the ultimate perplexity of government—namely, the exercise of authority over a free people. Many of the persons who deal with a serious crime are thus elected to their offices—the coroner who presides over the inquest, the prosecuting attorney, the presiding judges and the governor in whom is vested the prerogative of mercy. A long series of motion pictures, produced at Hollywood and distributed throughout the world, has created what is now an impression, difficult to efface, that justice is not concerned alone with the guilt or innocence of the accused but with the votes to be cast at some

prospective election. It does not matter so very much whether that idea is well founded or ill founded. What does the harm is the fact that such a point should be raised at all.

In Great Britain there is no suspicion that in a legal proceeding, and especially a murder case, political expectations could be involved, however remotely. The law officers of the Crown—that is, the attorney general and the solicitor general—belong to the government of the day. They are elected, but not to their legal office, only to the House of Commons. In any event, prosecutions are usually conducted by advocates who regard such a brief as any advocate regards any brief. The magistrates who sit as a court of first instance are appointed by the lord chancellor and can only be dismissed by him. Most magistrates are unpaid. The judges are appointed by the Crown on the advice of the lord chancellor and they are irremovable save by a vote of both Houses of Parliament. The prerogative of mercy is used in the name of the King who acts on the advice of the home secretary.

In the United States, it is the people who impeach one of their number. Equals are dealing with an equal. In England, the King prosecutes one of his subjects. A superior is dealing with an inferior. The distinction may seem to be subtle. But it makes all the difference.

On the one hand, few dilatory motions, obstructive of the course of justice, are permitted. At the assizes the jurymen are seldom seriously challenged. It is assumed that, as a matter of course, they will fulfil their duties. In the bungalow case a jurymen fainted and had to be replaced. This was not held to be any sufficient reason for allow-

ing a murderer to escape justice. The case was rapidly reopened and the evidence already taken was repeated to the new jurymen from the judge's notes.

On the other hand, great care is taken to avoid an appearance of "railroading" the prisoner to a conviction. However severe may be a cross-examination, counsel are not permitted to walk up to a witness in the box and shout questions in his (or her) face. Nor are they permitted to parade a peripatetic eloquence before the jury, as if the court were a public meeting. A prisoner's previous record, if criminal, is carefully withheld until the verdict has been delivered, and with regard to expert evidence there has been built up what is, surely, the only sound tradition. The doctors and chemists from Scotland Yard who report upon wounds and poisons and natural disease are called as witnesses by the prosecution. But they are not supposed to testify, nor do they—unless it be by rare inadvertence—testify with a view either to conviction or acquittal. They have won general approbation by giving the facts, as ascertained, with scientific detachment, leaving it to the court to draw conclusions from the facts. The defense cross-examines these witnesses, but seldom if ever in a hostile or combative manner which would suggest bad faith. As a rule, this official evidence is accepted by both sides as reliable and complete.

Scotland Yard leaves little to chance in the way of fingerprints or other details. The examinations of bodies for poisons—for instance, arsenic—are especially elaborate and the results are accepted by the courts as final. One recalls the story of the specialists subjecting a human hair to treatment and so drawing conclusions as to the permeation of poison within a given time.

The British hold, rightly or wrongly, that, if evidence is carefully and promptly collected and if the law is firmly enforced there ought to be no need to resort to the third degree with violence—what is called giving the works. The whole of this, including lie-detectors and such devices, has been proved—broadly speaking—to be unnecessary to the administration of justice. Here and there, the police do undoubtedly bring pressure to bear upon suspected or accused persons. In a recent case the authorities denied that the questioning of a girl had taken fifty-two hours.

It is not enough to say that the United States and England share the same common law. In the United States, there are millions of citizens whose European background is not English. Procedure in criminal cases thus includes methods which, if attempted in England, would arouse a good deal of comment.

IV

It is a mistake to suppose that England solves all of her murder mysteries. The cases run on from year to year and the statistics are thus confusing. Roughly we may say that an arrest is made in respect of one out of three deaths where foul play is suspected.

There are many reasons why an arrest does not follow the crime, but most important perhaps is the carefully asserted principle that a man must be treated as innocent until he is proved to be guilty.

A body is discovered. But is it quite certain that a murder was committed? Could it have been suicide? May there not have been an accident? A person may be strongly suspected, but can the case be proved against him? May there not be a case no less plausible against

some other person? I remember years ago listening to a highly sensational trial at the Old Bailey. A woman had been killed at night in her room. It was known that two men had visited her. But which of them did the deed? In effect, each was giving evidence against the other, and, mainly as a result of this uncertainty, the accused man was acquitted. Also there are the cases in which a person, after committing murder, kills himself.

The net result of this sifting within a recent year was that the police made fifty-six arrests. Twenty prisoners were adjudged to be insane, twelve were acquitted and twenty-four were sentenced to death. The number of actual executions, in a year, runs to about fifteen on the average.

In Great Britain, as in the United States, there is a tabloid press. Indeed, all newspapers, there as here, exploit sensation. The bungalow murder was obviously melodrama of the most lurid color and it was fully reported. But only within allowable limits.

From the moment that Mahon was charged with an offense, the case became *sub judice*, and any newspaper commenting upon it became liable to immediate fine or imprisonment for contempt of court. The case was tried throughout, not by the press, but by legally constituted tribunals.

Criminal insanity is recognized in Great Britain. But a plea of insanity, supported by psychopathic witnesses, is not permitted to supersede moral responsibility. In the bungalow case the question was whether Mahon had or had not committed the act that cost his victim her life and no attempt was made to suggest that, normally sane, he had suddenly ceased, in committing a homicide, to be responsible for his actions.

On the whole, the British public have confidence that the system provides for a fair trial. By an exciting case of murder the English are as deeply stirred as other nations. They follow the proceedings closely. But it is only when the machinery of the law has led to a verdict that, in rare instances, these emotions are unleashed. From time to time some factor in a disputed case leads to a demand for pardon or reprieve, which the home secretary may have to face with some embarrassment. The famous case of Mrs. Maybrick is a case in point. That liability is much reduced by the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, consisting of three judges, which has complete power to review the proceedings in a lower court.

Of public confidence in criminal procedure, there is at the moment a clear indication. For centuries, the grand jury has been regarded as a safeguard against unreasonable prosecution of the British citizen. But now it is abolished. The public hearing before a magistrate's court is considered to serve the purpose sufficiently.

With her written constitution, the United States believes in government by laws not men. Her criminal procedure is as carefully codified, if that be conceivable, as the intricacies of her football; and during testimony in court there is a perpetual barrage of "objection" from attorneys, followed by "overruled" or "sustained" by the judge and—it may be—"exception" from a dissenting attorney. On one side or the other, points are thus scored, and to win on points, as in a prize fight, is among the aims of advocacy.

In England there is also a good deal of this kind of cut and thrust. But the constitution, in its fundamentals, is there unwritten and a large discretion

is left to the judge. In the United States, a judge wields a hammer—as if his authority were open to challenge. In England, a judge wears wig, scarlet and ermine and sits in court with an appearance of authority which nobody would dream of challenging. The judge is paid what is considered to be a high salary—normally \$25,000 a year—and on retirement he has a corresponding pension. In prestige and in finance, his position is unassailable.

The Court of Criminal Appeal is more than careful, therefore, to pay full respect to the decision of the trial court, and it is rarely that a verdict is upset. A strong argument is that the jury, in hearing the evidence, saw the witnesses. The words of the evidence are not alone of significance. There is the manner in which the evidence is given.

In terms, England does not differentiate between first, second and third degree homicide. Once more there is flexibility. The alternative verdicts of murder, with or without recommendation to mercy, and of manslaughter, serve the purposes of such differentiation. In Scotland, there are three verdicts possible—guilty, innocent and non-proven. If a charge is non-proven, the accused man regains his liberty and he can not be charged again with the same offense. But his innocence is still in question.

V

"The law," said Mr. Bumble in *Oliver Twist*, "is a ass—a idiot," and, assuredly, the law in England has what President Roosevelt would call her peculiarities. Here are two cases in which it is very doubtful whether the result in England would have been the result in the United States.

A girl was found dead in a house. A man called at the police station, confessed that he had committed the crime and stated that he wished to give himself up to justice. He was brought up for trial.

The judge decided that there was no case to go to the jury on these grounds. A man can not be convicted on his own evidence alone and, in this case, there was no adequate corroboration. Also, the prisoner had spent ten hours exploiting and being exploited by journalists, which raised doubts as to his veracity. It was thus laid down that a person can not be hanged for murder because he happens to be "a liar," and the prisoner was sternly acquitted.

A second case. A barge docked in port. The captain and mate went ashore and, in friendliest fashion, had a drink together at a "pub." The captain asked the mate to call for letters at the barge office on his way back to the boat. The mate brought the letters to the captain on the barge and the captain was found dead, struck with a hammer and with a rope round his neck. The mate's story was that the captain insulted a girl to whom he was engaged, there was a quarrel, a fight and a death. He used the rope to pull the body to the side of the boat and throw it into the water.

Three theories were advanced: first, that here was plain murder; secondly, that under provocation, there was a fight which ended fatally for the captain and involved the mate in manslaughter; and thirdly, that the mate was attacked by the captain and struck in self-defense, which would have meant acquittal. The verdict of the jury was wilful murder, and the Court of Criminal Appeal declined to interfere.

Here is another case. A woman was killed during a burglary. A, B and C

were put on trial. All of them were convicted of murder, but on appeal the verdict on B and C was suppressed and on these grounds: According to A, he stood outside the house while B and C entered it. The aim, said A, was robbery alone, and A claimed that having had no homicidal intention he was not guilty of the murder charged against B and C. On their side, B and C denied A's story. On appeal, A's conviction was sustained. The conviction of B and C was quashed, because the judges held that, if A was guilty of murder, which was the contention of the Crown and the decision of the jury, his evidence against B and C required corroboration. There was some corroboration but it included evidence that, by law, was inadmissible. The conviction of A—by discrediting his evidence—thus contributed to the acquittal of B and C. One man went to his fate and the other men were restored to freedom.

The administration of criminal law in England is thus accompanied by a full allowance for subtleties of procedure, and these subtleties are analyzed with a dexterity from which prejudice and passion are supposed, at any rate, to have been eliminated. It was not always thus. Dickens, Gilbert and Sullivan, and many another satirist have revealed to

the present generation what a trial by jury could be in days gone by.

The United States seems to have arrived in her turn at the point where the law must be taken seriously. Procedure should be simplified and accelerated. Judges and jury and witnesses should be credited with honesty and intelligence. There should be a readiness to arrive at decisions. The aim of the prosecution should be to discover the needle in a haystack and not to pile up new haystacks around the needle. The sole object on all sides should be not this verdict or that verdict but the right verdict, and all counsel should recognize that, in serving a client, they are also and above all the officers of the court.

From legal proceedings the camera should be absolutely excluded. There is not even a shadow of justification for allowing such pictures to be flash-lighted. Interviews with judges, counsel and even the prisoner should be entirely stopped. The whole of that kind of publicity is subversive of justice. News reels of persons involved in a case, directly or indirectly, with appeals to emotion, horror or sympathy, should become a thing of the past. Crime is always a drama. That can not be prevented. But it should cease to be offered to the public as a pantomime.



Horse-Car Liberal Arts Schools

BY DONALD HAYWORTH

The main trouble with liberal arts education is that it tries to instill the culture of 1850 instead of a modern one

THE liberal arts college claims to exist for the purpose of developing in the youth a certain degree of culture, and yet no one—not even the college itself—is able to tell what culture is or how it may be identified. We college instructors may be exceedingly industrious in microscopic and chemical analysis, but we have found no way of dissecting ten thousand cultivated individuals to find the *sine qua non* of culture. The literature of higher education contributes only a few scattered paragraphs, and these describe the cultured man in glowing, but not closely defined phrases—language so indefinite as to be useless in constructing a curriculum or defining the requirements for a degree.

If the liberal arts college can not define the culture it proposes to develop, society has every right to ask how it determines a programme of study. The student is told that he must amass a hundred and twenty semester hours of credit; but progressive educators everywhere admit the inadequacy of the semester credit as a yardstick by which cultural achievement may be measured. The college student is further told that his work must be distributed among certain departments of study, presumably to insure a broad training; but college

teachers know that these requirements are mostly old lumber from the cultural structures of 1850—old lumber warped by the unseen and unconfessed pressure of faculty politics.

We college teachers have been struck by the fact that, whatever definition of culture may be used, many of our graduates are no more cultured than if they had never entered a college classroom. Something, doubtless, is going to be done about it. Leaders in American higher education say they are aware of "the spreading ferment in American higher education everywhere," not merely discontent among students, but throughout faculties and among administrators. Over one-fourth of the colleges are working and experimenting on various forms of reorganization, searching the skies for some pillar of fire that may guide them to the promised land. They are trying to find a better way of training the youth in culture; and, in order to give degrees, they want some way of measuring cultural achievement. But whatever device may be secured for the measurement of cultural achievement it will be impossible to solve the problem until they know what they are trying to measure.

The term *culture* is used by sociolo-

gists almost as synonymous with *civilization*, and thus they speak of the culture of the Aztecs, the Spaniards, the ancient Romans, or other similar groups. But ordinarily when we say an individual is cultured we mean that he deserves to be counted among those who are considered the *élite* of his own age—the intelligent upper crust of society.

It is certainly obvious that the marks of cultured men are not the same in different ages or different countries. The cultured Greek had some musical ability, and took his turn with the lyre for the entertainment of his companions. Every cultivated Greek had taken part in athletic contests as a young man and continued a lively interest in them throughout life. A knowledge of Greek religion, of current philosophies, of law and of mathematics, was essential to the man of worth.

Turn your eyes across the shadows of ten or fifteen centuries to the Orient and you will find that the cultured gentleman of China had interests which were fundamentally different from the interests of Greek culture. The Chinese classics provided him with a more definite and entirely different body of cultural material.

Elizabethans, on the other hand, wrote poetry as commonly as the Greeks sang with the lyre. The English gentleman of that period was required to be a fop in dress and a trickster in language—although it was the French who most emphasized the subtleties of language. Glance back several generations to feudalistic England and the cultured gentleman was unable to *read* poetry, much less to write it. The proof of his culture lay in the regalia of chivalry.

Those Americans who are nauseated by everything contemporaneous fail to comprehend the fundamental nature of

culture. Culture is a kind of code—a code used as a medium of intercourse between lively minds. It becomes a convention, much as the style of dress, and marks the man of worth. Germany, at one time stressed the Greek tradition; France stressed the Roman tradition. Either might almost as well have taken the Hebrew, the Chinese or the Indian tradition. The important thing is that they did stress something. They each took a body of literature that was vibrant with life and stimulating to the imagination; their young men tossed those stimulating ideas around, struck them together, and saw flashes of fire. Now, whether this be done with Greek literature or Roman, or with any other intellectual medium, is not nearly so important as that it should be done. Boys may play either baseball or tennis; the important thing is that they get exercise—any kind of exercise adapted to their well-being. Since it was on Greek classics that Germans found a common ground for intellectual activity it was, therefore, conventional for a German boy to study Greek literature. If he had studied Latin classics he would not have been cultured—not in Germany at least, and probably not in France, because he would not have been stimulated by contact with those who were conversant with the same tools of learning. The developing student must speak the conventional language of those about him. If he is to become more and more cultured he must speak the language of his fellows—he must understand the conventions of culture in his own age. Such cultural conventions constitute a code by which human excellence is socially achieved.

II

The liberal arts college of today is surely not obliged to propagate the best

culture of the Chinese, and probably not that of the Greek, Roman or Elizabethan. At any rate no one has suggested that American college students should learn to play the lyre or write Elizabethan sonnets. It would be almost as unfair to say that the arts college is pledged to disseminate the sum total or even the most desirable characteristics of various cultures. For, although our present culture is truly heir to all the ages—although every social usage draws on all the past and goes back to the great mystery of creation just as does every cell of our bodies—yet, each culture is more than a composite of the past. It is unique, new. Every culture is a whole, with each thread wonderfully interwoven throughout the whole fabric. A college can not possibly present a composite of all important cultures or even their outstanding characteristics. The constituent characteristics are too closely woven—too interdependent.

It would be still more absurd for the college to try either to set up an ideal culture or even to discover the characteristics of an ideal culture. Not until civilization has been perfected and humanity has achieved that serene state of idyllic bliss in which pain shall have vanished and thornless roses grow unplanted in the buttonholes of men's lapels—not until we are ultimately wise shall we ever find a perfect culture. A culture must, rather, be nourished in the life of the community itself. Its roots must be entwined with the roots of the economic tree, and it must feed upon the soil from which spring the plants and grasses of social custom. No college should try to teach its youth a composite of all culture; nor should it try to create a new one. Either of these would be a task far too heroic.

The individual who wishes to be cul-

tured must meet the standards which are maintained by the *élite*, and which may be divided into three groups. First, he must acquire a certain body of knowledge, or at least a considerable sampling of it. Second, he is expected to have certain psychological attitudes toward life in general and toward many specific things in life. And third, he is expected to have certain abilities. Inasmuch as he measures up to these standards he will be considered cultured; inasmuch as he falls short he will be considered uncultured.

We often ask ourselves, "Does America actually have a culture?" This question may be more easily answered if we divide it into these three parts: Is there a definite body of knowledge with which outstanding Americans are commonly conversant? Do they have a more or less uniform outlook on life—a widely accepted psychological attitude toward life and toward certain things of life? Do they have certain abilities in common?

What body of knowledge is common to Americans of wide experience? They know something of hygiene, etiquette, sociology, psychology, history, travel, geography, law, international affairs, mechanics, business, natural science and many other things. Perhaps this colorless generality does not seem very significant. Then, if you will, take the first of the above topics—hygiene. It is at once apparent that intelligent Americans not only possess a body of information on this subject, but they know more about it than any other group on earth or in the history of the world. The same thing is true of psychology, business and perhaps more of these topics. There is so much every-day knowledge taken for granted that we are greatly surprised to discover what a tremendous body of information cultivated Americans do

possess in common. It is surely no exaggeration to say that in 1934 the most intelligent ten per cent of Americans hold more facts and principles in common than the highest ten per cent from any group prior to 1900; and surely in respect to such knowledge Americans would compare favorably with the highest ten per cent of Englishmen, Germans or Frenchmen. As far as possessing a common knowledge is concerned we have some claim to a distinctive American culture—as much claim as almost any other group that could be named.

Next we ask what psychological attitudes are common to all cultivated Americans? We might name first “the scientific attitude” without which one does not belong to this age. Another prominent psychological attitude is our worship of success—achievement in any form. Americans believe in advertising, in big business, in personal liberty. They are confident that human destiny is not in the hands of inexorable fate, nor are they willing to yield themselves to religious veneration. It is obvious, then, that modern Americans have in common many psychological attitudes—attitudes which distinguish their culture from all those that have gone before.

What abilities do most outstanding Americans have? The abilities of men are somewhat different from those of women. The typical modern American man is able to care for machinery and electrical appliances. He can live with some degree of comfort in the open and acquit himself creditably in various recreations all the way from dominoes to bridge. Most outstanding Americans know how to travel. They can speak in public more or less effectively, and keep a set of books if driven to it. The cultivated young matron has considerable

ability in home planning, child care, and other aspects of home economics, as well as in dancing and cards, and perhaps some ability in music. The cultured individuals of no other era had quite these same abilities.

Perhaps American culture is not so clearly defined as were those of many historic civilizations. We have not settled upon any literature, such as did England when she took the Latin literature, nor any definite religious philosophies as are held in India, nor have we any feudal system as once was found in Japan. The lively and dominant individuals who are responsible for the molding of our national life are still engaged in the process of developing a distinctive culture. But enough has already been accomplished to indicate that America does have a culture—one which is distinctive from the culture of a hundred years ago as Greek culture was different from that of the Chinese. A hundred years ago the cultured American gentleman proudly showed his library of a thousand or more volumes, and affectionately handled his favorite books. They were his “Open Sesame” to vigorous thinking, and it was chiefly through them that he was able to find stimulating intellectual material. His culture, therefore, came almost wholly from a well defined body of accepted literature.

Today, on the other hand, our man of accomplishment is driven into vigorous thinking by magazines, radio, newspapers, speeches, advertising, business, personal contact with miracles of medicine and by brushing up against dozens of new and vigorous personalities each week. All these sources of intellectual material are put to him with tremendous driving force. No longer can we say that the literature of the past is the store-

house of our national culture. Most of our knowledge comes from other sources; our attitudes are absorbed largely from personal contacts that beat thick upon us in this thundering juggernaut of men and machines which we call modern civilization; and it is obvious that our abilities are not identified with literature.

There is no need to regret this break from traditional literature as the source of educational stimulation. The much romanticized Golden Age of Greece was not so much an age of reading as of talking. Greek education was made up of wrestling and public speaking, curious tales of foreign travel and affairs of state, the indecent daring of the most recent lurid drama and the exquisite workmanship of some chaste sculpture. Education was informal—it was merely the satisfaction of natural curiosity and the normal unfolding of the complete man. The culture of Greece rested upon an eager intellectual curiosity, and was kept alive and developed by peripatetic scholars—walking and talking teachers, not by books. There is no reason why the culture of a people must be passed on to the youth by the use of the classical literature.

III

If culture is a code—a code that is understood by the more lively intelligences of the time—and if we propose to introduce our youth to that code as it has been developed in our own social group, it follows that we should first discover as exactly as possible the precise nature of the code, and then make it most easily available to our youth. There is this further implication: the material required for a liberal arts degree should be required uniformly of all. That is to say, if a knowledge of

botany is an essential part of a liberal arts education we should not allow a student to substitute chemistry. Nor should French and Latin be interchangeable. The requirements for an arts degree should be limited to the knowledge, psychological attitudes and skills which mark our outstanding men and women. Beyond this broad and common training of America's *élite* lies specialization. There are those who say no one can be liberally educated until he has gone to the roots of one particular subject. It is therefore customary to require the student to "major" in some department of his choice. Such specialization may be splendid for the building of character and of scholarly habits, but by the definition itself—by whatever would seem to be a reasonable definition of a *liberal* education—specialization is automatically excluded.

Higher education is not altogether lacking in influence, naturally. Institutions of higher learning have unquestionably been a most important factor in formulating our present national culture. More often, however, the influence of the college has been indirect. A single student, or at least a relatively small group, may be impressed within his college walls by an idea about which his fellow students share little knowledge and no enthusiasm. But after graduation this single student may succeed in thrusting that idea upon the entire public. Take the matter of health, for example. There are few college courses in hygiene which exercise a significant and direct influence upon the health habits of the student body. At the same time, the American attitude toward personal hygiene is one of the outstanding characteristics of our civilization; and it doubtless came almost wholly from college-trained men—bacteriologists, doc-

tors, writers, advertisers, lecturers. In such a manner American higher education, operating indirectly through a few specialists, has exercised tremendous influence over all our lives—including the socialization of our government, the creation of new entertainment, the revolution in transportation and the discovery and marketing of new foods.

There is no reason why the college should not attempt to formulate, or at least improve, our national culture. But the task of building it on French or Latin, calculus or physics, is too heroic for us to attempt. We can not build on the Bible, as did our Puritan fathers. There is surely very little in the body of accepted English literature which can be utilized. Many of the things taught in college, if required of the entire student body, would be useless in the formation of a national culture; and those subjects which might provide material, such as zoölogy and history, are usually taught so unimaginatively and with such poor selection of subject matter that they likewise have little value. Mr. and Mrs. Cultured America may be able to resuscitate from some college course in literature a few scattered impressions about Browning or some fragmentary information from a course in zoölogy, but the things in which they have developed a genuine and lively interest since graduation were not even touched by their college curriculum.

It is true that the liberal arts college must build the educational structure with the materials of the past; but it should build upon the foundation of the present and with a purpose *toward*, and a vision *of*, the future. The college instructor in the history of art would have us appreciate the mutilated lines in a broken fragment of Greek sculpture; but an intelligent criticism of current

automobile design or of modern trends in domestic architecture would be more easily understood and more helpful. At one time or another there have been cultures which demanded thorough acquaintance with such subjects as Shakespeare, trigonometry and French. That time is past. Our present national culture has appropriated new fields of subject matter. This does not mean that Shakespeare, trigonometry and French should be entirely eliminated from our curricula. As long as people enjoy or profit by such subjects let them be taught. But in awarding the liberal arts degree they should not be required.

A defender of the *status quo* might seek a rhetorical victory by saying, "But we don't require French now. The student may choose other foreign languages." This serves to sharpen the issue and we reply that it is possible for an individual in America today to be cultured in the liberal arts of our time without a single day's training in any foreign language. For proof of this you need but look about you. How many cultured Americans do you know who are well acquainted with any foreign language?

Far be it from me to depreciate the need for cultural training. But I do want to point out that, contrary to the general assumption, the modern liberal arts college is not providing an educational programme of truly *liberalizing* arts. I do not stop with saying that college education is impractical, but venture to assert that for the most part the whole programme is unrelated to culture—unrelated to the culture of this age and perhaps only remotely related to the culture of other ages.

IV

It is one of the interesting but unfortunate vagaries of human psychology

that drives the normal individual to evangelize the type of education which he has himself received. Of course this is true of all human activities. We all are missionaries of our own interests and activities. We like to have others eat the foods we eat, play the games we play, and read the books we read; if we happen to have been thoroughly trained in mathematics and were fairly successful in it, we are likely to insist that every one else should take the same course of study. There are many instances of youth being forced to acquire a mass of meaningless material because it is traditional. A lodge ritual is passed to the neophytes with the solemn injunction that thus it has been repeated for hundreds of years and must therefore be preserved in similar form for all time to come. Can we blame the venerable scholar who found recreation in reading Greek for his protest when a knowledge of that language was no longer required for a bachelor of arts degree? Since he had benefited by his study of Greek, he thought with all sincerity that true culture had been forsaken.

There is a wide-spread impression that genuine culture may be secured only through the writings of the distant past. Thus to know the history of dining room chairs would be considered cultural; but to be able to make one would be far below the dignity of any of the liberal arts. We are asked to search the remote beginnings of everything and every idea. Now it is true that at the time of the Renaissance, and for some time after, the key to culture lay in a knowledge of Greek and Roman civilizations and especially in a knowledge of such learning as had fortunately been preserved in ancient manuscripts. These classics constituted the chief source of the best available wisdom, and they

served as a cultural code—a common medium of exchange among the highest intelligences of the time. But during the Renaissance this practice of going to the past became so well established that among scholars it has become a thing of habit and has been accorded a reverence which it no longer deserves. Men are doing straighter thinking and better writing now than ever before. Our better magazines are rich with vigorous thinking and vibrant with modern life; yet how many colleges lead their students to these sources of culture? Every year there are new dramas, new books, new discoveries in science and new creations in art—all of which are closely bound up with the life we are living. Yet our *liberal arts* colleges almost ignore them. Only those who are warped by an unreasonable devotion to their own idealistic conceptions of an unreal past can find greater happiness in the long confined cultures of resurrected civilizations than in our own age.

This is not meant as a disparagement of the study of former institutions, either ancient or more recent, but they should be studied for the purpose of meeting the needs of modern culture. In the typical course in history students are expected to learn much which they will never use again, and which therefore can not constitute a culture or contribute to it. Who of us uses these facts we so carefully studied: the military developments of the American Revolution, the numerous coalitions and alliances of European diplomacy, the details of the Hayes-Tilden controversy? On the other hand, it is significant to our modern culture that we know something of Queen Elizabeth and her times, something of the history of nationalism, political parties and democracy. History is useful to modern culture

in helping us appreciate modern literature and art, and also in building a certain attitude of sophistication toward the institutions of our own time.

Educationalists seem foresworn, not only to an historical approach, but to analysis. The whole laboratory method of instruction consists largely of tearing things apart. The assumption is that if a student actually tears something to pieces he will understand it better. But sometimes the process only confuses him, and in order to get his notebook prepared he is forced to secure the aid of some friend who is able to "see through it." Even at best the laboratory method is an expensive and slow process of education. Our common sense is appealed to when we hear advanced educators claim that they can teach the significant contributions of natural science much more rapidly and more surely by the lecture demonstration method.

Another reason for the inadequacy of much college instruction may be attributed to the fact that the beginning course in each of the "departments" of knowledge has been designed, not to give a broad sweep of the whole field, but rather to provide an introduction which will constitute the first step of those who intend to "major" in the subject. It is obvious that the first course of the student who intends to devote his life to botany might be very different from a course given a whole student body for cultural purposes and required for a bachelor of arts degree.

Liberal arts colleges leave large fields untouched. In our present civilization a man who knows nothing of mechanics, or a woman who knows nothing of interior decoration, is not cultured—if we accept a definition of culture based on the modern intelligence. Yet how many

so-called liberal arts colleges offer guidance in the study of such subjects, much less require them for a bachelor of arts degree? Other neglected fields are personal and public health, management of personal finances, investment and insurance, geography, marital relations and rearing of children, current literature and modern art, music, dress, etiquette and a profitable use of leisure. Think of those untouched fields! Then think of the painful instruction on antiquated, useless subjects, and we can scarcely fail to sympathize with the rebellion of students against the programme of study which they are forced to take in the typical liberal arts college. The so-called "liberal" college is no longer a truly liberating institution—no longer engaged in freeing the individual into a realm of unhampered and equal intercourse with the best minds of the age. The college is so interested in other cultures that it has neglected the best thinking of our own time and our own people. It is so engrossed in Shakespeare that it almost forgets Eugene O'Neill.

v

Some of these concepts and suggestions have not appeared in educational literature; others have already enjoyed interesting and usually successful experimentation. President Meiklejohn, at Amherst College, was among the first to break in this general direction. The University of Chicago has been the most recent noteworthy and vigorous departure from the traditional liberal arts training.

But even those who are most progressive in the field of higher education do not seem to recognize that the culture of today, as found among the foremost intelligences of our time, is quite

different from the culture of 1850. Their reforms seem to have been inspired by an effort, not to help young people acquire the culture of our own age, but rather to make the study of traditional subjects more acceptable to modern youth. They have attempted to be more gentle and more subtle, but essentially they are still trying to implant a love for the culture of generations past.

If an instructor in calculus or Anglo-Saxon should be so enthusiastic over his subject, so charming in his personality and so lively in his teaching that students flocked to his courses, he would be called a great teacher. Young men and women might be graduated from the institution skilled in calculus or Anglo-Saxon as the case might be—never to use such knowledge again! The professor would perhaps gain the headship of his department, prestige and the maximum salary—when, as a matter of fact, he should be censured for enticing young people into wasteful and unprofitable effort—prostituting his subject by seducing youth away from its best interests.

One young man was led by a kindly and persuasive professor into thinking that the road to culture lay through Latin and Greek with a minor in mathematics. Today that young man, now nearing middle age, bitterly resents his years of effort on the classics, and regretfully wishes he knew something of music, art and other subjects that would fit more nearly into the demands of modern culture. There are too many such cases in the flood of "bachelors of arts" which pours upon us every June. Their so-called "liberal arts" training

has been a half-hearted, jumbled, confusing introduction partly to the cultures of dead civilizations and partly to such sciences and other subjects as can neither be remembered nor have any value. These young college graduates have a right to be dissatisfied.

It is most encouraging to see our several hundred liberal arts colleges engaged in an impatient self-analysis, and searching for new educational experiences through various forms of reorganization. But they need to examine more carefully the fundamental basis of all their work. They need to accept a new definition of culture. After all, the culture of former ages can not be imposed on our youth. Let the colleges, therefore, first study the culture of the age in which they work. Only after exhaustive research and thoughtful consideration can a curriculum of the truly *liberal* arts be built to meet the needs of modern culture.

These suggestions need not imply that the liberal arts colleges should lower their standards. They should always furnish instruction beyond the contemporary attainments of cultured people. The arts colleges should build upon and above the culture of their time. But they must not build apart from the structures which are best known and most admired in our own age—lest all their work be lost. If the arts colleges accept somewhat cheerfully the culture of our own time they will doubtless find much that is good; and what is more, they can confidently count themselves a most significant force in directing the constant evolution of our national culture.

The Hollywood Purge

BY WILLIAM E. BERCHTOLD

What has the Legion of Decency campaign succeeded in doing to the movies?

MOST industrialists whose products bid for a nation-wide market have developed through experience an attitude of mild contempt toward minority groups who harass them with demands from time to time. Hollywood's gloss of sophistication has never been sufficient, apparently, to steel its Barons of Celluloid against the haranguing attacks of minorities. While conversation along Broadway among theatre people was placing no extraordinary importance in the Legion of Decency drive against the films, it took only an overnight flight from Broadway to Hollywood to convince me that the producers in the major studios were seriously disturbed at the threat of a boycott against their products on the grounds of vulgarity, obscenity and indecency. And when Hollywood becomes disturbed over anything, its feverish activity is a mania that affects every phase of studio planning. The film capital is in the throes of such a disturbance now; the Catholic Legion of Decency has reached the brain of the Hollywood producer through his pocketbook.

The Hollywood mind is inextricably bound up with the dollar sign. While most industries have developed reason-

ably scientific indicators of public taste as a key to developing their products, that vast audience which buys an average of 75,000,000 tickets at cinema box-offices in the United States each week has defied scientific analysis of its tastes. The tinkling of a cash register at the box-office is the only reliable indicator, and the Hollywood mind is naturally attuned to it. Anything which may interfere with the box-office cash register, such as a threatened boycott of a substantially organized minority group, becomes a serious menace. Sometimes the demands of minority groups, loud in voice but short on effective action, are mistaken for the demands of the vast movie-going public itself. Such mistakes are certain to be written on the books of the motion picture companies in red.

As both the reformers and the motion picture producers have taken occasion to point out at various times, only the Bible and the Koran have an indisputably larger circulation than the latest Hollywood film. The screen is an unquestionably great educational force, and the calls upon producers to direct that force in a certain direction are numerous. Peace societies want anti-war films. Patriotic societies ask for pictures

which glorify love of country as their social goal. Societies for the prevention of crime turn thumbs down on gangster films, and insist on endings which invariably portray the law as triumphant. Nearly every trade and business has at one time or another sought the aid of the motion picture producers in putting across their particular products. The stereotyped screen hero has long been a cigarette or pipe smoker; now the cigar manufacturers are asking the producers to portray cigar smoking as a habit of male leads. The anti-tobacco crusaders have long attempted to confine smoking as a habit solely to villains. Industries rise up in wrathful indignation when the motion pictures portray their activities in anything but a favorable light. The newspaper publishers protested vigorously against such films as *Five Star Final*, and succeeded in having two subsequent newspaper films changed to meet their demands. The aircraft industry protested against the original version of *Central Airport*, and succeeded in having some of its most harrowing scenes removed from the final prints. And so the demands of self-interested groups which feel that their interests are being damaged through this great educational force—the motion picture—pour in upon Hollywood daily. Many of the criticisms are justified and the producers attempt to meet those requests; most of the criticisms are the narrow views of small but sometimes highly organized minorities who could never obtain the sanction of those millions who line up at cinema box-offices each week.

The motion picture could be an art or a science or a great educational medium or a business; it is all four, but principally it is a business. The motion

picture producer is not primarily concerned with improving the public mind. It is his chief interest to provide entertainment, not propaganda, for millions of people who are willing to pay \$1,250,000,000 at the box-office each year. He might consciously give every film a propaganda turn toward a social goal approved by the reformers, but it is doubtful whether the 75,000,000 who approach the cinema box-offices each week would pay for it as entertainment. The world has just been furnished with an opportunity to study the effects of political propaganda presented as entertainment in Germany since the advent of the Nazi régime. The Nazi stage and the Nazi screen have been dominated by pointed political propaganda. Those who have seen the films say they have been handled with high technical skill, but the dull uniformity of the propaganda message has kept millions upon millions away from the theatres in each succeeding month since the campaign started. The results at the box-office have been so alarming (reaching an attendance reduction of forty-five per cent) that the Minister of Propaganda in September agreed to lighten the propaganda burden on the film production schedule, and the practice of giving customers' tickets (discarded a year ago as a "Jewish uneconomic idea"), entitling the bearer to admission on the payment of a small sum, has been resumed to bolster up attendance. It is doubtful whether economic or social propaganda, which in the last analysis is the unannounced goal of most of the cinema reform groups, would have any greater success than political propaganda has had in Germany. Censorship is no more than a negative veto which seeks to obtain the same ends from a social standpoint that the Nazi propa-

gandists obtained through positive action for political purposes.

II

The American motion picture industry first faced the problem of censorship as early as 1909, when a concerted attempt to restrict the exhibition of pictures in New York City resulted in the closing of all motion picture theatres by the mayor. When exhibitors appealed to the late Dr. Charles Sprague Smith, founder and director of the People's Institute of New York (a citizens' bureau of social research), he formed a committee representing civic, social and religious agencies which became the National Board of Censorship. The financial burden imposed upon the committee became heavy in 1914, and it accepted money from the producers. Some of the committee members resigned in a row which followed acceptance of the subsidy from producers, and the organization changed its name to the National Board of Review, with its purpose the "selection" and not the censorship of films. Charges of laxity brought renewed demands for State censorship and the New York Legislature passed a censorship law in 1916, which was vetoed. By 1921, with the success of national Prohibition legislation, the reformers were calling for film censorship laws throughout the country, thirty-six States considering censorship bills in that year. Several States passed film censorship laws which are still in operation: Pennsylvania (1911), Ohio and Kansas (1913), Maryland (1916), New York and Florida (1921), and Virginia (1922). Congress has considered several bills for a Federal censorship of films, the first in 1915 and the latest only last March, when Wright Patman, Demo-

crat of Texas, sought to prohibit block-booking and to create a Federal Motion Picture Commission. More than thirty cities censor films through their municipal licensing ordinances. Chicago censors, the strictest of the municipal reviewers, delete anything that shows a machine gun; Pennsylvania will not approve, among other things, any sequence which deals with rioting; Kansas has deleted lines of dialogue referring to a night club bar, even though no bar was shown in the picture; and through the various censorship organizations from several hundred to several thousand deletions are made in feature pictures each year. The annual cost of censorship, both legal and voluntary, is estimated at from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000.

Not one Federal or State censorship bill has been passed since 1922, not so much because political censorship where tried has been petty and ineffectual, but because the motion picture industry retained the services in that year of its high-powered lobbyist and self-styled tsar, Will Hays. He has carried on a campaign of self-regulation within the industry to meet the demands of minority groups which march on Hollywood. He has been hailed as an elevator of the human race and damned as a corrupter of world morals. Obviously, he can not be both. Gilbert Miller once called him the "highest salaried nitwit in America" and Canon Chase pictured him as "the greatest enemy of civilization." Damned on numerous occasions for passing sex pictures, he was once charged in a law suit with impairing the happiness and health of the people by discountenancing sex pictures. His enemies charge that he has met criticism by "putting his critics on his payroll," and the charge is not without sub-

stantiation in fact, for an investigation of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America revealed that fifty-two influential persons, representing religious or social organizations interested in cinema morality, had accepted salaries, honoraria or expense money from the Hays organization, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. Tsar Hays, long an elder in the Presbyterian church (one of the militant Protestant denominations in earlier crusades against the films) and one-time Indiana politician and Postmaster General under President Harding, was ably fitted through church, political and lodge affiliations to stop the flood of censorship legislation which worried the producers in 1922. That the producers were pleased with his efforts was proved in 1924 when his five-year contract calling for an annual salary of \$100,000 was torn up, and another one raising his salary to \$150,000 and extending his tenure ten years was substituted. By keeping the reform forces flattered, disorganized and bewildered, he has achieved a remarkable degree of freedom for the screen in America. Each succeeding reform crusade against the films for more than a decade was successfully met with promises to meet the demands of the minority and a subsequent display of frenzied activity at self-regulation.

But Tsar Hays has definitely lost caste in the estimate of many Hollywood officials as the result of his inability to attune his efforts at self-regulation to the tempo of the demands of the Catholic hierarchy before the move for a Legion of Decency got under way. The motion picture producers in the Hays organization adopted a production code in 1930 which was even written by a Catholic priest, the Rever-

end Daniel A. Lord, S.J., of St. Louis, Missouri. The code was considered excellent on paper, but Tsar Hays's enforcement of it was considered lax. The fault was not wholly his, for the enforcement machinery provided for a committee of appeal made up of three producers chosen from the several studios to whom disputed films were submitted for review. An understood policy of "you-pass-my-questionable-films-and I'll-pass-yours" took the real power out of the hands of the Hays censor, and reduced the code to so many words in a little booklet. The Most Reverend John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Los Angeles, a close observer of the Hollywood tactics, sent letters to the Bishops of the 104 Catholic sees in the United States, then brought the matter before the annual conference of American bishops in Washington in November, 1933. The result was the appointment of the Catholic Bishops' Committee on Motion Pictures headed by the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the subsequent organization of the Legion of Decency campaign. The Catholic hierarchy was aiming at nothing more than organizing the 20,000,000 Catholics in America to prove the force of Tsar Hays's oft repeated statement: "The box-office delivers the final verdict on our product."

The Legion of Decency moved to boycott films which it judged as vulgar, obscene and indecent. That arch-zealot of motion picture purity, His Excellency, Dennis, Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, called for a Catholic boycott of all movies until he decreed that the ban should be lifted in his archdiocese. His subsequent visit to Rome brought to the crusade the blessing of Pope Pius XI. What started as a liberal

move to clean up immoral motion pictures swung for a time toward a rabid crusade to remove sex, love and crime as subjects for motion picture treatment. The Catholic Legion of Decency was soon offered the support of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, long a critic of Hollywood, and the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis, the strongest rabbinical organization in the world. The ubiquitous professional reformers of every variety, always sure of nation-wide publicity during a morality crusade against Hollywood, rushed in to join the campaign. The Catholics soon had many odd bedfellows, some of whom had previously advocated birth control legislation, the abolition of parochial schools and the banning of sacramental wines. The confusion became worse with the announcement of black and white lists in several archdioceses, displaying an alarming disparity of opinion as to what was moral and what was immoral in the current output from Hollywood.

Tsar Hays might have been given cause for a time to believe that this campaign, like so many others by religious organizations in past years, was due to break up on the rocks of intramural bickering and disorganized confusion. To those who knew the potential organizing power of the Catholic hierarchy and the temper of the Catholic Bishops' Committee it was clear, however, that Tsar Hays could not expect to flatter and cajole the Catholic crusaders into submission through one of his typical hallelujah revival speeches, in which he gives away Hollywood like a souvenir ("The films are yours, not ours.") and promises something like a perpetual Lent. Martin Quigley, a Catholic who publishes several movie magazines, persuaded Tsar Hays to

stay away from the Cincinnati meeting of the Catholic Bishops' Committee in June and to send Joseph I. Breen, Catholic press agent for the Eucharistic Congress in 1926, as his emissary. Breen and Quigley went to Cincinnati, and Breen subsequently was endowed with unlimited powers for self-regulatory censorship of films as the Hays prime minister in Hollywood. He has been responsible for the Great Hollywood Purge.

III

Mr. Breen and his staff of aides now pass on all pictures from the time the stories are submitted to the studios until the final scenes have been filmed. The studios have further agreed to give theatre managers the right to cancel any picture on moral grounds which had been released prior to July 15, when Mr. Breen and his staff began their issuance of what Hollywood calls a "purity seal," and what Tsar Hays prefers to have called a "certificate of approval." The seal is now familiar to all on the screen as an assurance that the picture which follows has been given a clean bill of health. Mae West's most recent picture, *Belle of the Nineties*, finally appeared with full benefit of the "purity seal," but not until after its title had been changed, lines had been eliminated, whole sequences had been remade with a censor on the set during re-taking and a new final ending added. The West picture furnishes an excellent example of some of the problems which arise from censorship of even a self-regulatory brand. Under the lively title *It Ain't No Sin*, the West picture was in production when the Legion of Decency drive began and was completed for release late in June. The heat of the new self-regulation drive within the in-

dustry and criticism of the New York State censors sent it back to Hollywood for laundering. It has long been one of the reformers' criticisms that the marriage ceremony figures too seldom in motion pictures, Dr. W. W. Charters in his studies for the Payne Fund supporting these criticisms with the fact that only fifteen per cent of the males and twenty-one per cent of the females in the hundreds of pictures he examined subscribed to matrimony. Those entering into the spirit of the Hollywood Purge decided that Miss West must add a marriage ceremony to her picture in addition to changing the title from *It Ain't No Sin* to *Belle of the Nineties*. As every cinema-goer now knows, that marriage ceremony before a justice of the peace, in which she makes holy the wedlock she had clearly been out of for a long time, adds an hilarious touch to the whole performance, one which Miss West and Paramount did not have as their original thesis. As St. Clair McKelway in his *New Yorker* review of the picture said: "If she has been forced to preach a thoroughly immoral sermon in *Belle of the Nineties*, I don't see how anybody, especially Paramount, can do anything but laugh. Without the assistance of the outsiders, Miss West could never, I am sure, have been able so blatantly to urge the young to think twice before settling down, or to demonstrate so forcibly that the wages of sin are a good, fat drawing account, and expenses." Yet *Belle of the Nineties* in its revised form met the demands of the censors; it was a far better picture from a production standpoint; and as the exhibitors who showed it on Broadway for three weeks to big houses pointed out: "Now It Ain't No Sin to see Mae West in *Belle of the Nineties*."

Hollywood's frenzied efforts to inter-

pret the demands of the crusaders has taken many other forms. Jean Harlow's newest picture was retitled from *One Hundred Per Cent Pure* to *Born to be Kissed* to *The Girl from Missouri* before the Breen censors were satisfied. A continuity editor's failure to see that an exit for Gilbert Roland from Claire Trevor's room was filmed in *Eleanor Norton* following a crucial scene and time lapse caused Hamilton McFadden to cover the lapse with an afternoon's re-takes. Many of Bette Davis's most vivid scenes in *Of Human Bondage*—all taken from the novel—were sacrificed to the morality campaign, only to have reviewers criticize the film for this unfaithfulness to the novel. Claudette Colbert's *Cleopatra* was pruned of several exotic touches, as was Marlene Dietrich's *Scarlet Empress* and Dolores Del Rio's *Madame DuBarry*. These pictures, which were in production when the agitation for cleaner films became strong, were changed in celluloid, but all scheduled after July 15 have been cleansed to suit the Hollywood censors before shooting was started. More than 100 novels or plays, including *Barbary Coast* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, have been shelved temporarily. If they are brought to the screen at all, the authors will not be likely to recognize their own works. The reformers may be pleased with the results; those who complain against the screen's distortion of original works will be displeased; and the producers will depend upon the salacious publicity given the titles to tide them over at the box-office.

Horizontal love scenes and prolonged kisses have been outlawed, although the reformers and censors themselves have difficulty in determining what constitutes a prolonged kiss. When *The Merry Widow* was in

production, the censors decreed that a scene which called upon Maurice Chevalier to lift Jeanette MacDonald into his arms, carry her across the room, and place her on a sofa (making love to her as he did so) must be eliminated. Director Ernst Lubitsch chose to argue the point with Mr. Breen, contending that the scene was absolutely necessary to the comedy. He was finally permitted to use it, "*if Miss MacDonald keeps her feet on the floor as she is placed on the sofa.*" Such split-hair decisions are said to be numerous in all studios, and there is no guarantee that the reformers will agree with the final decision, no matter how sincerely it is made. *Little Man, What Now* and *The Life of Vergie Winters* were passed by the Hays office, then later condemned by individual church groups. *Of Human Bondage* was on the white list in some Catholic archdioceses and on the black list in others.

IV

Director Lubitsch expressed the thoughts of many producers and directors when he said: "If I, at the present time, should be asked to make a great and sincere picture on a serious subject, I should be forced to reply that it would be impossible for me to do so. Even the greatest of Biblical characters would fall under the scissors of the censors. As matters stand, I can work with almost complete freedom on light, flimsy stories like *The Merry Widow*, but it would be impossible for me to produce a film which pretended at any profundity in story and character. In making *Faust*, for example, I would find that here is a girl who gives birth to an illegitimate child and who kills the child, and it would be impossible for an artist to evade that fact. If the producers

would permit me, I should like nothing better than to take \$400,000 of their money and produce a film version of *Faust* just for the satisfaction of having it censored and of hearing the censors inform the public that Goethe is an immoral writer. The difference, as I see it, between the vulgarizing effect and the uplifting effect of art is the difference between the bad artist and the good artist."

The producers are not likely to risk \$400,000 on such a Lubitsch experiment at the present time, for they are leaning over backward in their attempt to eliminate any story which might prove a financial boomerang through mutilation by the censors or a church boycott. The outstanding success of *Little Women* with Katherine Hepburn has dictated the casting of Miss Hepburn in *The Little Minister*, and the digging up of the Gene Stratton Porter story *Laddie*, which RKO characterizes as a *Little Women* with boys. The titles of some of the current or future releases will suggest the trend of the times: *Girl of the Limberlost*, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, *David Copperfield*, *Kim*, *Freckles*, *The Good Earth*, *Call of the Wild*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Sequoia*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Becky Sharp*, *Treasure Island*, *Peck's Bad Boy*, *Captain Blood* and *The Student Prince*. And with *Black Beauty* expected to join the list at any time.

Such stars as Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Harold Lloyd and Jean Muir, who are public symbols for "cleanliness" in film characterization, are being worked overtime. Two Will Rogers pictures, *Handy Andy* (small town druggist) and *Judge Priest* (small town

judge) were rushed to the screen while Mr. Rogers was on his world tour, and five others are scheduled for shooting in rapid succession now that he has returned: *Life Begins at Forty* (a best-selling title to which a country editor story has been hitched); *One More Spring* (with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter); *The County Chairman* (small town politics); *What Am I Bid?* (an auctioneer); and another as yet untitled. The Fox studio is also rushing new stories for Shirley Temple, the five-year-old star who made such a hit in *Little Miss Marker* (Paramount), *Baby, Take A Bow* (Fox) and *Now and Forever* (Paramount). Other studios are searching for child stars, Universal having discovered Baby Jane Quigley as its bid for attention with juvenile pictures.

The 1934-35 film gangster is a far different personality as the result of the morality drive. Thanks to Tsar Hays, Mr. Breen and Damon Runyon, screen gangsters are no longer wicked; they are now gentlemen masquerading in wolves' clothing. *Little Miss Marker*, *Lady for a Day* and *Midnight Alibi* were typical of the new-style mollycoddle outlaw heroes whose better natures are aroused by old ladies or little Shirley Temple. *Hide-Out*, another picture of this new school, transforms a night club chiseler into a gentleman farmer. The gangster characterizations were due for a change; it might have been toward a more sordid treatment, but the "clean-up" campaign and Mr. Runyon's stories dictated the sugary trend.

Some producers are digging deep into history for their major characters in new films, reasonably certain that they can stay the censors' scissors on grounds of historical accuracy. Such a

masterful pioneer as Cecil B. DeMille (*Ten Commandments*, *King of Kings*, *The Sign of the Cross*) is turning again to a broad religious canvas for his next picture *The Crusades*, after a none too successful fling at a pagan spectacle in his recent *Cleopatra*. DeMille has said many times that "a religious picture has never failed" and proved his point gloriously with his three greatest pictures. The producer of a religious spectacle has no difficulty in concocting scenes of sadism, debauchery and warfare, for, since the incidents involve the ancients who did not believe in God, they are not questioned by reformers and religious crusaders against immoral films.

V

The Hollywood producers have for the most part taken the Legion of Decency drive as something more than the demands of an articulate minority group. They have interpreted it as an outward expression of the great mass of movie-goers themselves. Whether they are correct in giving such weight to their appraisal of these demands, only the next several months of box-office receipts will tell. They are anxious to learn whether the public which thronged to the so-called vulgarities of the last few years is the same public which is represented as calling for suppression now. Few of them question the validity of the attacks which have been made, although most of them fear that the attacks have been so violent as to delay progress in the artistic development of "sophisticated" and "adult" films at least several years. They admit that the menace of mediocrity is great. Vulgarity can be curbed and nudity draped through the voluntary censorship, but not dulness. Some of them feel

that the motion picture had just started to show signs of rising above the moribund standards which dominated it for many years, and they fear the worst as the result of returning to the building of pictures to social standards which apply to every one from five to eighty. Every attempt on the part of exhibitors to provide special performances of interest to children has failed; such performances have proved unprofitable if held more than once a week and on any day other than Saturday. They know that pictures widely endorsed for their fine moral and educational values rarely have good box-offices. The local exhibitor, who has the privilege of canceling ten per cent of the pictures for which he has signed up under the block-booking arrangement, rarely cancels a Mae West, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich feature, but often checks out the *Abraham Lincolns* and *Evangelines* which he knows from experience will put him in the red.

Although Hollywood is credited with extraordinary powers as an educational influence, some of the smartest producers have long realized that they can not advance a viewpoint on war or crime or love or any other subject and expect it to be a success at the box-office, unless the public mind is receptive to that viewpoint at the time it is advanced. The story editor of one of the biggest studios in Hollywood recently traced for me the history of the successful war pictures in terms of the public attitude toward war at the time each feature was released. What else could explain the success of such widely varying treatments of war as *My Four Years in Germany*, *Shoulder Arms*, *The Big Parade*, *What Price Glory*, *Journey's End*, *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Farewell to Arms*? Here is the

whole gamut from Hate-the-Hun to comedy to romance to disillusionment to horror to pacifistic bitterness, and each capitalized on the state of the public mind for its success at the time of release. Similarly, the producers contend that many pictures which have been attacked by reformers are merely reflecting an era of sophistication, and that the reformers are attacking the mirror instead of the conditions which it reflects. It is an old, old habit of the sinner to rage at his sins instead of himself.

From another standpoint, the morality drive against the films by the united church groups might be taken as an illuminating commentary on the ineffectiveness of the churches to implant high moral standards in their flocks. If the churches in their age-old task of raising the moral standards of the community had met with reasonable success, the cheap vulgarity of the films would be so revolting to the church-educated movie-goer that his protest would be automatically registered at the box-office. The Hollywood producer has no desire to run counter to the dictates of the little rows of figures on the box-office cash register. It is principally because he believes that a militant high-powered campaign against Hollywood and all its works could affect the box-office for a time, that he is acceding to the demands of the reformers now. If the box-office returns of the next year fail to confirm that verdict, it will be a chapter in the motion picture industry's history which will be written in red ink on the companies' books.

Hollywood, already deep in red ink as the result of its flights of frenzied finance in the late 'Twenties, is in no mood to question the ability of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish church

groups to unite in a nation-wide movie boycott which might bankrupt the industry. It takes no more than a barrage of telegrams from civic, social or religious organizations, which claim memberships in millions, protesting against a particular film to unnerve the already jittery producer. The motion picture industry has a tremendous investment at stake: two billion dollars, of which \$110,000,000 is in production studios alone. Its profits in recent years have been uncertain and negligible, only Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Columbia Pictures maintaining a record in black figures throughout the depression years. The producers know that a typical *successful* picture which cost \$375,000 to produce will do well to return \$100,000 profit; this is *not* an average. The 300 feature pictures which figure in the industry's major production schedule for the year may cost as much as \$1,000,000 for a single feature; \$350,000 is not uncommon; although about one-third of the year's produc-

tion cost less than \$200,000 for each picture.

The crusade against Hollywood started by the several religious groups—and led by the Catholic Legion of Decency—could be a vital force in articulating the average movie-goer's dissatisfaction with the dull mediocrity of the product turned out by Hollywood for his entertainment. It appears more certain that it will succeed in banishing the crudest types of vulgarity and in draping the more notorious attempts at nudity, but it is quite likely that its zeal for reform will breed a kind of moronic mediocrity which will be more devastating than anything to which the cinema-going public has yet been subjected. The motion picture is America's only distinctive contribution to the arts; it is so closely tied up with the box-office dollar that nothing less than a vast improvement in public taste itself will ever raise it to the level it potentially deserves; and to expect that is to expect the millennium.



Hitler or Hohenzollern?

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

There are indications that Hitler is approaching a choice of monarchs

THE death of President von Hindenburg on August 2, and the seizure by Hitler of supreme power—more absolute, we are told, than that which any autocrat has exercised since the days of Jenghiz Khan—have brought Germany to another crossroads in her long and troubled history. In particular, it focuses attention on the question of Germany's future form of government. What is Hitler planning to do? Does the little corporal who has become Chancellor plan to model himself after Cromwell, after Bismarck, or after that other little corporal, Napoleon? In other words, does his assumption of the headship of the state mark the attainment of his ultimate goal? Or does the first Chancellor of the Third Reich intend to follow the example of his great predecessor, the first Chancellor of the Second Reich, and elevate the House of Hohenzollern to the German imperial throne? Or will he prefer to emulate Napoleon—the third of the name would furnish a more fitting analogy than the first—and place a crown upon his own head?

Before attempting to fathom the plans that Hitler has in mind, we must consider some of the questions that would arise should a restoration of the

monarchy be contemplated. It may be well to recall the broad outlines of the constitution of the German Empire as it existed from its foundation under William I in 1871 until its collapse a little less than forty-eight years later when the German military machine went down to defeat and William II, third and last German Emperor, fled ignominiously to Holland.

The shining armor, the mailed fist, the winged helmet, the fiercely upturned mustachios and the other picturesque appurtenances of the All-Highest War Lord bulked so large in the imagination of foreigners that they tended to forget that Germany boasted no less than twenty-one other reigning sovereigns besides the Kaiser himself. The German Reich was composed of twenty-five states. Three of these states, rather anomalously, were free cities with a republican form of government; the other twenty-two were monarchies ruled by hereditary sovereigns of varying rank. There were four kings—of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Württemberg. Six grand dukes, five dukes and seven princes completed the roster. The Reich was regarded primarily as a confederation of princes, not as a union of states. In

virtue of the importance of Prussia, which comprised three-fifths of the whole, the King of Prussia was recognized as a sort of hereditary president of the confederation under the title of Kaiser or emperor. The Kaiser was territorial sovereign of Prussia only; the other federated princes remained territorial sovereigns of their respective states. The Kaiser was simply a first among equals. This relationship was implied in his official title: he was not "Emperor of Germany," as he was often erroneously styled by foreigners, but "German Emperor." In theory, the other reigning princes continued to be sovereign and independent except in so far as they voluntarily transferred to the imperial government, of which the Kaiser was chief executive, certain functions, such as foreign affairs and national defense, which were most conveniently administered for Germany as a whole. Of course, the "voluntary" nature of this transfer of powers was largely a pious fiction; the South German states led by Bavaria joined Bismarck's Reich only when they were constrained to do so after their defeat by Prussia in the War of 1866.

With the revolution of 1918, all the states became republics, but they preserved their separate identities, save for some miniature states which were absorbed into larger units, thus reducing the total number from twenty-five to seventeen. There was a further centralization of power in the hands of the Reich government, but the states continued to exercise considerable jurisdiction in such fields as education and police administration.

In dealing with the problem of a monarchical restoration, therefore, one of the first questions that arises is this: will a restoration mean simply the set-

ting up of an emperor to rule a unitary Germany, or will it involve the reinstallation upon their respective thrones of all of the twenty-two reigning families, just as before 1918?

Those old-fashioned monarchists who cling to the idea of divine right advocate the latter course. The reigning princes, it is argued, no matter how petty may have been their states, occupied their thrones by a divine ordinance that transcended all merely human law; therefore they or their descendants have an indefeasible right to be restored to their thrones. Moreover, to attempt to single out one dynasty for restoration would have the practical consequence of alienating the adherents of other dynasties and thereby splitting the monarchist forces; if a Hohenzollern, for example, were selected, the Wittelsbachs, whom the Bavarian royalists follow almost to a man, might not lift a finger to help the cause.

On the other hand, there is a more realistic school of monarchists who argue that in these days neither a monarchy nor any other form of government can long survive without a broad basis of popular support. They point out that even the most autocratic régimes—such as those of Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler—claim to emanate from the people in the same breath that they pour contempt on democratic principles and that it is the loyalty of the great masses of the population that gives these régimes their tremendous strength. To claim divine right for even one dynasty is to stir up much popular resentment and opposition; to claim it for twenty-two dynasties simultaneously is to excite ridicule by a *reductio ad absurdum*. It were better, so it is argued, to follow the precedent set by Louis Philippe in 1830 and, discarding

all pretensions to divine right, boldly found the monarchy on the will of the people rather than on the grace of God: let the voice of the people be the voice of God. The restored monarch must be a *Volkskaiser*—a people's emperor.

II

Inasmuch as Hitler occupies a key position in the Reich, it is natural to inquire what are his expressed sentiments on the question of monarchy. First of all we may glance at his book *Mein Kampf* (*My Struggle*), which, published in two parts in 1924 and 1927, generally expresses his political opinions with less reserve than he has seen fit to employ since he became Chancellor in 1933.

The totalitarian state with absolute authority in the hands of one man is Hitler's pet political theory. This theory would naturally preclude the idea of setting up a score of hereditary sovereigns in as many states. As a matter of fact, Hitler mercilessly castigates the petty German dynasties for the part they played in obstructing the unification of Germany prior to 1871. Since he attained power, he has ended states' rights and centralized all authority in the hands of the Berlin government. At the same time, he expresses admiration for the great Prussian monarchs, whom he describes as having played a worthy part in the unification of Germany. Hitler's references to William II are everywhere couched in respectful terms, though he frequently chides the former Kaiser for having failed on this or that occasion to be guided by the peculiar notions since made the law of the land by the Nazi régime.

But nowhere in his book does Hitler make an unvarnished statement of his views on the institution of monarchy

in a unitary state. On the contrary, he cautiously sidesteps the issue by taking refuge in the time-hallowed device of ambiguity, beloved of demagogues through the ages. The demagogues' art consists in marshaling the innumerable and frequently contradictory discontents of a troubled era. He must alienate none of the diverse factions among his following. He must be all things to all men. He becomes a master of the art of concealing the absence of a specific programme under a superficial profundity of phrase. His oracular utterances must be so worded that they are open to whatever construction his hearers wish to put upon them. Hitler's pronouncement on the institution of monarchy is an unusually fine specimen of this ingenious art. "The [National Socialist] movement," he writes, "does not see its task in restoring this form of state or fighting against that, but in creating those fundamental principles without which neither republic nor monarchy can permanently endure. Its mission lies not in the founding of a monarchy nor in the establishment of a republic, but in the creation of a Germanic state."

So much for Hitler's words. What of his deeds? What has been his attitude toward the land-owning Junkers, who are the backbone of the German monarchist movement? His relations with them have passed through a series of vicissitudes, in the course of which it has seemed, now that he was working with them hand in glove, and now that he had irretrievably broken with them.

Hitler's first open alliance with the Junkers took place in October of 1931, when he made a political compact with two monarchist groups—the German National Party led by Dr. Alfred Hugenberg and the *Stahlhelm* (Steel Hel-

mets), a legion of War veterans led by Franz Seldte. The three groups pledged themselves, though maintaining their separate identities and programmes, to work in harmony toward the common goal of reawakening German nationalist sentiment. This coalition was popularly known as the Harzburg Front, from the name of the town where the bargain was struck.

In the middle of 1932, the German republic began to labor in heavy seas. Chancellor Brüning proposed to liquidate the bankrupt estates of the large number of Junkers who were unable to carry on without continuing to receive, under the guise of agricultural relief, governmental loans which there was no reasonable expectation of their ever being able to repay. President von Hindenburg, himself a Junker with a deep sense of loyalty to his order, was mortally affronted. He summarily dismissed Brüning. Colonel Franz von Papen was entrusted with the chancellorship and formed the frankly monarchist "Cabinet of Barons," recruited from among circles intimately associated with the Hugenberg Nationalists.

Hitler at first adopted a tolerant attitude toward the new cabinet. Supported as it was by only a fraction of the Reichstag, it could not continue forever to depend on the President's sanction alone; and Hitler counted upon it to smooth his own path to office. It soon became evident, however, that the Junkers were making a bold and independent bid for power. Their objective was to capture control of the great popular movement that Hitler had built up and harness it to their own chariot. Hitler had been the "drummer" of the nationalist revival, and was deemed to have served his purpose. The Junkers were now intent upon con-

vincing him that he could not gain office save by submitting to their terms, and to maneuver him into accepting a subordinate position as their ally. Abortive conferences between Hindenburg and Hitler brought this truth home to the latter. He was enraged by what he deemed an attempt to betray him. He went into violent opposition, joining the Communists, Social Democrats and Centrists in voting against the Junker cabinet. In the Reichstag Papen was supported only by the Hugenberg group and was voted down by a majority of sixteen to one. Convinced at last that his humiliating position had become untenable, Papen soon thereafter yielded place to General von Schleicher and entered into secret negotiations with Hitler.

Chancellor von Schleicher tried a new tactic. He covertly sought to seduce from their allegiance to Hitler a group of disaffected Nazis led by Gregor Strasser. Hitler, however, scented the intrigue and forestalled a secession that might have been disastrous by forthwith reading Strasser out of the party. By engaging in this intrigue, Schleicher and Strasser signed their own death warrants. They incurred Hitler's undying hatred, and were among those who received the attentions of his gunmen during the "purge" of June 30 last. Hitler is a man who forgets nothing and forgives nothing.

Papen, meanwhile, had succeeded in persuading Hitler to accept the chancellorship with a predominantly monarchist cabinet. Papen was to be Vice-Chancellor, Hugenberg Minister of Economics and Seldte Minister of Labor. Papen assured President von Hindenburg that with this bodyguard to keep watch over his actions, Hitler

would be effectually curbed. It seemed a plausible plan to the aged Field Marshal, whose most cherished dream was to further the restoration of the House of Hohenzollern. An old man, in a hurry, he was impelled to make the most momentous decision of his presidential career: on January 30, 1933, he appointed Hitler Chancellor of the Reich.

III

In accepting office under such conditions, Hitler proved himself a far shrewder judge of political realities than his Junker colleagues. He knew that once he was endued with the prestige of the chancellorship, the flagging spirits of his followers would be revived, and that this advantage, intangible though it might seem, would soon overbear the technicalities of constitutional procedure with which the Junkers were trying to hedge him in. The subsequent election saw a tremendous increase in the Nazi vote. By the simple expedient of outlawing the Communist deputies in the Reichstag, the Nazis acquired a majority over all. Thereafter the Junker members of the cabinet were at their mercy, except in so far as the senile and failing Hindenburg might still be able to exercise a restraining influence.

Naturally enough, Hitler had contracted an abiding personal aversion to both Hugenberg and Papen, who he felt had tried to play him a scurvy trick. He was resolved to throw them overboard at the first opportunity. Hugenberg's blazing indiscretions at the London Economic Conference, when he blurted out the truth concerning the Nazi ambitions of conquering territory in Russia, furnished an excuse to dispense with him, and he was constrained

to resign from the cabinet in June, 1933. Papen, however, was Hindenburg's favorite, and it was not until July of this year, when Hindenburg was sinking into his last sleep, that Hitler was able to rid himself of Papen's company by fobbing him off with an appointment as Minister to Austria.

During his first seventeen months of office—from his appointment on January 30, 1933, to the "purge" of June 30, 1934—Hitler's régime displayed a pronounced anti-monarchist bias. During this period the influence of Dr. Joseph Göbbels, who belongs to that wing of the Nazis which is strongly opposed to a restoration, was in the ascendant. He has on several occasions voiced his outspoken hostility to the idea. Associated with Dr. Göbbels in holding this point of view are Dr. R. W. Darré, Minister of Agriculture, who advocates a break-up of the landed estates of the Junkers, and Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the "philosopher" of the National Socialist movement. This group fears that a restoration would be a piece of flummery that would only serve to antagonize those sections of the working masses which were lured to the swastika standard by promises of radical changes.

During this first phase of Hitler's régime, monarchist societies were compelled to dissolve in company with all other non-Nazi organizations. Monarchist propaganda was forbidden. The Hugenberg press was muzzled to a degree unknown under the rule of the avowedly republican parties. The *Stahlhelm* was reorganized. Some of its recalcitrant leaders were expelled or arrested; its name was officially changed to "National Socialist Front Fighters' League"; and it was announced that eventually it would be

completely amalgamated with the Nazi Storm Troops.

The bias in favor of monarchy which Hitler had previously displayed suffered a sharp setback in consequence of the cavalier manner in which the Junkers had treated him. He was filled with a dislike of the monarchist leaders and a suspicion of their motives. Hitler and his intimates are men of lower middle class origin who have had to fight hard and unscrupulously to attain to their present positions of eminence. They can not but harbor a suspicion that if the Junkers play a decisive rôle in restoring the monarchy, nobility of birth will once more be made a prerequisite for holding high office, just as it was under the old imperial régime, and the hungry horde of demagogues, fanatics, atheists, neo-pagans, gunmen and doctors of philosophy that make up the Nazi movement will be suitably thanked and politely but firmly invited to return to the beer-cellars whence they emerged. Men like Hitler and Göring would never have had a chance of becoming Chancellor of the Reich or Prime Minister of Prussia in the old Hohenzollern days. A new crown-topped gilt frame that would enclose their own portraits might not be objectionable to them, but assuredly they are not going tamely to hand power and privilege on a platter to the Junkers and resign themselves to unwelcome obscurity. If there is to be a monarchy, it must be their monarchy and not the Junkers' monarchy. The emperor must be a purely symbolical figure who will not be in a position to interfere with Hitler's effectual control of the executive power. "The virtue and significance of the monarchical idea can not reside in the person of the monarch himself," writes Hitler in *Mein Kampf*. "The

idea takes precedence over the person, while the inner meaning of this form of government has to reside exclusively in the institution as such. Thus the monarch himself falls into the circle of those who serve it. He is only one more cog in the machine."

IV

It is interesting to recall that during the period when Hitler was still nursing his grievance against the monarchist leaders, he had at least one brush with the ex-Kaiser. On November 22, 1933, William wrote a letter acknowledging a resolution of loyalty forwarded to him by a group of ex-officers. The text of this letter was not made public until about three months later, when Count Reventlow, a Nazi Reichstag deputy, in whose newspaper it was published, branded it as an attempt to "incite former officers against the National Socialist leadership" and as an act of "high treason." The passage in William's letter to which exception was taken read: "Only under its Kaiser and the German federated princes can the Reich endure and regain its old might and glory. Therefore forward with God for King and Fatherland, for Kaiser and right!"

This letter early came to the knowledge of the Nazi high command and excited no little indignation. In his speech to the Reichstag on January 30, 1934, the anniversary of his attainment of power, Hitler included a passage that was obviously a reply to the ex-Kaiser's exhortation, although its significance was not at the time generally recognized. "May I here enter a protest," cried Hitler, "against the most recently advocated thesis, that Germany can be happy again only under her hereditary federated princes. No! One people are we and in one Reich will we live! . . .

With all respect for the merits of the monarchy, with all veneration for the really great emperors and kings of our German history, the question of the final form of the political reconstruction of the German Reich is today excluded from all discussion."

Despite the apparently emphatic language employed by Hitler, it will be observed that his declaration is not free from a characteristic ambiguity. What he specifically condemned was the idea of restoring all the federated princes; he did not in so many words reject the notion of a single monarchy for all Germany. That the ex-Kaiser, who in his days of grandeur made no concealment of the exalted notions of divine right which he attached to the kingly office, should cling to the idea of restoring all the dynasties is no cause for surprise. To this project, which presupposes the existence of a federal polity for the Reich, Hitler is unalterably opposed. In fact, on the very day that he made his retort to the ex-Kaiser, the Reichstag passed the appropriate legislation abrogating the last vestiges of states' rights in Germany. But is Hitler equally opposed to the establishment of a unitary monarchy? The question of the final form of government is excluded from discussion today. That very statement implies that it will be open to discussion tomorrow.

Personal pique and political expediency alike dictate Hitler's adoption of an attitude of non-committal equivocation in dealing with this thorny question. But there seems to be evidence for the belief that he is characterized by a quirk of temperament that is likely to impel him ultimately to a monarchical restoration. At bottom, Hitler's psychology is that of a glorified corporal. Those who question his authority are

treated with all the harshness that a brutal corporal might inflict upon disobedient privates, but at the same time he is beset by a sense of loss without a commanding officer over his head. The instinct to turn for guidance toward some higher authority has been implanted deep in the German mentality, and Hitler shares this characteristic in full measure. "Each of us," he asserted in a recent speech, "has been raised in respect for laws and respect for authority, obedience to command and order issued by it, and inner devotion toward those who represented the state." As long as Field Marshal von Hindenburg was alive, he fulfilled this relationship toward Hitler. This does not mean that Hitler would willingly surrender any real power; but it does mean that he suffers from a sense of malaise in the absence of a symbolic figure who would be vested with the headship of the state and, even though exercising a merely nominal authority, would fill the void in Hitler's mental outlook.

V

If Hitler's personal grievance against the monarchist leaders had ever influenced him to consider the Napoleonic solution of his problem, the events of June 30 last seem to have definitely closed this avenue of approach. If he had aspired to elevate himself to the imperial throne, he would have had to rely primarily on the Storm Troops, for it is well known that the *Reichswehr* or regular army, which in its upper reaches is officered almost exclusively by Junkers, is strongly partial to the Hohenzollern claims and would regard Hitler's seizure of the throne as rank usurpation. It is therefore highly significant as a clue to the trend of future events that the "purge" has had the

effect of shifting the basis of Hitler's power from the Storm Troops to the *Reichswehr*.

As part of Hitler's scheme of German rearmament, the *Reichswehr* is being rapidly expanded from its treaty strength of 100,000 to at least 300,000. Now, despite the veil of obscurity that the Hitler Government has thrown around the mysterious and bloody events of June 30, enough has leaked out to make it clear that the real issue at stake was a struggle for supremacy between the Storm Troops and the *Reichswehr*. Captain Ernst Röhm, the Chief of Staff of the Storm Troops, had been dunning Hitler with three demands: first, that the Junker Minister of Defense, General Werner von Blomberg, be ousted and replaced by Röhm; secondly, that the new men being recruited by the army be obtained by inducting Storm Troopers *en masse* into the *Reichswehr*; and thirdly, that the *Stahlhelm* be either dissolved or placed under Röhm's control. Hitler turned down all three demands. In the early part of June he had a stormy five-hour interview with his Chief of Staff, from which Röhm withdrew in a disgruntled mood. Röhm's ambition to have under his control the army and the two semi-military organizations threw Hitler into a panic and he struck out blindly at every conceivable enemy. Whether or not Röhm actually organized a plot to overthrow and assassinate Hitler, as Hitler himself charges, must remain a mystery in default of conclusive evidence.

However that may be, Hitler's action in rebuffing Röhm and finally consigning him to the firing squad must be construed as favorable to the monarchist cause, whether or not that was his conscious intent. General von Blomberg

has been granted his wish to obtain his new recruits from sources outside the Storm Troop ranks. The membership of the Storm Troops is composed in goodly measure of urban proletarians who have long been exposed to infection by radical and unsettling propaganda—in fact, many of them are known to be former Communists. Blomberg is obtaining his new men from *Stahlhelm* circles and the peasantry, who have a much more stable political background and, it may be added, would undoubtedly prove receptive to the idea of restoring the monarchy. The very fact that Hitler has discovered disaffection among his Storm Troops has obviously shaken his confidence in them, and has led to a reduction in their number from 2,500,000 to 700,000; conversely, the shock of the sudden and murderous "purge," in which many popular Storm Troop leaders perished, has been a terrible blow to the morale of the rank and file and to their trust in their *Führer*. Hence it is inevitable that Hitler should come to rely more and more on the *Reichswehr*. As its numbers increase, its weight must make itself proportionately felt in the balance of forces that now control Germany. Its influence is certain to be cast in a monarchist direction.

That Hitler's coolness toward the monarchists had its roots in personal rather than political motives is indicated by the fact that his animosity was not displayed in equal measure to all the monarchist leaders. Hugenberg and Papen have been discarded, but there are still in the Government several members of the original "Cabinet of Barons" who have been left undisturbed in their tenure of office—notably Baron Konstantin von Neurath, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Count Schwerin

von Krosigk, Minister of Finance; and Baron von Rübenach, Minister of Transportation. In addition Franz Seldte, the *Stahlhelm* leader, continues to serve as Minister of Labor, having rehabilitated his once strained relations with Hitler.

It is significant that the measures taken by Hitler upon the death of President von Hindenburg are precisely those that would pave the way for a restoration. The office of president of the Reich has been allowed to fall into abeyance; the presidential functions have devolved upon Hitler, who, however, prefers to be known by the titles he already bore—*Führer und Reichskanzler* (Leader and Chancellor of the Reich). The lapse of the presidency seems, from the psychological point of view, to create a vacuum in the political scene and to prepare the German people for the notion of filling it with something else. Will that something else be an imperial crown?

Hindenburg's "political testament," which the Hitler Government published in the hope that it would bolster up the popular vote for Hitler in the August 19 referendum, repeated the hopes originally expressed by the late Field Marshal in 1919 that the monarchy would be restored: "I am firmly convinced that now, as in former times, the link with our great and glorious past will be safeguarded and that wherever it was destroyed it will be restored. . . . Then from the everlasting moving wave of the life of our people the rock shall emerge to which the hope of our fathers once clung and on which, through our power half a century ago, the future of the Fatherland was confidently founded: the German Kaiserdom!"

Hitler himself, in a speech at Ham-

burg on August 17, after referring to the fact that he had allowed the title of Reichs-President to lapse—"Nobody shall bear that title in the future"—continued: "While I thereby in no way anticipate the future and final form of the constitution of the German Reich, I believe that I shall succeed in adding to the title of German Reichs-Chancellor new honor for the future."

Like all of Hitler's utterances that touch upon this subject, this statement is ambiguous, not to say obscure. Nevertheless, taken in conjunction with Hitler's previous recurrent hints, it conveys an unmistakable intimation that he is nursing some thought of changing the Reich's form of government.

VI

But if there is to be a monarchy, who will be the monarch? There have been some suggestions that a prince of a royal house other than the Hohenzollerns might be chosen; notably, the names of Prince Philip of Hesse, nephew of the ex-Kaiser and son-in-law of the King of Italy, and Duke Ernest Augustus of Brunswick, the ex-Kaiser's son-in-law, have been mentioned in this connection; but there is reason to believe that such suggestions may safely be discounted. If Hitler plumps for a monarchy, it will be because he seeks to strengthen his own position by reinforcing it with royalist sentiment. There is no doubt that by far the largest part of the monarchist movement would regard a Hohenzollern as the logical candidate for the throne. The selection of a prince of any other dynasty would deprive Hitler of the support of all but a fraction of the monarchists and would vitiate the whole project.

With the younger generation of the Hohenzollern family, Hitler's rela-

tions have been friendly. Prince Augustus William of Prussia, a younger son of the ex-Kaiser, has been a Nazi Storm Trooper for many years. Ex-Crown Prince Frederick William provoked a minor political sensation during the presidential campaign of 1932 when he announced that he intended to vote for Hitler against Hindenburg. Indeed, it was even bruited abroad that Hitler had invited Frederick William to become the Nazi candidate for president, but that the wily Crown Prince, foreseeing defeat, prudently declined. Recently the Crown Prince has given circulation to photographs of himself and his sons ostentatiously clad in Storm Troop uniform. At the time of the "purge" of the Storm Troops, there were rumors that both Frederick William and his brother had been implicated and had fallen from grace, but Hitler absolved them of all suspicion in his speech to the Reichstag on July 13: "Of whole cloth is the news concerning the participation of any German princes or their persecution."

Putting two and two together, then—Hitler's repeated though obscure intimations that a change in the form of government is being contemplated for some future date, his friendly relations with the Hohenzollerns, the strengthening of the *Reichswehr* with monarchist elements, and the reduction in the number of the anti-monarchist Storm Troops—we are inevitably led to the conclusion that Hitler either is definitely planning a Hohenzollern restoration or is being impelled by force of circumstances to embark upon a course that can have no other outcome.

Upon whose head will the imperial crown actually be placed? The ex-Kaiser may be safely eliminated from consideration. Too many tragic mem-

ories cling to his name to make it likely that his restoration would be welcomed even by any considerable section of monarchists. The Crown Prince would be a more acceptable choice, but he too suffers from handicaps. He was the nominal commander of the German troops in the bloody and unsuccessful attack on Verdun, and his political enemies were not slow to dub him the "butcher." It is not unlikely that Hitler and the monarchists alike would prefer to start the monarchy anew with an entirely clean slate by choosing one of the Crown Prince's sons. This solution would have, from Hitler's point of view, the advantage of placing the crown upon the head of a young and inexperienced emperor who would fill the symbolic rôle with less likelihood of successfully encroaching upon the monopoly of executive power which the Chancellor seeks to retain in his own hands. The Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince William, last year contracted a marriage with a young woman not of royal birth, and was therefore declared by the House of Hohenzollern to have forfeited his rights to the succession, which reverted to his younger brother, Prince Louis Ferdinand. Louis Ferdinand holds a doctor's degree from Berlin University and has worked from time to time in the service of the Ford Motor Company at Detroit. He is said to be the most intelligent of the Crown Prince's sons, and it is very probable that the choice will fall upon him if his father is passed over.

The question still remains as to when a definite move toward a restoration is likely to be made. No overt developments need be looked for until the *Reichswehr* has completed its expansion programme. This will require perhaps another year. Economic factors may

also have a bearing upon the situation. Should there be a deepening of the crisis, Hitler's hands may be forced earlier than he intends. Such an eventuality would be likely to lead to increased unrest among the masses, and to make the loyalty of the *Reichswehr* more than ever necessary to Hitler. What would be more natural than to seek to cement that loyalty by restoring the institution for which the Prussian military tradition has an ineradicable affection—the Hohenzollern monarchy? My own judgment is that the restoration will take place within the next two or three years at the most, and possibly within the next twelvemonth.

From what has been said, it may safely be assumed that a monarchy established under Hitler's auspices would have two characteristics: first, it would be based on a unitary and not a federal polity; and secondly, it would be a

limited monarchy serving a purely symbolical function, supreme executive power being retained in the hands of the Chancellor. Hitler would undoubtedly contemplate a relationship between Emperor and Chancellor such as now obtains between King Victor Emmanuel and Mussolini. But the outside observer can not but recall that the traditions of the Prussian and Italian monarchies are quite different. Whether a scion of the Hohenzollern dynasty, which has for centuries regarded the exercise of divinely bestowed arbitrary power as its birthright, would be long content to play so humble a rôle; whether he might not eventually be tempted to do to Hitler what William II did to Bismarck when he "dropped the pilot"—such are questions that it were premature to pose, let alone to answer, before the scroll of history shall have unrolled itself further.



Darrow vs. Johnson

BY LOWELL B. MASON

The former general counsel of Darrow's National Recovery Review Board gives the history, much of it private before now, of that famous investigation

ON JULY 9, 1933, the President of the United States fixed his approval to code number one under the authority vested in him by the National Industrial Recovery Act. From then until the middle of February, 1934, General Hugh S. Johnson's code-making body was in the ascendancy. Everywhere people clamored for the privilege of joining the fast-growing multitude of Blue Eagle partisans. Between the cotton textile industry code, the first, and the beauty and barber shop mechanical equipment manufacturing industry code, number 286, ranged a galaxy of industries including steel, oil, coal and a host of minor ones such as sponge rubber, pin tickets, powder puffs, banana bags. The Administrator was undisputed arbiter of commerce.

Johnson typified to the American mind a virile conqueror of the dragon depression. Every one could not be a St. George, but all could gain vicarious aggrandizement by trooping his colors. Whether one cried "Heil Hitler" in Germany, wore the Black Shirt in Italy or shouted for Johnson in America, it all came from the same psychological

source. This was a desire to be identified with heroes combined with a little personal chest-thumping in the form of a card to hang in the front window boasting "We Do Our Part."

Democratic institutions are not so deeply entrenched that they could not be bought off, if one had the price. Johnson bid for them with shorter hours, less work and more pay for the worker. To big business he offered exemption from the criminal statutes prohibiting exploitation of the public. To the Administration he offered a crusade, a focal point of attack against depression. King Midas himself could not pay such a bid.

The public did not know this, but some of the members of Congress had heard faint rumblings here and there all over the country, and finally, at the insistence of Senators Borah and Nye, the President early in March appointed the National Recovery Review Board to investigate NRA and to ascertain if it was oppressing the small business man.

Senator Nye of North Dakota, to his own surprise, had been given carte blanche to select the Board, with the exception that both Johnson and Richberg

felt he should include the liberal leader, Clarence Darrow. Richberg had known Darrow personally for many years. Although he had met him only a few times, Johnson knew Darrow by reputation and had always admired him—and I think secretly does to this day. So Darrow was included.

So far as his personal fortunes were concerned, that was the beginning of Johnson's decline, and yet he could hardly be blamed for it. The general of an army expects and gets obedience to his personal desires. If the general is willing to have something investigated, it is usually investigated to his taste, or else . . .

If Johnson had any misgivings about Darrow, they were quieted by the knowledge, or at least the thought, that he would be able to bury any adverse report just as successfully as he had previously buried the recommendations of his own Consumers Advisory Board and Research and Planning division.

For the first organization meeting of the Board the members sat in Darrow's bedroom. They were W. R. Neal, vice-chairman, a North Carolina hosiery manufacturer, Fred P. Mann, a retail merchant from North Dakota, John F. Sinclair, a New York banker, and Samuel C. Henry, of Chicago, head of a large druggists' association. W. O. Thompson, a former law partner of Darrow's, later joined the Board.

A call on Johnson was considered appropriate, and after several telephone conversations, the Board members trooped across Pennsylvania Avenue to the Blue Eagle stronghold. The General received them and after cordialities had been exchanged he was asked what he thought they ought to do. The General said that he had provided rooms,

clerical help and supplies, and they could stay around and do some investigating and let him know if the codes were all right. "But supposing we find out the codes are not all right?" inquired Darrow. "Then you report to me," said the General, pointing to himself to emphasize his statement. "I am the big cheese here."

Darrow quietly suggested that he did not think he would care to do that. He expected he had better see the President. Accordingly, the group went to the White House, and the President agreed to create the board by Executive order—responsible only to him and to report to him instead of Johnson—thus obviating any chance of Johnson's burying its findings.

Next morning I prepared the draft of an Executive order which was, with one or two minor changes, the instrument creating the National Recovery Review Board, commonly referred to as the Darrow Board.

II

Mr. Darrow and I had adjoining bedrooms on the sixth floor of the Willard Hotel. For several days these two bedrooms served as executive offices of the Board. Braddish Carrol, Chief Clerk of the National Recovery Administration, lent us some cabinets and a typewriter or two. Every morning I got up and dressed, pulled the clothes off my bed and rolled it out into the hall (much to the disgust of the hotel maid), thus turning my sleeping quarters into an office. A large round poker table served as a board table, and Darrow's room served for private conferences.

As soon as the newspapers announced the creation of an impartial board to heed protests from small business men

against NRA we were swamped with complaints. The two bedrooms grew to four large rooms on the second floor. Soon we added fourteen rooms in an uptown office building. Linton Collins, son of the Florida judge who tried the President's would-be assassin, came over from NRA to offer his help. The young Floridian was of great assistance in these organizing days.

The first hearing was held in a large public room of the Willard Hotel. Some of the newspapers commented on the fact that Darrow had his office in a hotel, while the secretarial staff was in the Barr Building, and hinted at a rift in the workings of the Board. Darrow had offices in the hotel because he presided over practically all hearings. These rooms were free of charge at the hotel, which was glad to offer them, in return for the added patronage of witnesses and complainants. The dark cubby-hole in the Commerce Building across the street, which Johnson had turned over to the Review Board, was entirely inadequate to house the staff necessary to answer the thousands of letters received. The secretarial office under the supervision of Samuel C. Henry, who was executive secretary, as well as a Board member, was located in quarters several blocks removed.

The morning the first case was heard the Board members filed in and took their seats at a long table at one end of the room. Tables and chairs were set out for complainants, their attorneys and the press. The complainants were small manufacturers of electrical light bulbs, who complained that they were being put out of business by operation of the electrical code. To put it mildly, the hearing was a flop. Most of the acts complained against had been committed

long before any code was in existence. Lawyers made long speeches, generalities were indulged in, and facts brought out long before in hearings at the National Recovery Administration were re-hashed. With the exception of a merry quip now and then from Darrow, the thing developed into a long and interminably dreary bickering. One by one the newspaper men folded their pads and left the room. The Darrow Board was getting off to a bad start.

That night Darrow called me to his room. "This procedure has got to stop," he said. "Hereafter we will take no more testimony until witnesses have first been interviewed to find if they have anything of value to this inquiry. While you are counsel of this Board, you will have the duty of examining witnesses prior to hearings."

We had limited funds and a limited amount of time to do our work. From then on, our staff worked ten to fourteen hours a day, including Saturdays and often Sundays. Witnesses with silly and inconsequential complaints were kept from monopolizing the Board's time. Long-winded witnesses were held directly to the facts, and with the experience of the first trial behind us, hearings ran quickly and, taking into consideration the highly controversial subject, quite smoothly.

III

In talking over anti-trust complaints with the Attorney General's office, we found that there had been more filed against the motion picture code than any other. We, too, had received many protests against the operation of the code, and the deputy administrator in charge of the code admitted having received a large mass of complaints. Consequently,

the Board set an early hearing on this matter.

I had been unable to get many promises of appearance before the Board of witnesses in the motion picture industry. Small theatre owners are much like the owners of small farms. Widely separated, financially unable to make the long trip to Washington to complain, they were easy victims for the closely organized and wealthy movie combine. But Abram Myers, a leader of the independent exhibitors, and Governor Floyd B. Olsen of Minnesota gave excellent portrayals of the oppression of the small business man in the motion picture industry. Harry Brandt, president of the New York independents, brought down a score of small theatre owners.

The first witness was Russell Hardy, Assistant Attorney General, and one of the best informed men on the motion picture industry in Washington. When he had finished, I noticed the deputy administrator, who had charge of the drafting and the administration of the code, standing in the back of the room. Several days before he had come into Darrow's room and complained that he had not been notified of the hearing, saying that he intended to make a speech before the Board. I felt that this was a good time to call him for examination and asked him to take the stand.

Beyond inquiring the deputy's name and occupation I had not the faintest notion of what my next question would be. He, of course, did not know that. A dozen devastating questions must have flashed through his mind as he stood before the Board. At any rate, with the first question he stood upon his constitutional rights and refused to testify. Did he have an armful of complaints against

the code, and would he let the Board see them? Did he know that the President's order required all employes of the NRA to aid the Board? For what purpose was he present, if not to testify? Would he ask General Johnson for instructions as to whether he should give the Board the benefit of his testimony? When he came back in the afternoon he advised the Board that Johnson was "in hiding" in the hospital where he was resting after many hard days of work. The upshot was that while in most of the hearings the other deputy administrators not only were present but sat with the Darrow Board and, together with the various code authorities, gave freely of their advice and aid, the entire motion picture code hearing was carried on without one voice being raised in defense by the code authority, or the deputy in charge.

As the hearing progressed, the reason became self-evident. The code had been drawn with such patent disregard for the anti-trust laws that none dared defend it. The steel code was drawn by the Iron and Steel Institute, the coal code by the National Coal Association, but no one connected with the Darrow Board was ever able to find out who drew the motion picture code. There could be no question but that it was drawn for the benefit of the big film producers.

When the National Industrial Recovery Act was passed, each industry was to have a voice in the making of its own code. Certain basic principles were to be followed, notably those prohibiting child labor, shortening work hours and increasing pay. All details of the governing of industry were to be left largely to its own choosing. Each branch of industry was to be master of its own code of ethics. No one expected a shoe manu-

facturer or a textile weaver to tell a department store how to run its business, just because they manufactured the goods to be sold in the store; the automobile manufacturers did not include the automobile dealers in their code; but this rule of allowing each industry to govern itself was abrogated in the motion picture business. The big producers of pictures, through complete domination of the NRA division in charge of their code, augmented their control and monopoly in this business by including the control of the picture houses which exhibited their films. With one stroke of the pen, this one hundred million dollar film production industry took complete control of all the motion picture houses in the country, valued roughly at twenty times that amount.

This, of course, would have been a deliberate and open violation of the anti-trust laws if it were not for the protecting mantle of the NIRA immunizing this combination from prosecution. Other industries selected their code authorities themselves, but the big motion picture producers did not trust the theatre owners with this power. So NRA named the code authority members, person by person, directly in the body of the code. Of the ten named, the Darrow investigation showed eight controlled by the big producers and two by independents.

One day after the motion picture hearing had been completed, Charles Pettijohn, general counsel for Will Hays, came to see me. This was long before the Legion of Decency or Dr. Worth Tippy's Protestant organization crusaded against the producers of motion pictures, but there had been in existence for some time a movement

headed by the Motion Picture Research Council to do away with block booking and blind buying, the two trade practices which are to my mind directly responsible for the crusade against unfit motion pictures. Pettijohn's business required him to travel all over the country. Being in close touch with the audiences, he knew that unless his industry itself corrected these practices, public opinion was apt to rise in such force as to ruin the business. He told me that the industry was perfectly willing to sit down with the independent exhibitors and make changes in their code that would be agreeable to both sides.

Will Hays talked to me on the long distance telephone from Los Angeles and heartily agreed with the plan. I reported this to Darrow and we called in Meyers and Brandt, two leaders of the independents who were fighting block booking and blind buying. They too agreed, provided that Darrow would serve as chairman or appoint some one to preside over the deliberations who would act as a safeguard for the public's interest. After considerable negotiation a provision to work out this plan was incorporated in the Darrow report.

Of course this provision was in direct opposition to General Johnson's intentions. His administration had drafted the code and was running the motion picture business. Any movement which took this power away from him or his staff, while it might fit in well with the President's policy that industry should govern itself, did not fit in with Johnson's private ideas. It meant for him losing control of a two billion dollar industry. When the Darrow report was released to the public after being held up for seventeen days while Johnson wrote his answer to it, the answer bit-

terly condemned any attempt to change the motion picture code.

What could Hays or Pettijohn or the rest of the industry do? Johnson had them by the throat. They, of course, had to maintain a discreet silence about agreeing to anything that emanated from the Darrow Board.

If Hays and the independents had been allowed to follow the Darrow Board's recommendations, there would have been no need for a Legion of Decency drive, or a Protestant Church movement, or Jewish protests. The crusade by the Motion Picture Research Council headed by Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. August Belmont, Rabbi Stephen Wise and Jane Addams would have accomplished its result, without the necessity of widespread boycotts. The NRA in its endeavor to "regiment" the whole industry into the hands of the big producers overreached itself, and succeeded only in drawing down the wrath of the public upon exhibitors and producers alike.

IV

The hearing in the steel code was quite different, though it came to the same end. Here was an industry very unlike the *nouveau riche* motion picture crowd. The steel barons were long and deeply entrenched in the commercial structure of this country. They had not graduated from the cloak and suit business, like Laemmle or Fox, or from the band business like Lasky, or from the shoe business like Warner, or the fur business like Zukor. The steel men were the foundation structure of the American financial oligarchy. Their suave and scholarly spokesmen, after leaving Harvard or Yale, spent their lifetimes in

the sacred precincts of the Iron and Steel Institute.

My presentation before the Darrow Board of the case against the steel code was simple and quickly made. Fortunately, the Federal Trade Commission had just issued a voluminous report on monopolistic conditions in the steel industry. It had been drawn by men in the employ of the government for many years. They were scholars and experts who had devoted their lives to tracking down the oppressive practices of big industries against small business men. It was a public report and I presented it to the Darrow Board and asked that it be received in evidence.

The Steel Institute, whose directors were the code authority, asked for several months to prepare an answer. The Board refused. The Steel Institute then proceeded to put on its witnesses. The first one took almost two days on direct examination. Late in the second afternoon he was turned over to me for cross-examination.

My knowledge of the steel industry up to this time had been limited to riding on railroad tracks, crossing bridges and watching the red glow in the sky from blast furnaces at night. Unknown to the Institute, Darrow had given me permission to employ one of America's foremost authorities on the steel monopoly, Frank A. Fetter, professor of economics at Princeton University, who sat quietly in the audience during all the direct examination. All night he and another lawyer who had helped try the "Pittsburgh Plus" case back in 1924 drilled me on the facts around which I was to base my cross-examination. The secretary of the code authority was on the stand. After the usual preliminary questions, he began to contradict him-

self. A recess was called until the following week. A controversy had arisen as to the existence or non-existence of papers in the steel code authority's files. During the delay, I sent two investigators to New York to check the files. They were stopped at the front door. We had then the unique situation of a code authority, having legislative and judicial power granted to it by the United States government, refusing to let another branch of the government examine its records.

The day before the hearing was resumed I received a letter advising me that the witnesses who had already testified in behalf of the code authority would not return for cross-examination. They were not going to expose their hands any further.

The steel group was a little uneasy about Johnson at that time. He had announced that he was against some of the practices the steel crowd was engaging in, insisting, particularly, that basing points would have to be done away with. Johnson planned to fly to New York to look into that practice, which in 1924 was outlawed by the Federal Trade Commission, but which now, in a slightly modified form, was in full bloom under the code. The steel code was expiring very shortly. It had only been approved in its existing form up to the end of May.

The steel group was perfectly willing to make some changes in the code which would lighten the burden on small fabricators, but already it was openly known in Washington that Johnson resented the intervention of the Darrow Board in what he considered his own domain.

To work out with Darrow and the Review Board changes in the codes would be stealing Johnson's thunder.

The steel industry, then under the control of the National Recovery Administrator, had no stomach for incurring Johnson's enmity. There was perhaps no public figure in the United States so willing to confess his own faults and shortcomings as General Johnson—provided he did it himself. The steel group had witnessed the bitter experiences of other people who had criticized him, and they had no desire to commit this tactical error.

If the Review Board came out with too strong a blast against the code, the President might not reapprove it in its existing form. Rather than give up the trade practice of charging fictitious freight rates, known as the basing point principle, the steel industry—the largest employer of labor under any of the codes—would withdraw from the NRA. This would be a death-blow to all of General Johnson's plans.

Negotiations were opened to see if the Board would resume hearings. I was anxious to examine the steel men's witnesses further, but Darrow, with intuitive understanding, saw in their move a means of delaying the report on this industry past the time when their code would be up for reapproval by the President. When they refused to proceed promptly he ordered the report drawn in accordance with the Federal Trade Commission's findings.

Something must have happened at the NRA, because shortly afterwards Johnson's announced trip to New York to investigate the basing point practice faded into thin air. No more press statements came from him against the steel trust. Johnson kept the basing point machinery for price-fixing in the steel code. In return the steel industry stayed in the NRA.

V

There was criticism that the Review Board found fault with everything that came under its scrutiny. This was not true. Many of Johnson's deputies were praised for their whole-hearted and sincere efforts to carry out the President's plan. Probably it was because the President sensed the inability of such a volatile man as Johnson to handle the deeply entrenched and monopolistic oil industry that he had turned this code over to the Secretary of the Interior, Harold I. Ickes, to administer. This cool, quiet, unassuming man was handling that difficult economic structure with consummate ease. Given the adequate legislative authority, he would come nearer to effectuating the President's New Deal than a thousand Johnsons. The Review Board devoted considerable space to commending him.

Of course, the witnesses and complainants who volunteered to testify before the Board were there as critics. But Darrow constantly guarded against misinformation, by insisting that all code authorities should be notified of hearings so that they could be present to controvert any misstatements or misrepresentations. In contrast with the NRA hearings, Darrow insisted that when a witness had completed his testimony, the code authority attorney or the code authority member himself could cross-examine the witness. Many code authorities and deputy administrators cooperated in this respect.

During all the time we were in Washington Johnson saw Darrow not more than a half dozen times. Johnson usually ate lunch in his private rooms next door to Darrow's hotel headquarters. When the Darrow-Johnson con-

troversy waxed hot, reporters discovered with glee that the antagonists were in adjacent hotel rooms at noon each day and hoped for an explosive meeting. I never knew of his going to see Darrow except once. He and his secretary took Darrow for an automobile ride one day. Darrow, always forgetful of small details, went out without a hat. When he came back he had the General's.

When the Board was first organized, Darrow was told that almost every government agency had a large publicity staff. Johnson's NRA led the list with sixty-five on its payroll. Although these men were given high-sounding titles, their real work was to ballyhoo the man or the department they worked for. Darrow refused to permit any one to be put on the Board's payroll for this purpose. In the first place, he contended that it was a waste of the taxpayers' money. In the second place, he said that the purpose of the Board was not publicity, for itself or its members, but to do a job the President had commissioned it to do as quickly and efficiently as possible, and get out.

As time went on, it became more and more apparent that with the initial work of drafting and approving the codes done, NRA was metamorphosing itself into a gigantic machine using all its energy in running itself. One day a caller in our office told of an NRA rule requiring four initials to a letter before it could be mailed. Some practical joker wrote a long letter on a highly technical subject and placed in the middle a page or two of *Alice in Wonderland*, at the end reverting to his original subject. It passed from one NRA department to another and finally came back to his desk fully approved with all the initials.

NRA built up a set of precedents and

rules for its own government which were practically impossible to overcome, but along with this reverence for its own precedents went a disregard for the elementary laws of economics and a contempt for decisions of the highest court of the land. Houston Thompson, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission under President Wilson, got the shock of his life at NRA. The Supreme Court of the United States had recently decided a case similar to one that Thompson was then arguing before the NRA. Having served as Trade Commissioner for many years, he was familiar with anti-trust laws and cases, but to make doubly sure took along under his arm the latest volumes of the Supreme Court reports, including this last case. As he came into the room, the deputy administrator in charge eyed him suspiciously. "What are those books you have there?" he asked. "A Supreme Court decision bearing directly on my case," Thompson replied, swelling with confidence. "Take it out, we are not interested in what the Supreme Court says," was the astonishing rejoinder.

On June 28, 1934, less than four months after its inception, the National Recovery Review Board filed its last report. Fifty-seven public hearings had been held, thirty-four codes examined and over 3,000 complaints examined. Johnson in answer to the criticisms of the Review Board vigorously criticized all of its reports and demanded that the President remove its members, declaring them to be ill-advised, prejudiced and engaged in "special pleading."

At the time of filing the Board's first report, one of the members, a Socialist, wrote a letter to the President express-

ing his own views. This Johnson seized upon and characterized as being part of the Board report, much to the chagrin and astonishment of other members who had never seen the letter, had had nothing to do with it and did not subscribe to its principles. Johnson's large staff of publicity men used it to cloud the real purpose of the reports in a haze of misunderstanding.

In spite of Johnson's attacks and denials, everything that the Darrow Board recommended has since in some form or other been recognized as the only sound course to follow. The Board was against price-fixing, and from June 9 on, no new code has had price-fixing in its structure. It was against the oppression of small business men, and the Federal Trade Commission has taken away from NRA the power to adjudicate what are oppressive practices. The Darrow Board reported that it was a hopeless task to try to fix prices in service trades. Johnson bitterly denounced this, but shortly afterwards took price-fixing out of the service trades. The Darrow Board was against one-man control and needless interference in American business. Today Johnson is out, a board is running NRA and before any "cracking down" can take place NRA must convince the Federal Trade Commission and the Attorney General's office of its necessity. All labor controversies are removed from NRA and placed with a special industrial relations board.

The enthusiastic public opinion which gave force at first to the NRA law has been sadly reduced by the discovery that the Blue Eagle can not cure everybody's ills. What will happen to the remains of the General's grandiose structure now that he is gone is yet to be seen.

Playing the Numbers

BY J. SAUNDERS REDDING

The curious history of a gambling racket which has impoverished thousands, affected insurance companies and apparently can not be stopped

NO ONE seems to know exactly where or with whom the numbers game originated, but the most authentic tradition has it that it began with a West Indian Negro—one Holstein, who combined the prosaic traits of a financier with the dizzy imaginative flights of a fingerless Midas. Though, the story goes, before his rise to affluence he seldom had one dime to rub against the other, he studied the financial press with feverish interest. Arriving in New York just before the old policy game was wiped out, he learned one rewarding lesson—that everybody everywhere desired to get rich quickly, and that this desire could be cashed in on. When he rose to wealth and position—contributing to Negro education, donating annually a substantial literary prize, and taking hundreds of the poorer Negro children up the Hudson each summer—he condemned the desires which his skilful manipulations had made a source of vast wealth for himself. But earlier he had not been so mellow a philosopher, so kind-hearted a benefactor. He had been a Fifth Avenue store porter with an eye for the stock market reports and the shrewdness of a race-track tout.

Came the day when, studying the clearing house totals, an idea struck Holstein between the eyes. Tradition has it that sitting in his airless janitor's closet, surrounded by brooms and mops, he let out an uproarious laugh and in general acted like a drunken man. That night when the pavement had been swept and the last clerk had gone, he sat in the basement until dawn studying the clearing house totals in the papers he had saved religiously. He had them for a year back. The thought that the figures differed each day played in his mind like a wasp in an empty room. It did not immediately occur to him how he was to use this information, so for six months he thought it over, meantime stacking the dollars he could pinch from his porter's wages. At last he devised the simple scheme of selecting three digits, two from the first and one from the second total, by an unvarying rule, and having bets placed upon guessing the number. Thus, if the clearing house totals appeared 8,356,201 and 6,497,000 the winning number would be 567. He offered odds of 600 to one.

In a year he owned three of the finest apartment buildings in Harlem, a fleet of expensive cars, a home on Long Is-

land and several thousand acres of farmland in Virginia.

II

It was some time before the numbers game won any popularity outside Harlem. Gradually, however, as the game attracted more competitors in Spadeland and the weaker backers were driven out by the stronger, the cities in the Middle Atlantic States and along the seaboard came to know of it, until now there are large numbers syndicates operating from Portland to Savannah and lesser organizations are born and flourish prodigiously and are at last smothered by the greater weight of the syndicates. Every week the Negro papers carry stories of rivalry among numbers factions. The towns in New Jersey seethe with the activities of the numbers barons. In Philadelphia one city official, realizing the perniciousness of the evil, tried to get police backing to wipe it out and was laughed at for his pains. It is reported that the recent mysterious murder of a young evangelist who specialized in "consecrated dimes" was tied up with the Negro pool. So long as the game was confined largely to Negroes, municipal authorities did little or nothing about it, "but now that whites are becoming more and more involved it takes on the nature of a real menace."

In the beginning the set-up was simple. Indeed it was often run by one man who started on the proverbial shoestring, limiting his clientele, refusing to take bets of more than two or three cents, and in general husbanding his reserves. A shrewd man managed nicely. He acted as contactor, writer, pick-up, checker and banker. He put himself forward as an agent usually, and, under the protection of a non-existent organization, pulled off his maneuvers in high

finance with daring *éclat*. A common stunt was to "back down," the name given to the simple procedure of declaring all bets off without refunding them. Perhaps some individual gifted with an instant of foresight would whisper it about that 322 would be the number three days hence. The players would bet on it. If the number happened to "hit," the banker would simply make the announcement that the bosses in New York had sent word that there was a "leak" and that no bets would be paid off that day. It was the method he used to protect himself from too heavy a run. After all, the players stood to lose only a penny or two, at most a dime, and they usually accepted it as part of the game.

The first numbers banker in our town was a young man named Bill Castle. He graduated from the seat of a city dump cart to the cab of an interstate moving van. He had lots of friends. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays he used to sit on the long bench in front of the pool room and boast to his listeners that he had "sense" and that before long he was going to have dollars. Quite a punster was Bill. Then in the fall of 1929 when the moving business took a seasonal slump he climbed down from behind his wheel, changed his clothes, rented a small store and put in a few cigars, a telephone and a carbon duplicate receipt book. Thereafter his day seemed divided into two periods; the first from eight to eleven A. M. when the shade of his store window would be down mysteriously; and the other from eleven on when he seemed to do nothing but talk over the telephone and write figures in the receipt book. He was catering to a clientele of three or four hundred. His receipts were as high as

forty dollars a day, and even then he was fighting against expansion.

The first time the police arrested him he was charged with being a public nuisance and fined to the limit. He paid. He was glad to. But it made him wary, for his arrest had brought him out of the shade into the glaring light of publicity, and local parasites jumped at him like fleas at a mangy dog. But they were not all parasites. For instance, his ward councilman came. He was a man of many resources. He managed the only Negro theatre in the town, was partner in a growing drug store and had been written up as a Negro leader. He could offer Bill definite advantages, obviating the necessity to fight against expansion. With some twenty thousand Negroes to sponge on (three-fourths of whom were crying for a chance to play) there was no end to the possibilities. Of course the councilman himself would take no chances. His name and backing must be kept secret. The taxpayers might not like their leader being a member of the underworld.

All difficulties, however, were ironed out and the numbers flourished anew. A different set-up was necessary. The police had found out about Castle because it was against all the laws of legitimate economics for more people to pass in and out of a man's store when it was supposed to be closed than when it was open. Moreover, no one ever bought the cigars he pretended to be selling. Oh, he renewed his stock frequently, for it was his practice to mollify the heavy losers with gifts of stogies. But for the most part all who entered came out with a little white slip of paper and an adventurous, hopeful look in their eyes. Finally it became a numbers law, founded on usage and enforced by the sporadic arrest of offenders, that no

more bets were to be made at the place of business. The system of "runners" or writers, long established in New York, was put into use. Each runner was provided with a duplicate receipt book. He canvassed among his friends and acquaintances for bets. The more popular a runner the bigger his "takings" and the bigger the income of the bank. His cut was twenty cents on a dollar, and many of them made as high as six dollars a day. When one of the players for whom he had taken a bet made a hit, twenty per cent of the winnings went to the runner. With what a clever writer could filch, the income was attractive. Many men have given up the legitimate pursuits of insurance collecting, Pullman portering and waiting to engage in number writing. They are not all stupid men. They feel that the income from the racket is permanent.

As the number of runners increased, each was given his own district and special designation. One known as "F 5" had the factory section. It was his by inalienable right. (There are cases in which a writer discharged from one organization and operating for another has gone to his old district and found a rival. There has been bloodshed. The tradition among them is fixed. Each new writer must find out new worlds to conquer.) He could collect his bets at morning by making the rounds of the factory rest rooms before work began, or at night. It was required of him only that his slips be in the office at a certain time each day and that there be no erasures, no blemishes, no changes of any kind on a slip. It was also thought best for the runner to be at the office at "pay-off" time, for when the number came through and one of his patrons had a hit, it was the runner's business to collect from the bank for his client.

This system of paying off brought up another problem. Dishonest runners collecting from the bank a hit of four or five hundred dollars (and sometimes as high as eighteen hundred) have been known to abscond. There was no redress, for the banker, already a criminal of a sort, dared not report to police. Too many explanations would have been required. In our town the politician-banker was put in a ticklish position because the dishonest runner used his political and social standing as a weapon against him.

But the pay-off method was undesirable for another reason. In a town where the majority of the Negro population is engaged in factory work or domestic service, going to and coming from their employment at regular hours in more or less tell-tale clothes, ten or twelve Negroes forever dressed up and forever apparently loafing through nominal working hours are a suspicion-arousing lot. Add to this the fact that a sharp-eyed policeman walking a certain beat has noticed several times these ten or twelve dandies making their way to a prearranged meeting place, and you have all the elements necessary to a raid. Raids occurred. The police confiscated hundreds of dollars. Heavy fines were imposed. The time had come for a change in organization.

III

The next step was expensive, but it was also expansive. The councilman was finding his underworld business harrowing. So far there was no one in the game of equal social responsibility, and if he were caught there would be no alleviating his disgrace. What he wanted was some one to share the opprobrium and, incidentally, the profits. He found such a man in a rela-

tive and fellow politician. The new man had something of a reputation as a ward boss and, what was of equal importance, his wife was of an old respectable family. Changes were made at once. Heretofore the offices of the game had been housed in suspicious-looking stores or even more suspicious-looking houses in poor communities. They moved now, establishing themselves in a long room on the second floor of the Negro theatre building. Such a place was beyond suspicion, for they were flanked on one side by the Y.M.C.A., and on the other by a polite dancing school. On the doors and windows of the new quarters were blazoned "National Society." Adding machines, typewriters and telephones were installed. Duplicate receipt books arrived by the case. A bank cage was set up and behind it stood money counters and changers, quoters and housemen, all busily engaged in helping a poor people grow poorer. That summer a check-up of the office force would have revealed school teachers, male and female, a church deacon, the wife of a physician, a well-known ex-vaudeville performer and other potential "serviceable citizens." Their being there was significant of the first step in the development of a peculiar mental attitude that has grown as the game has spread.

Unlike a great many legitimate businesses the numbers game has never employed more help than it needs; nor has it ever tried to get along with less. Moving into more spacious quarters and engaging more employes was necessary. (Receipts at the time were about a thousand dollars a day.) It was also good business from the standpoint of the bankers to employ people of some position; people who would feel it a lasting shame to be caught and would

therefore take all precautions not to be caught. The attitude has changed now, for usage has made people callous, and the morale of the office personnel has sunk to the level of that of the writers.

A corps of "pick-up" men was engaged, further to circumvent the police. A certain house in each district was designated as the "lay-down." The usual price for engaging such a house was ten dollars a day. Here the runner would leave his collections to be picked up and taken to the home office, and here would he come for the pay-off for his clients. No pick-up man had more than two lay-downs, for if he were dishonest his loot would have run into hundreds of dollars. But this did not eliminate the filching runner. Pay-off men were engaged. These men, officially listed as agents of the National Society (posing as a mutual insurance company), were bonded. Losses from dishonesty became practically non-existent, and the figures show that the new set-up was well worth the expense. From nine and ten hundred dollars a day the takings jumped to sixteen hundred—and it was no secret.

At this time the actual backers of the game were unknown to the general public. The organization ran smoothly. Bets of more than fifty cents on a number were not accepted. Certain numbers called "doubles" and "triples" (225, 444, any number in which one digit is repeated) paid only three to one, that is, three dollars on the penny: some numbers paid nothing at all. There were times when after a particularly heavy run the bank would close down for a day or two or limit the play to a few hundred people until losses were recouped. Of course such emergencies were rare, for it is not a game in which the bankers can lose. And now the

heavy losses have been provided for through a system technically known as "insurance."

Above the local bank is an organization known as the "surer," which is to the bank what the bank is to the players. Say 605 is a "hot" number. Many people wager on it. The slips are full of it, representing hundreds of dollars at six dollars on the penny. The overwhelming number of 605's shakes the banker's confidence. He can no longer afford to pull the cheap trick of backing down. He thrives on the trust of the people. But 605 is too big a risk for him to take; so he "sures out" to a syndicate part or all of his bets on 605. It is a chance of course, and if it does not hit, the local banker has gained nothing. If it does hit, he should worry.

IV

Thus matters stood in the summer of 1929 when several well-known insurance companies, losing premiums to the tune of thousands, got together in an attempt to strike an effective blow at the racket. At the time the game was based solely on the clearing house figures which were published daily. The idea was to stop the publication of the figures and so stop the game. Straightway the clearing house at New York stopped publication and other clearing houses followed suit. The numbers barons pulled their kinky hair. Two days after the drastic action of the clearing houses, the chief bankers from Richmond to Boston met in impressive conclave in New York. Some of the bankers were politicians, some physicians, some ministers and others plain public enemies of the second or third degree. All were certain that they were oppressed. The meeting took on the nature of an N.A.A.C.P. conference

when one baron declared that white demagogues had squelched their means of livelihood because they were loth to see Negroes acquiring wealth. They worked themselves into a lathering rage over this aspect of the problem, and for three days did nothing. Then a mild-looking little man, the secretary of a baron from New England, suggested that the race track figures be used. There was an uncertain silence; then a barrage of questions. The secretary answered them all. Of course the races followed the seasons, but what of that? The results from Caliente, from Havre de Grace, from Belmont, from Hawthorne—all were published. Somewhere horse races were run every day.

The idea was accepted with much back-slapping and much joy at having put something over on the white man. In a jiffy they had worked out the process of selecting the winning number. The first three races were chosen as the basis. In each race the three horses coming in first are listed as winner, second and third. Beside each "money" horse is the amount he pays to win, to place and to show. For an instance: Bolitho, the winner, pays \$5.25; Faraway, running second, pays \$7.40; Thunder, the third, pays \$2.20. These figures are totaled—1,485. The same is done for the second and third races. Now let us say that the total for the second race is 2,257 and for the third race 1,867. Then the third figure from the right of each total is taken to form the winning number, in this case 428. (Some bankers prefer to play on the third, fifth, and seventh races, but the work-out is the same.)

Within a week after the insurance companies had throttled the evil it was going again full blast.

Always the bankers have looked after

their clients. They reduced the ordinary odds to 500 to one, but at the same time they introduced "boxing," whereby a player may take one number and its combinations, play as much on it as he chooses, and if any of the combinations hit, collect 250 to one. They also pay odds of 250 to one if the player has the last two digits of the winning number.

The set-up has not changed much in the last few years. For the protection of all the employes the organization now hires a "front man," one who is known as the leader of the racket in his community, and who takes all the blame. It is his business to appear in court whenever a writer is nabbed. In most cases there is a fine of from fifty to a thousand dollars with jail terms as alternatives. The fines are always paid. The buffer's salary is tremendous. One front man I know receives five hundred a month and five per cent of the takings. He keeps three cars and is liberal with his money. He does not mingle socially with the higher-ups he protects, but other men of better social position than his envy his wealth, and high school chaps pattern themselves after him. He is a new type among Negroes. He is the leader of his own set—a fast, sporting set that keeps saddle horses and motor boats, expensive liquors and anemic-looking white women.

Then there is the class below him, the petty clerks, counters, runners and pick-ups. Their salaries are not so large, but in these times twenty-five to fifty dollars for a twelve- or fourteen-hour week is not to be sneezed at. And they always expect to make a big hit. Perhaps some of them have dreamed of starting on their own, but with the increase in numbers murders their ardor is not so great. Last winter a carload of

gangsters using bombs and bullets wrecked the club of a baron in Camden, New Jersey. In the spring Providence, Rhode Island, was stunned by the gang murder of Daddy Black, one of the best known digit kings in the East. The thugs walked into the back room of the counting house where Black was helping count out seven thousand dollars in coin (the day's receipts) and opened fire immediately. At the trial of the murderers the growing bi-racial aspect of the racket was revealed. White gangsters, jealous of the big takes, have introduced Moranic methods—swift motor cars, steel doors and sub-machine guns.

V

Each racket has its scavengers who catch up the crumbs from the royal feasts. A belief in sights and signs and sorcery has always been the weakness (or the strength) of Negroes. Between the time that the policy game was dying and the numbers game being born dream books, lucky stones, snake oil and other paraphernalia of abracadabra passed somewhat into discard. Now they have come back again. There are forty-three varieties of dream books on the market. Each dream is listed with the number it foretells: cake—174; nuts—213. No two books list the same number for the same dream. Some are advertised as sure-fire. Others are more modest: "We guarantee no hits. The stars may not be with you." And still others list three and four numbers for each dream, read them backwards or forwards, top-to-bottom, bottom-to-top, take your choice. Numerologists and seers advertise in the papers that make no bones of catering to the numbers game. The most revered papers are the tabloids, like the *Mirror* and the *News* of New York

and the *News* of Philadelphia. They carry the dope of such famed prognosticators as Policy Pete, Lucky Sam and Darby Hicks. Under "Personals" the *News* of Philadelphia carries the following ad:

Lucky Hits, 1st, 2nd, 3rd R [aces] Mail 50c. today Pay \$2.00 when you hit. Horoscopes, 3 yr. forecasts \$3.00. Professor Harvey.

I have seen Professor Harvey's forecasts. He sends out a sheet of paper full of figures. He warns his customers to keep the numbers in *until they hit*. Perfectly simple! Any combination of numbers will come out if one has the money and patience to keep them in.

Even more complete results are guaranteed by Gould and Company. In the *Afro-American*, a Negro weekly with a large circulation, Gould and Company carry the following exciting announcement.

LOOK! LOOK! The horses are really running true to form at Hawthorne track and Coney Island. Gould and Co. is right on the scene of action; looking out for our own interest, and taking special care of our numbers clients. Our complete list of clients are really making good money off our straight Exact Number Info [information]. We are race horse owners and trainers. We are right on the scene of action; we are directly connected with every race track in America. *We see everything that goes on before races are run*, that is pertaining to inside "Number Dope." . . .

Gould and Company then set forth a string of numbers which hit the month before and which, they say, they forecast, adding triumphantly: "As a result of these numbers many small-time bankers had to close their doors." Special low fees are: "\$2:50 for one day or \$4:50 for 2 days straight."

Perhaps the highest charge is made by the Morris Stock Exchange of New York. Here is their ad:

We told you last week we were going to spread the dope. We did it. All our customers got well. Now for the benefit of those who didn't get in on our last week's special, you have another chance this week: if you have been a loser, now is your time to get well. . . .

Then in heavy face type they have this significant line:

Congratulations to our many happy customers for donating to us so *liberal* from your last week's winnings. Notice: the bankers were hit hard all over the country with my numbers and many of them have warned their writers not to accept any more of my numbers. Keep your secrets! No matter how long you have played without success you can get ahead with my dope. My word is my bond that I will back to the limit. All my customers are absolute winners. Rush \$3.00 by Western Union or Postal Telegraph only and receive one winner for the following day. *Notice—Don't write, no letters accepted or answered.*

Certainly they do not mean to be haled into court on charges of using the mails to defraud. They are no dummies.

VI

But what of the people who play? To what class do they belong? We have seen that in many instances the bankers are the social and political leaders in their communities. At first there was a decided feeling among the operators of the game that their activities should be kept secret; that it was not just the thing for respectable people to engage in. But as custom made them less mindful of public opinion they worked more in the open, only careful not to embarrass the police, who in many instances are paid to be deaf, dumb and blind. A peculiar psychology eventually pervaded the followers of the put-your-money-on-the-number cult. After all, they came to reason, it is not really gambling. One does not miss a penny, or two pennies, or even a dime a day. And if it were wrong, if it were a social

evil, would Dr. So-and-So, or lawyer Whatzit back it? Why, he's a member of the school board and one of the trustees of Chicksaw College!

These are not far-fetched imaginings. In my own town the two biggest backers of the game are men of responsible station. One is a member of the city council from the most populous ward in the city. The other was until recently the only Negro on the board of seven State commissioners of the poor. Their social positions are unassailable. A definite notion has grown up between them that they are the benefactors of their people. They have a way of explaining it, of making it all seem plausibly philanthropic. "Take the person of small means who plays a penny or two a day. Perhaps he does not hit for a week. He's only a few cents out. But there's always the chance to win, a chance worth taking. And if he wins, if he makes a two-cent hit once every two weeks, or even once a month—well, figure it out for yourself."

But with all their explanations, they know that such is not the way of the game. The chances are 999 to one. The small player seldom hits more than once in ten or eleven months, while the average is twice in 681 days. It is the person who plays from fifty cents to two dollars a day on a large group of numbers who hits with some frequency; but even he plays a losing game. One syndicate with a flair for statistics presents the following record (records of the racket are compiled and sold to the bankers) marked "Mrs. Average Player." It tells an interesting tale. The record is of 681 playing days. The average play per day was twenty-one cents, amounting to \$143.22 for the whole period. Of this amount \$16.60 went back to the player in hits, one for two

cents on the 366th day, one for one cent on the 402nd day. In the period the player lost \$126.62. A relatively small amount? But wait. Mrs. Average Player is a domestic at seven dollars a week, carfare paid. She has a husband and two children of pre-school age. The husband has not been in steady employment for eighteen months and has added just \$22.71 to the family income in that length of time. They pay ten dollars a month rent for two rooms: a sick benefit insurance policy has lapsed: she is "unfinancial" in her lodge. For such a person \$126.62 is quite a fortune.

The average male player's record is somewhat different in detail, but nearly the same in general outline. His income is larger, but he also plunges deeper. He is a bachelor with no one dependent upon him for support. Occasionally he sends away for a number and plays as much as two dollars a day on it for a week, by which time his reckless courage has worn out. "Mr. Average Player" wagers twenty-eight cents a day. His bets for 681 days amount to \$190.61. Of this amount he receives back in winnings \$46.40. He is an industrial laborer at \$13.50 a week. Board and lodging cost seven; his laundry is done by the Chinaman; he is "financial" in the Elks and the social club to which he belongs; he owns no insurance; numbers is not his only form of gambling. He pretends that he does not feel twenty-eight cents a day, but he gets feverishly excited as he buys the evening paper. When he hits, he often gets roaring drunk and spends the rest of his winnings by sending away for a number or by visiting Madame Redfern who "sees" a number for him at a dollar a look. Those who play and pay go to extraordinary lengths to be bambooshed.

Mother Brown is a practising evan-

gelist, psychic adviser and seer. Her evangelical services are worth a hundred dollars a night to her; but she also sells lucky oil. A smear of it costs a quarter. She herself applies it. The touch of her hand is said to be blessed. When she has worked her audience into a religious fervor she injects the economic question. Through the spirit she touches the pocket. To the uninitiated her talk is so much Chinese, but to the devotee . . . Her oil will grease the way to affluence. One by one her listeners file by while from a copper can she dabs each with oil smelling heavily of rose water. She leads a prayer. She announces a hymn, and the number of the hymn is *the* number to play the next day.

When in the spring of 1930 a highly reputable Negro insurance company operating in the District of Columbia and the Middle Atlantic States went into receivership people shook their heads and blamed it on the depression. One of the district officials, however, revealed this information: "Most of the people we insure are the every-day wage earners who want to protect themselves in case of illness and want something to bury themselves with. Their policies call for ten or fifteen cents a week, collected weekly. Over a period of several months the number of people who allowed their insurance to lapse was tremendous—people who'd been in for years. I did a little investigating and discovered that the money that formerly went for insurance was being paid out in numbers. In one town alone where in 1928 we insured sixteen hundred people, by the end of 1930 we could not point to one hundred paid up premiums."

A school teacher protests at the falling off in the savings of her pupils. She

sets an excellent example. Her students see her anxiously scanning the early edition of the evening paper. They watch her pore over the little white slips she takes from her bag. They know what those slips mean. Have they not seen the numbers writer making his rounds at recess? And do not their mothers have the same kind of slips? Have they not been questioned about their dreams and about the numbers they have seen and thought and perhaps written down? It is an old belief that children are more gifted with powers of divination than their elders.

So the fever has struck all classes and conditions of men. The whites, a little jealous of the aggrandizement of a few

black bankers, have entered the field. They are more ruthless than the Negroes. One white syndicate was set up in Wilmington, Delaware, last summer. They found the established bankers paying 600 to one, and they proposed that the odds be brought down to 500 to one. When the colored big shots refused, the whites employed strong arm methods. There was sufficient excitement to arouse the *Evening Journal*. It carried editorials on the racket on August 10 and 11, thereby prodding the police to action. Three petty arrests were made during the week. The wise-aces read the editorials and watched the lethargic activity of the police with amused and cynical smiles. The numbers game, they said, is here to stay.



A Use for Human Interest Stories

BY WILLIAM G. MATHER, JR.

When newspapers give intimate details about the latest headliner they are doing more than pander to idle curiosity

As I write these lines, a famous kidnapping case has, in the quaint parlance of the newspapers, "split wide open"—and the "human interest story" is with us again.

How the reporters manage to dig out the intimate details of an individual's life in such great quantities and such short time is their own secret, but a constant source of astonishment to me. Last night's paper carried a picture of the kidnapper's house, and gave all the particulars of its size and furnishings; this morning's has a picture of the parlor, with the man's bewildered wife sitting in an overstuffed chair; this afternoon's shows her, baby on hip, stirring some kind of food in a kettle on the kitchen stove. What tomorrow's will reveal, only the composing room knows.

In common with most people who make a pretense of decent privacy, I have usually been somewhat revolted by this human interest type of newspaper article and picture. Of what concern to other people, I have said, is it that Daisy Doe, charged with shooting one husband too many, had fried eggs for supper? Or that Gladys Gorgeous, film star, is "that way" about her camera man? And that Dick Daring, the desperado, has a weakness for lavender

pajamas? Let them eat their eggs, love their loves, and lie in lavender in peace, so long as they stay off my front porch!

As I looked at this afternoon's paper it struck me as being remarkably noseey—photographing a woman in her own kitchen, her own intimate quarter of the family castle, not because she was developing a new dish in response to woman's eternal query, "What shall we have to eat?" but just out of ordinary, very plain curiosity. Small-town stuff. Neighborhood gossip.

And then I thought, why not? Is it really out of place in a metropolitan newspaper, after all?

Suppose the man and his family had lived in your old home neighborhood, back in Grubb's Corners—a rural cross-roads hamlet of a church, a district school, a corner store and a dozen houses straggling along the intersecting roads? You would not have needed a picture of his wife and his child and his kitchen, for you would have known exactly what each looked like. You would have known what kind of clothes they wore, and known it so well you could have made a good guess as to which suit he had on when arrested. You would have known what their favorite foods were; very likely your own wife would have

established the custom of trading her buns for the lady's crullers, and the like. You would have known where each of the family was born, his age, how long they had lived in what places, what they had intended to make of themselves, what broken dreams they had, their secret vices and their secret hopes.

The stuff the newspaper prints would have been superficial to you, for you would have known so much more about them that was so much more intimate. In a small rural neighborhood, even a man's soul is not his own, but common property. Door sills are low; neighborhood affairs run in over them, personal affairs run out.

The sociologist calls the neighborhood a "primary" group; its human contacts are intimate, direct, constantly face-to-face. Its controls are strong. If an individual stray but a hairbreadth from the beaten path, that straying is known and commented upon, and a thinly-concealed scorn brings him sharply back. No one makes innovations in conduct in his home neighborhood—experiments with ethics and morals are best merely sighed after, or else saved for a glorious and wicked spree in the city.

For our modern city is dubbed a "secondary" group; its human contacts are casual and impersonal. One knows John Smith as a banker, but rarely finds out, or cares to find out, his religion or his morals. But a part of one's character is known to each group of friends; Jekyll-and-Hydes are common. Though there are those who would condemn if they knew, still one can find congenial souls for almost any enterprise, any new scheme of behavior, and the public conscience is weak.

But the city is of comparatively recent dominance. The social world has for

long generations been a world of small, primary, intimate, face-to-face groups, with each man knowing each detail of his neighbor's life, and being so known by him. Mankind is as yet a stranger to the modern urban life with its casual, secondary, one-purpose contacts. And as a stranger, is it not possible for him to become lonely—lonely for the old intimacy and publicity of his and his neighbor's lives, back in Grubb's Corners?

The human interest article of the newspaper gives something of that intimacy. In the reading of it, we become neighbors, to a certain degree, of those famous and infamous ones who have hitherto been but names and faces to us. By it we peek into their closets and count their suits and dresses, as we used to lift the corner of the sitting-room curtain to peek at the neighbors' Easter array; we overhear their quarrels, just as we used to listen to Jed Simpkins argue with his wife; we gaze at the slain gun-Moll, as we peered through the doorway of the undertaker's at the luckless tramp whom the constable shot rifling the clothing store safe. It satisfies our insatiable desire to peek and pry, and to be peeked and pried at.

For we each of us have a desire to know thoroughly and to be known thoroughly. That is one of the reasons for marriage; by it we have an interchange of the little, intimate hopes and fears and thoughts and habits, become important to some one, and acquire some one who is important to us. The newspaper human interest story may be just such another mechanism for the satisfaction of that human desire for intimate response.

Certain it is that many of them, written by the principals themselves, have little reticence. They are obviously a means of relief to the tellers, particu-

larly the most bragging ones. Generally their publication is followed by a flood of letters to the writers or the written-about, letters which praise or condemn, offer advice or matrimony, tell personal troubles in return, or ask for gifts. The first individual has bared something of his secret to the public, and the public, in turn, seeks to share its own and complete the cycle of intimate expression and response.

It may well be that the newspaper, in its rôle of neighborhood gossip, thus renders a distinct service to its readers. Of course, we do not all like it—consciously. Some of us have come to hate gossip in any form—openly. But it is hard to stop reading a real human interest story, just as it is hard to hush a gossip when she bears delightfully shocking news. We know it is evil, yet we feel its pull. And perhaps the more sophisticated of us do wrong to condemn too loftily that which may be an essential part of the social life of our fellows.

After all, something like the human interest story may be an absolute neces-

sity to our modern urban world. There has never been an enduring civilization built upon secondary relationships in the world. The neighborhood, with its strong social controls, may be a necessity if the human animal is to be properly trained and disciplined into safe society. But we can not go back to the real neighborhood and still keep our urban civilization. The "psychic neighborhood" which this strange kind of writing creates may be as far from Grubb's Corners as we dare to go.

The more we are fascinated by, and yet repulsed by, the human interest story, the more valuable it will become as a means of social control. For in the old neighborhood where humanity was reared some of us conformed to the conventions only because we knew full well that if we did not, Susie Pry would spread the tale of our misdeeds far and wide. And the threat of having the cut of one's undershirt discussed in a neat little box in the *Evening News* may be having the same salutary effect today!



Biographical New Dealing

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

The crazy spirit of our times manifests itself rarely in so peculiar a fashion as in the trend of biographies

BIOGRAPHICALLY as well as politically, we are in the throes of a New Deal. A New Deal which, if it has thus far failed to provide any of us with a really first-class hand, has at least produced a tolerable amount of excitement. The political New Deal, of course, has its special symbol in the NRA; the biographical one has its BRA, or Biographical Rehabilitation Association.

Not so very long ago, biography was almost exclusively in the hands of the Belittlers, perhaps more generally known as the Debunkers, whose great aim it was to drag down all our one-time heroes and heroines to a level below that of ordinary humanity, by being extraordinarily perspicacious regarding their faults, and more than a little blind regarding their virtues. Not only were the feet of clay upon which certain of our former idols undeniably rested revealed and analyzed with savage glee, but attention was concentrated upon them to an extent which caused many to forget or at least ignore the fact that while the idols' feet might be made of clay, their heads were quite certainly compounded of a different substance. This heyday of the Belittlers was followed by a very brief period of modera-

tion, too good to last, and now we have the New Deal, whose aims and objects are the very opposite of the Belittlers'. Instead of showing us how many of the famous were really infamous, the devotees of the BRA are busily engaged in telling us how many of those we have fondly looked upon as reprehensible, if not positively infamous, are in truth worthy of respect, and perhaps even of admiration.

The New Deal in biography, like the New Deal in politics, is not entirely novel in all its aspects. For instance, some years have passed since unkind historians compelled us to give up our long-cherished vision of Lucrezia Borgia as a beautiful but exceedingly improper young woman with an interesting and dramatic habit of administering poison to any one who happened to displease her; poison, moreover, of a peculiarly subtle kind which proved a never-failing help and comfort to writers of murder stories. It was a sad day for all of us when we were compelled to relinquish this fascinatingly opprobrious figure, and accept in its stead a rather dull but very respectable person possessed of numerous domestic virtues, who may, for all we know, have been addicted to dosing those about her with

the Fifteenth Century equivalent of ipecac or castor oil, but never, never indulged in the use of anything more lethal. Nor can her brother Cesare be any more regarded as the complete fiend whose nefarious doings were so entertainingly drastic. But the rehabilitating of the Borgias is only one instance out of many in that now concerted effort to bereave us of horrible examples.

Consider that recent and quite fascinating biography by Philip Lindsay, which he calls *The Tragic King*. Here we meet a truly royal gentleman, a brave soldier, a devoted husband, a fond father, a loyal brother, an excellent uncle, a friend completely trustworthy in an age of almost universal treachery—in short, the complete antithesis of that Richard III whom we have always considered such a satisfactorily unmitigated villain. Richard, Mr. Lindsay assures us, and marshals no small amount of evidence to uphold his contention, didn't murder his nephews; King Henry VI might still be living had he depended on Richard to terminate his unfortunate existence, while far from making "quick conveyance" with his gentle wife Anne, as Shakespeare has long induced us to believe he did, the last Plantagenet was a loving, and even a faithful husband! It is true that Mr. Lindsay does suggest that many of the crimes wrongly attributed to Richard were actually committed by Henry VII, but that mean-spirited and stingy Tudor is but a poor substitute for the cheerily and glamorously wicked Richard. Where indeed shall we ever find another whom we can detest so heartily, and so enthusiastically! The Richard Crookback of romance and drama and poetry, the clever, smooth-tongued demon who was ready to commit murder on the most diminutive

provocation has vanished, and in his place we have a courageous, sorrowful, loyal prince, one of whose shoulders was perhaps a little higher than the other, but so very little that we can't even be sure which one it was. Sadly we gaze at this substitute for our lost Mephistopheles, feeling ourselves most cruelly bereft.

II

Of course, the BRA is not always quite so emphatic in its methods, or so extreme. When it busies itself with any of the members of the very considerable "Forgotten Man" group, it is not so difficult to endure its re-presentations with equanimity. Many of us, and more especially those who, like myself, chance to be adherents of Alexandre Dumas *père*, more or less vaguely associate Mesmer with Cagliostro, and have a nebulous impression of weird and secret rites, of wonder-working hands and abnormal sleep during which dreadful things might perchance be done to the hapless slumberer. Nevertheless, we are able to bear with comparative fortitude Margaret Goldsmith's assurance that the real *Franz Anton Mesmer* was neither necromancer nor charlatan, but an entirely honest man, a qualified physician whose theories "bridged the gap between ancient superstitions and modern psychotherapy," a dignified, much persecuted individual, somewhat chilly as to temperament, but in the days of his prosperity a lover of music and a friend of Leopold Mozart, from whose young son Wolfgang he ordered that little opera, *Bastien und Bastienne*, which was the first of Mozart's operas to be produced. Since he was an innovator, Mesmer was of course unpopular with the members of his own profession, who

for the most part denounced his practice and repudiated his theories. Nevertheless, some there were who supported and developed his ideas. He became, or so our author claims, the father of psychoanalysis on the one hand and of Christian Science on the other. Not often does a more or less Forgotten Man produce such startling claims to remembrance! But then, as Branch Cabell so amusingly points out in his letters to *Ladies and Gentlemen* long since dead, a very great many people are remembered for reasons which have little to do with the facts of their lives, or with the merits and demerits actually theirs. Tutankhamen was one of the least important of Egypt's Pharaohs, but many know of him who have never even heard of Amenemhat I, or of Thutmose III, while Ananias's widespread reputation for lying rests upon a foundation so slight that most of us could produce a far more solid one without half trying.

Yet it is something of a relief to realize that there are still some personages of whose histories so little is known that we can feel cheerfully confident that whatever blame or praise they may receive is due principally to the author's preferences, or to the state of his digestion. Notable among these is our old friend Omar Khayyam. He was an astronomer; he lived during the reign of the Sultan Melikshah, his grave may still be seen at Nasapur, and he wrote quatrains that are still famous, especially in the Western world. Beyond these few facts, so little is really known about him that we can feel entirely free to accept or to reject the picture given of him in that fictionized biography by Harold Lamb which bears his name. We must admit, of course, that Mr. Lamb is well acquainted with the an-

cient Khorassan of which he writes so interestingly, and that he uses it for the background of a very entertaining romance, made doubly effective by the sinister presence of Hassan ibn Sabah, chief of the Assassins, whose mountain stronghold of Alamut Omar is quite plausibly supposed to visit. But as far as his account of Omar goes, you can, in the familiar phrase, believe it or not. If you like to think of the poet as existing in a perpetual state of intoxication, you may, and if you prefer to believe that he used wine as a symbol, you can do so, or you may accept Mr. Lamb's intermediate version, and agree with him that Omar indulged to excess only on certain occasions and under extreme provocation. The only thing you need really be afraid of is that some day, somewhere, some inconsiderate person will discover that Omar was in fact a plagiarist who cribbed all his famous *Rubaiyat* from some entirely forgotten and unappealing predecessor.

III

Anne of England, on the contrary, is a well-documented person, one of those royalties you have been used pleasantly to despise. A fat, lethargic, underdone dumpling of a woman, a mere lump of dough kneaded into shape first by the termagant Duchess of Marlborough and later by the more gentle hands of Mrs. Masham, she seemed scarcely ever to have made any definite exertion save on the notable occasion when she exchanged one manipulator for another. But now comes M. R. Hopkinson, bringing chapter and verse to justify her claim that Anne was in very truth a "Great Queen," and a remarkable woman. If the BRA is maintained, then we must, it seems, part not only with our detestations, but with

those scorns which enabled us to feel so pleasantly superior. Living people, as we all know, have an exasperating habit of proving themselves to be neither as good nor as bad, neither as admirable nor as contemptible, as we have been inclined to think them. But it is trying indeed not to be able to maintain immutable judgments concerning those long dead!

But if Mrs. Hopkinson's *Anne of England* robs us of our complacent contempt for the last Stuart sovereign as pitilessly as Philip Lindsay's *Tragic King* robs us of our delectably gruesome idea of the last Plantagenet, Geoffrey Gorer's *Marquis de Sade* deprives us of a monster of almost legendary horror, one of the few fit to stand beside such repulsive symbols of psychic ills as Caligula or Giles de Retz. Has not the Marquis given his name to a special type of sexual aberration, are not his writings so obscene as to be for the most part unprintable? Yet he was in fact, or so Mr. Gorer asserts, a "passionate idealist," who was "terribly aware" of the misery and evil in the world around him and objected to it strongly, a man of charm, courage and extreme sensibility, a daring thinker, whose ideas are still too novel and revolutionary to suit most people. Which, to judge from the specimens quoted, one can only hope they may remain. For twenty-seven years de Sade was imprisoned, much of the time through the enmity of his mother-in-law, his quarrel with whom originated in the fact that after his family and hers had arranged that he should marry one of her daughters he fell violently in love with another, who on her part fell no less violently in love with him. That political pamphlets and an enraged mother-in-law should have been the main causes of his misfortunes,

and to some extent of the opprobrium which still envelops his name, is an idea which will probably prove rather startling to the majority of readers, in whose eyes he has always appeared as a peculiarly revolting monster. Yet in Mr. Gorer's view, it was de Sade himself who justifiably brought a "black indictment" against society, an indictment which were he living today he might well repeat. It is true, however, that Mr. Gorer's own beliefs are of a kind which will scarcely find favor among those who do not regard private property as an unmitigated evil, or consider poverty as "a crime committed by the rich against the poor."

IV

But while biographers are demonstrating their whole-hearted support of the New Deal and the BRA by thus rehabilitating everybody in sight, from domestic Anne to the distinctly far from strait-laced Marquis de Sade, they are not its only supporters. Some notabilities of the present day have thought it wise to take due precautions against a possible return of the Belittling era by putting on record their impressions of themselves through the simple expedient of writing their own biographies. Apart from the minor fact that they have all been the subjects of more or less gossip, H. G. Wells, Marie, the Dowager Queen of Rumania, and Frieda Lawrence could not be accurately regarded as having a very great deal in common, yet each and every one of them has recently utilized this simple, self-guarding expedient. Don't they, after all, know a great deal more about their own virtues than any one else possibly could? And isn't it wise of them to forestall more drastic criticism by admitting the possibility that they may

conceivably have certain faults, and even failings? Who save *Marie, Queen of Roumania*, herself could be so completely positive that anything and everything said in her dispraise was plain calumny, since nothing she did was the result of anything worse than high spirits or perhaps shyness? She can tell us with confidence: "Pity lies at the very root of my 'ego'," assure us of that "staunch, fearless fidelity peculiar to my nature," and let us know without any foolish quibbling that: "I was always of perfect good faith, genuinely desirous of making others happy, of spreading nothing but good will around me. But I was seldom met with the same spirit of broad, generous understanding." After that, what could any biographer have to say? It is all most appealing, the picture of a pretty, fair-haired, sensitive "little princess" coming in trustful innocence to a strange land, there to be tyrannized over, spied upon and maligned, but winning most if not all hearts at the last, seeing all eyes turn to her as to "my people's . . . supremest hope." Incidentally, she has provided some entertaining and highly amusing sketches of other royal and imperial personages, not all of whom were by any means as lovable or as noble-hearted as herself, besides many vivid descriptions of events and ceremonies of which she was an eye-witness, or in which she was a beautifully gowned and much admired participant.

Queen Marie evidently has great faith in the power of the written word to carry conviction; Mr. H. G. Wells is more skeptical, and more subtle. His chosen method for an *Experiment In Autobiography* is the use of a disarming frankness. Have unkind persons suggested that the humbleness of his own origin has had more than a little to do

with his Socialistic proclivities and Utopian schemes? He admits the fact. And not only admits it but emphasizes it by declaring that his mother's wearisomely fervent admiration for the "dear Queen" probably had much to do with his anti-royalist and anti-aristocrat complex, while his early envy of those fortunate youths who were able to go to college has never been completely eradicated from his system. "I am a typical Cockney, without either reverence or sincere conviction of inferiority to any fellow-creature," he declares. Have his marriages, his divorce and incidental affairs been subjects for gossip? He retaliates by relating their histories fully and freely, thereby cutting away the ground from under the feet of those who love to frequent backstairs and to haunt key-holes.

Combined with his sketch of himself and his own doings is a picture of the world he lived in, a world about the same in time, but otherwise altogether different from that glittering one of which Queen Marie tells us. For a perpetual, unsuccessful struggle against dirt and bugs was a part of his early surroundings, while his early playground was a dingy bit of backyard. His mother was an upper servant, his father a gardener who became a shopkeeper, his own "first start in life" was as assistant to a draper. Nor does he claim for himself any intellectual preëminence. "My brain," he tells us, "is not a particularly good one." In its apprehension of things, as in his general behavior, "the outline is better than the substance." All that he does claim for himself, the work "for which I take myself seriously enough to be self-scrutinizing and autobiographical," is what he calls "the crystallization of

ideas," the giving of a tangible, distinct form to conceptions previously somewhat nebulous. And that he has achieved this few people can honestly deny. Whether or not one agrees with his conclusions, the fact remains that many of the thoughts and ideas more or less in the air during his writing life have found, often first found, expression in his work. As his own mind has developed under stress of experience these ideas have necessarily altered to some extent, but the main outlines of a "creative world community," or as he later called it, a "Great State," were early shaped, and have remained practically unchanged. His influence upon the general thought of his time has been to a great extent of this crystallizing type—sometimes even helping to crystallize ideas quite opposed to his. But even though subsequent biographers should deny the BRA and, resurrecting the Belittlers' School, refuse to allow him any other virtue, they will find themselves obliged to admit that in this book he has endeavored to tell the truth about himself as he saw it. Man can do no more.

Nor woman either. No less frankly, though with a method not quite so direct, Frieda Lawrence, the German woman who eloped with D. H. Lawrence, married him after her divorce, and was part of his life until his death, eighteen years later, contrives, if not to forestall, at least to counteract criticism of herself by writing her memories of her husband under the rather "precious" title, *Not I, But The Wind*. . . . Since the death of that much abused and much praised author, most of those who knew him seem to have rushed to print their reminiscences; the general result has been to make one firm impression on the mind of the reader, this

impression being that whatever else Lawrence did or did not do, whether he was a genius or only a writer of unusual talent, he was most certainly destructive to any sense of balance or of humor ever possessed by any of his associates. Consider, for instance, what his wife tells us of Mabel Dodge: "One day Mabel came over and told me she didn't think I was the right woman for Lawrence, and other things equally upsetting." Comment is superfluous. "We couldn't get on somehow," Mrs. Lawrence naïvely remarks a little later, à propos of herself and Mabel. But neither was Lawrence always easy to get on with, his wife telling us of one occasion when he "flung half a glass of red wine in my face," and of how he sometimes "hit out at me," when exasperated. Perhaps there were moments when the realization that she had left husband and children, position and home for his sake got on his nerves. But there is one letter among many written to the mother-in-law, of whom he seems to have been remarkably fond, which is more illuminating than all the rest put together, the letter in which he expresses his desire for strength rather than for peace or for the love of which he seems to have been more than a little weary. And no wonder, considering the way women fought over him. Poor consumptive Lawrence, a bone of contention in death as he was in life! Will he eventually become a "Forgotten Man," or will a legend form about him, a legend perhaps as baseless as any of those of which Mr. Cabell has so amusingly written?

For there will surely be other, many other New Deals long after this one has vanished into a more or less respectable oblivion, and with it all its numerous alphabetical associates. But though

New Deals may become antiquated, human nature has an ineradicable longing for black and white, the definitely admirable, or the no less definitely despicable. We all enjoy contemplating monsters who, whatever destruction they may have wrought in their own time, can't possibly hurt us, from ichthyosauri to Jack the Ripper. These simple joys the present school of Rehabilitating Biographers would take

from us, and with them all those accompanying thrills and excitement which have made biography almost as popular as the detective story.

The only thing we can do is cherish a faint hope that neither the Rehabilitators nor the self-justifiers will triumph utterly, but that a few of the gruesome ogres of history may be left to supply the needs of those generations of readers yet to be born.

Year's End

BY FRANCES FROST

LET the year perish,
 the dark plum-colored vine
 bend bewildered under starry ice.
 It was never mine.

Let the roots clutching
 squared fields, clench tighter, freeze
 down to their final reaching frightened tips.
 I have nothing to do with these,

save to await their sweet reluctant thawing
 toward sap and fragile leaf.
 I have nothing to do with death;
 love is mine, not grief.

Winter, the frozen
 stinging and ruthless storm,
 may bitter the brain as it stiffens the rusty earth,
 yet the knowing heart keeps warm.

Let the mind shrivel
 as deer-grass-stalk, as vine;
 let the year perish in canting crystal flakes—
 it was never mine.

The AAA Succeeds—in Helping Foreign Farmers

BY GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

The Government's restriction programme has raised prices and opened world markets for other than American products

BY THE first days of October, American farmers had received more than \$350,000,000 in rental and benefit payments. They had benefited to the tune of more than \$100,000,000 from government purchases of hogs and cattle, of butter and cheese, in export operations in wheat and in conservation of seed. Nor must one forget the liberal lending policy of the Government which, in the fifteen months ending September 1, led to more than a million loans valued at nearly two billion dollars. In addition, there are the relief measures such as the purchasing of over a million acres of submarginal land to be turned into parks, forests and game preserves; also the \$75,000,000 forest shelter belt a hundred miles wide and extending through the heart of this year's drought area from Canada to Texas. All things considered, it may not be too much (if, indeed, enough) to estimate the total outlay by the government for the American farmer at about three billion dollars.

It was the original purpose of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, under

whose patronage these measures were initiated, to raise the price of farm products by restricting production; to refinance indebtedness, to provide working capital and to liquidate foreclosed farm property—to put the "other half" of American business on a sounder basis than it has had during the last decade or so. In short, the AAA proposed a New Deal for the farmer.

And a New Deal it has been. Compare, if you will, a total outlay of something like three billion dollars for about six million farmers, or an average of \$500 per farmer, with the fact that in the pre-depression years fully one-half of the nation's farms produced less than \$1,000 worth of products apiece. Take the mortgage loans, ninety per cent of which have been used to refinance existing indebtedness. They have reduced the farmer's interest charges by about twenty per cent. (Farm real estate taxes per acre have decreased thirteen per cent on the average since 1932 in sixteen States.) About forty million acres of land are being removed from production of cotton, wheat, tobacco and corn. Last year

alone the farmer's position in the national economy was improved by a forty-five per cent increase in farm prices, as compared with only half that advance in the prices of department store goods, and this does *not* include the various subsidies and relief measures.

The success of the AAA effort to raise prices may be seen from the simple but convincing fact that the market value of the four basic commodities, wheat, corn, hogs and cotton, is at present 101 per cent higher than it was two years ago:

| | | |
|--------|------|-------------------------|
| Hogs | 67% | higher than 2 years ago |
| Corn | 172% | higher than 2 years ago |
| Wheat | 92% | higher than 2 years ago |
| Cotton | 73% | higher than 2 years ago |

By restricting production and by a rigid control of supply, income has been raised to a level where it is estimated that, for 1934, it will exceed that of 1933 by about twenty per cent, in spite of the drought. And while it still is a far cry from the more than ten billion dollar income of 1929, at least it can be said that the trend is upward. So much, then, for the gain of the farmer. The question arises: what has it cost the government to produce these results?

II

To be sure, agricultural recovery is not supposed to cost the government anything at all. The benefit and rental payments in acreage restriction are to come from the yield of processing taxes. In fact, by 1936, when all production control and surplus removal activities are completed, it is expected that revenues from processing taxes will exceed expenditures by more than four million dollars. The farmer's bonus has been designed as a self-liquidating scheme.

Nor is the lending of nearly two billion dollars' worth of cash, of credit, of mortgages to be considered anything but an advance to be repaid in due time. The Emergency Farm Mortgage Act of last year authorized the Federal Land Banks for two years to issue two billion dollars' worth of four per cent farm loan bonds with interest guaranteed by the government to refinance farm mortgages at interest not to exceed five per cent.

This repayment may be a long time off. After all, the real aim behind these large government subsidies was not to enable the farmer to pay his debt to the government but to increase, or rather restore, his purchasing power, for the good of the country, for the gain of industry and to the advantage of the urban population of the United States. Not only is there little talk about repaying the two billions advanced by various government agencies, but in addition to these loans about 400,000 borrowers from Federal Land Banks who had loans outstanding in June, 1933, have obtained reductions in interest and postponement of principal payments for the next few years. In other words, the loans are a sort of draft upon future prosperity, comparable to relief or public works expenditures; in this sense, they may—or may not—be "self-liquidating."

The fact remains that the government has actually spent since May, 1933, approximately three billion dollars for the benefit of the farmer. Of this, about half a billion dollars has come from processing taxes while the remaining two and a half billions have been produced by Federal taxes. While this is clear enough as far as the government is concerned, it does not explain who actually paid for the privilege.

One must not forget that in the lavish spending of the last eighteen months the government is not the payer but rather the trustee through whom payments are arranged. The people pay.

Consequently, our question should read: what does it—and has it—cost the people to produce the present degree of agricultural recovery? Obviously, three factors are involved: first, the processing tax imposed upon the various commodities for whose restricted production the farmer is paid the bonus. Naturally, it is not being borne in the last analysis by anybody but the public; hence, it should show (and has shown) in increased food prices. Secondly, the deficit caused in the Federal budget by those expenditures not covered by the processing tax, that is, two and a half billion dollars. This deficit is and will be reflected in increased taxes, which make for higher prices but also for reduced income. Thirdly, higher prices caused by restricted production of farm commodities. All three factors are bound to step up the cost of living.

This is as it should be. It is the characteristic of any national economy, and particularly of one so close to self-sufficiency as that of the United States, that increase in the cost of one part must necessarily result in loss to the other. A predominant industrial development as we have seen it in the two decades preceding the 1929 collapse will work out to the disadvantage of its agricultural counterpart, as reflected in increased production cost, increased indebtedness, increased cost of land, and so on. The same is true of Germany, of France, and of many other countries. By the same token, quite as obviously, any large amount of help and subsidy extended to agriculture must pop up in

some form or other on the debit side of the ledger, that is, the non-agricultural part of the country.

However, it is difficult even to estimate the cost of the agricultural concessions to the rest of the country because the sources from which they are paid are so complex and manifold and widely scattered. One can only take the aggregate increase in the cost of food which, since the Roosevelt Administration took command, amounts to more than ten per cent. The total annual consumption of foods is approximately 90,000,000 tons, for which the public pays about eighteen billion dollars. Consequently, the public is now paying nearly two billion dollars more for food than it did at the time of last year's banking holiday. This increase in the cost of food is undoubtedly to a large measure due to the production restriction programme of the AAA, although allowances must be made for a variety of factors, such as the higher purchasing power of the farmer, as well as of food and other industries, also for the stimulus brought upon the entire national economy by higher prices of farm products.

On the other hand, the extent to which the increased cost of food is mitigated by these factors is more than offset by higher taxes to cover the deficit of the government, which has in no small degree been caused by agricultural subsidies. For the past fiscal year, tax collections showed a gain of more than a billion dollars over the preceding year. Assuming that about one-third of total expenditures since March, 1933, was for the direct or indirect benefit of the farmer, one probably would not go very far wrong in stating that approximately \$300,000,000 have been paid by the public which would not

have been paid but for the cost of farm relief. Adding two and two together, it seems that the gain of the farmer, amounting to about three billion dollars, and the cost to the public are not widely separated. And why should they be, since the gain of one is the loss of the other?

III

Turning back to the farm policy of the Federal Government, there is another field in which the AAA might feel the pride of achievement. It has been its conviction that the prosperity of the American farmer depended to some extent upon the world market in view of his considerable surplus year in and year out. It was thought that higher prices of farm products in the United States would tend to stabilize world market conditions, since many of these products play quite a part in those markets. Well, the pick-up in farm product prices in this country *did* benefit foreign interests; it did contribute to more stable world market conditions. But whether this worked out, as anticipated, to the benefit of the American farmer, may be doubted. Judge for yourself when you read through the experiences of the four basic farm products.

Cotton is the king of them all, not only because of its dominating position on the world market but especially because the prosperity and even the economic life of the South is invariably bound up with the product whose export yield alone gives the Southern half of the United States about half a billion dollars every year of fresh money with which to sustain its purchasing power. This season's domestic crop is in the neighborhood of nine million bales, as compared with more than thirteen mil-

lion bales a year ago. This is the smallest crop since 1896, with the exception of 1921. While the drought is responsible for the reduction to some extent, the plow-up campaign chiefly accounts for the result.

Because of this government attempt to help the cotton farmer, foreign production is expected to exceed the domestic output for the first time since the Civil War period, by about four million bales. It is feared that the supremacy of United States cotton in the world markets is seriously threatened. Foreign nations are quick to sense the exposed weakness of the American cotton position abroad. They are in a hurry to make up for the reduction caused by the plow-up campaign. They are obviously motivated by two opportunities, namely, to make the loss of the American cotton export trade their own gain, and to profit at the same time from the relatively high price level.

Argentina is encouraging increased cotton production in the Chaco territory. Soviet Russia is stepping up cotton production. In 1933-34, Brazil produced 969,000 bales, as compared with 448,000 bales the year before; in the same period, Mexico more than doubled her production; Egypt's cotton production showed a gain of eighty per cent, India's of seven, China's of twenty per cent. Are Soviet Russia, then, and Argentina and Brazil, Mexico, India, China and Egypt buying more from the United States because the latter helped them to stimulate their cotton exports? Not that one could detect with naked eye. On the contrary, they barter with other countries their cotton gains: Brazil sold cotton to Germany from whom she bought coal. Soviet Russia buys European machinery against cotton deliveries. India sold cotton to Ja-

pan and bought cotton cloth in return. Egypt has removed all restrictions and is doing a flourishing business in cotton exports. But when it comes to the American farmer; he plows under his cotton on which the foreigners are cashing in, and gets a bonus instead. Meanwhile, the South may feel the effect of this glaring mistake in foreign trade policy for years to come.

The international wheat market is essentially different from cotton, inasmuch as the international wheat agreement tends to equalize the interests of the participating nations. But even this agreement could not do away altogether with the effect of the restricting policy of the AAA, to which must be added the devastating result of the drought. Both combined in producing the shortest crop since 1893, amounting to but 500,000,000 bushels from winter and spring supplies. While carry-over supplies will bring the total available to 783,000,000 bushels, thus assuring an ample domestic supply, the figures virtually spell the withdrawal of the American wheat producer from the world market.

Foreign competitors are acting accordingly. Last year, Canada exported 195,000,000 bushels, while its export quota was fixed at 200,000,000. Argentina, with a quota of 110,000,000, actually exported 144,000,000 bushels; Australia was allowed a quota of 105,000,000 but shipped only 90,000,000. This year, Canada expects to increase her wheat exports from 195,000,000 to no less than 288,000,000 bushels, a hope which is inspired as much by the increased demand in Europe as by the withdrawal of the United States from the export market. That other foreign producers have no idea of curtailing their wheat output may be seen from

the fact that the 1934 crop for the Northern Hemisphere is estimated at only ten per cent below a year ago, in spite of the world-wide drought which reduced crops in many countries by twenty and thirty per cent. The reduction of the American wheat crop may tend to change the world picture next year in favor of the foreign wheat growers.

The same, or at least similar, facts prevail in corn and hog production in which the Government followed the same policy of reducing or, if possible, eliminating the surplus and carry-over for the sake of better prices. In both respects, it has succeeded. The total crop of corn, for instance, is more than one billion bushels smaller than last year, and the normal surplus of hogs is expected to be wiped out this year. This will, naturally, benefit such countries as Australia and Argentina, not to mention Soviet Russia, which will derive the same advantages as foreign cotton producers; they will obtain better prices, thanks to the limitation of the American supply, and they will rid themselves of a powerful competitor on the markets of the world.

IV

Summarizing the trend of developments at home and abroad, as we have described them above, it seems more than likely that the large agricultural grants and subsidies will turn out to be a two-edged sword. Their purpose was and is to increase the purchasing power of the American farmer. But it has been shown that what has been given to the farmer has been taken from industry, from consumers, from the cities—in short, from other parts of the national economy. One can not, by word of law, dictate the prosperity of some part of

the nation without affecting other parts, without upsetting the economic equilibrium, without creating forces that may hit back at some future and probably unexpected time.

Besides, it looks like an impossible task in the light of American history to try to keep the farmer within the cage of national self-sufficiency. It may be feasible for a time to take away his export possibilities and satisfy him with a nice birthday present instead, but in the long run such a policy must undermine the birthright of the American farmer, who built his prosperity upon supplying the markets of the world. No domestic effort, I believe, can be an adequate substitute. And this is nowhere shown more clearly than in the case of cotton in which the economic lives of some twenty million people are directly dependent

upon an export trade which is made more and more difficult by the agricultural policies of the Government.

It may, therefore, be advisable to extend government planning beyond mere handing out of a bonus to the farmer and securing higher prices, to determining the effect at home and abroad of such measures. Then it will be seen that it will not do as an economically adequate measure to take money from one class (and by no means a rich class) and give it to another, nor to cut off the excess production simply as a price-stimulating step. For while the farmer may be benefited only temporarily, the consumer is called upon to pay for the privilege permanently. And foreign nations are likely to occupy the position vacated by this country for some time to come.



Fascism and the New Deal

BY ROGER SHAW

The New Deal uses the mechanics of Italian Fascism to combat the spirit of Fascism in American business

“**W**HAT America needs is a Mussolini!” many an American business man has declared with fervor. Yet in the next breath he will bitterly attack the NRA, most of which was adapted from Fascist Italy, while he assails the President of the United States as a tyrannical dictator, and speaks out in stout defense of his constitutional liberties. All this sounds inconsistent, but Fascism in America is inconsistent to a marked degree. The New Dealers, strangely enough, have been employing Fascist means to gain liberal ends; while their Old Guard opponents are strongly in favor of liberal and constitutional means to gain Fascist ends. Those who bitterly accuse Donald Richberg or Miss Frances Perkins of Fascist tendencies are often, in reality, themselves Fascist-minded. This, I think, helps to explain the confusion of the average anti-Roosevelt American who admires Mussolini, and sometimes even Hitler or the late Dollfuss.

The *Red Network*, that all-embracing who's who of American “radicalism,” is a little volume of extraordinary interest to students of hysteria. It is violently anti-liberal, and takes a Fascist tone regarding pacifism, birth control,

social welfare and movements for colonial independence. Yet, despite its admiration for Mussolini Fascism, it heartily condemns the NRA, the advisers of the President and those putting actual Fascist measures into effect at Washington. Mrs. Roosevelt, Mayor La Guardia, Mahatma Gandhi, Edouard Herriot, Jane Addams, Glenn Frank, Margaret Sanger and the Fosticks are names taken at random from this book's long listing of the damned. Here is another contradictory case of Fascists of the spirit attacking Fascists of the flesh—patriotic societies versus the New Dealers and all their works. . . .

Fascism is, in many respects, the most significant political and social development of the entire post-War period. Marxism in its various forms has existed since the hectic days of the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848; but the Italian Black Shirt movement, which evolved into the march on Rome of 1922, was a brand-new phenomenon and one which was at first but hazily understood. Fascism, in the beginning, was simply interpreted as a militant anti-Communism intended to combat the Marxist heresies of the Russian revolution; just as the Jesuits of Loyola

had fought the Protestant reformation four centuries earlier by counter-revolutionary means. Fascism defeated Marxism in Italy decisively, as the Jesuits had once broken Protestantism in Poland and Bohemia.

Mussolini announced that his political brain-child was not intended for export or migration, and the fun began. But the black shirts of Italy turned into the brown shirts of Germany, silver shirts of America, blue shirts of Ireland, green shirts of Austria, red shirts of India, and various other rainbow shades and hues. Old Garibaldi, whose free-companions had originated the colored-shirt fad, would have rubbed his eyes in Nineteenth Century astonishment. Giuseppe the Great was a Left-wing radical whose sympathies would have been strongly with Matteotti and against Mussolini; and yet his shirt-patent was being infringed upon by Right-wing reactionaries of the most bellicose type in almost every country in the world. (Black Shirt accord with the Vatican in 1929 must have made the anti-clerical Freemason turn in his grave as the Papacy was restored to its temporal power.)

Napoleon Bonaparte was unquestionably the first of modern pseudo-Fascists, followed later by his nephew, Louis Napoleon, second Bonaparte dictator. Just as modern Fascism seeks to terminate the class-struggle as devised by Marx, so the first Bonaparte's task was to combat the class-struggle directed by Robespierre and his fellow terrorists of 1793-4. It is true that the class-struggle, as waged by Robespierre, cost less than 20,000 lives, and that the "glorious" national wars of the Corsican dictator brought death to millions. But a policy of aggressive nationalism is the

planned Fascist policy for combating home dissension, Bonaparte and Mussolini being in agreement that proletarians should oppose foreigners rather than employers. Mussolini uses France and Jugoslavia, and now the other Fascist state of Germany, as scapegoats for popular wrath; just as Bonaparte was using Austria and England a little over a century before.

A thoughtful French pacifist has commented on Fascist foreign policy in the following words: "Democracy has come to the fore, and now in order to maintain the spirit of class distinctions and keep every one in his place, the interested classes have felt that they can do no better than to stimulate nationalism, which in turn fosters a permanent military spirit in a people, makes it more inclined to recognize the advantages of taking orders from above, the legitimacy of superiorities and inferiorities—which, in a word, puts it in the frame of mind that best suits those who are interested in having it as their servant." *Voilà!*

But the true Fascist state must have a Fascist economic system to match, as rainbow shirts spread from land to land, and from continent to continent. Since the chief purpose of Fascism is to end the Marxist controversy between capital and labor by the substitution of a united front, an economic mechanism is vitally necessary. It is so necessary that it has been carefully devised, and is now functioning with greater or less efficiency in Italy, Austria, Germany and a number of lesser countries in Europe and South America. Fascist economic organization has been called the "corporative state," and under it strikes and lockouts are generally forbidden, with compulsory arbitration as the state-directed alterna-

tive. Capital and labor are represented by occupational guilds or confederations.

In theory, capital and labor are hitched side by side to the Fascist chariot of state, while the dictator lashes both beasts impartially in his rôle of national charioteer. The private employer is retained, but he is stringently regulated by the state—to such a degree, indeed, that capitalistic *laissez-faire* of the old, familiar type practically disappears under state-planning. Big business and modern monopoly capitalism, reinforced by sympathetic state subsidies, appear to be best adapted to economic Fascism in practice. Communism eliminates the private employer and profit-maker, but Fascism, at least in economic theory, retains him as a slave of the state. When faced with so cruel an alternative, most business men would naturally be inclined to favor Fascism, which is a compromise, a mid-step, or perhaps a half-way station between the opposing poles of individualism and collectivism as practised in Holland and in Russia. In the Third Reich, for example, workmen dare not strike, for this would be contrary to the best interests of the Hitler state; but a hard-shelled employer who refused to grant his men a two-weeks' vacation was sent to a government concentration camp for disciplinary purposes.

There are, of course, several phases to Fascism as a way of national life. These would include: one-party dictatorship under a "great man," a corporative economic system as described above, a "tough" foreign policy, a philosophical traditionalism and a glorification of force, not as a means, but as an end in itself. These various phases of Fascism may be subdivided roughly into the *spirit of Fascism* and the *mechanics of*

Fascism. Both spirit and mechanics are present in Italy, where traditional nationalism and ultra-patriotism go hand in hand with the practical workings of the occupational Council of Corporations, which contains the representatives of capital and labor in thirteen industrial categories. Furthermore, the spirit of Fascism in Italy (as in the Fascist Third Reich) is distinctly on the side of vested interests and industrial property, evidenced by the names of the financial backers of the march on Rome and of the Hitler movement in its later stages. To the Agnellis and Thyssens, Fascism was a safe shield against the reds, and the corporative state held out a nominal sop to the suppressed Marxists whose trade-unions had been suppressed. Fascism, by most of the political-economists of Europe, was considered a veiled "rich man's tool."

II

This brings us to the American scene, with its New Deal and National Industrial Recovery Act. Since the depression, which was begun with the stock market crash in the fall of 1929, dissatisfaction with *laissez-faire* capitalism had grown by leaps and bounds in the United States. With close to twelve million unemployed, with business failures, hard times and in some districts virtual starvation, the result was the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. This has been generally interpreted as a striking victory over "rugged American individualism" of the sort that had prevailed in America since the Civil War, and especially during the Harding and Coolidge "prosperity eras" coming after the international crusade against Germany and the "Huns." Wholesale bank failures greeted the new Roosevelt Administra-

tion, with its popular and labor-minded policies of the much advertised New Deal. There resulted, among other crisis measures, the National Industrial Recovery Act of the year 1933.

The NRA, with its code system, its regulatory economic clauses and some of its features of social amelioration, was plainly an American adaptation of the Italian corporative state in its mechanics. It was recognized as such by both Mussolini and Hitler, and certain frank Washingtonians admitted that its seeming similarity to Italian economic workings was more than an accident. Occupational coöperation by industries, under government supervision or, if need be, dictation, was certainly Fascist; and as in Italy, the capitalistic framework and the profit-motive were retained. The working mechanics of economic Fascism were present in the NRA, but the economic application of the NRA was contrary to the spirit of Fascism. American Fascist elements, many of them unwittingly Fascist in their ideology, were paradoxically opposed to the corporative state as applied to the United States. Therein lies the American contradiction, and it is a strange one.

The conservative spirit of Fascism is in instinctive sympathy with vested interests, and the American New Deal has very definite ties with the masses. It has been using Fascist apparatus to combat those very interests which in Europe uphold Fascism. The corporative state, in Europe the shield of big business, has in America become a sword of Damocles which dangles in horrific style above the skyscrapers of Wall Street and the mills of Pittsburg. The Roosevelt Administration has shown itself out of sympathy with the spirit of Fascism in other liberal ways: repeal of Prohibition, recog-

nition of Russia, anti-imperialist policy in Latin America and the Philippines, sympathetic attitude toward labor and the utilization of women in public positions. The New Deal philosophy resembles closely that of the British Labor Party, while its mechanism is borrowed from the B.L.P.'s Italian antithesis.

American opposition to the New Deal centres, naturally, among New York bankers and Pennsylvania industrialists, with support from a majority of employers and business men the country over. Sectional lines in America have for once broken down in favor of class lines, although there is no systematic class hatred in the vicious Marxian sense. The only parallel in American history is, perhaps, the controversy between Federalist "gentry" and "plain" Jeffersonians in the first decades of our Republic.

In the United States there are a number of self-conscious Fascist movements, wearing colored shirts and giving Fascist salutes in the best European style. The American Realists, the Blackburn Grayshirts, the Silver Shirts and the indigenous Ku Klux Klan might be included among such militant groups of self-styled patriots and saviours. They hold meetings, march, belabor Russia and Marx, and have a fraternal good time generally. They are often anti-semitic, and frequently roar out their belief in Nordic supremacy. But these professional Fascists are not the true American Fascists—the *real* Fascists whom liberals view with alarm. Die-hard big business—the conservative bankers, and industrialists, and mine-owners—with its constitutional slogans and its financial power which could be used to raise and equip private armies if the need should arise: this is the spirit of Fas-

cism in America. These "Fascists" do not think of themselves as such, for Fascism is foreign and fantastic, and these hard-headed executives are eminently practical men. In fact, they would consider the self-styled Fascists of Smith or Blackburn almost as pestiferous as the equally fantastic American Marxists.

The power of American big business to hire private armies—Pinkerton detectives, factory police, vigilantes, battling strike-breakers, etc.—has been shown through the whole course of our industrial history. And it was with private "black" and "brown" armies, financed by big business, that Mussolini and Hitler and their industrial sponsors came into supreme power. In both Italy and Germany the suppression of strikes and trade-unions swiftly followed. Monopoly big business, with all of its faults and many of its unquestionable virtues, was in the saddle. The German and Italian Roosevelts, Tugwells, Perkinses and Wallaces scuttled for safety as liberalism came to a sorry end. Militant counter-revolution had checked liberal evolution.

In America, die-hard votes are exceeded by "mass" votes for the New Deal. "Greatest good for the greatest number" has been accurately recorded by the pacific ballot box. But if voting should sound an economic death-knell for certain conservative interests, what is the die-hard alternative? The spirit of Fascism, perhaps, for Fascism is the work of a militant minority possessed of determination and machine-guns, and directed by men behind the scenes. A few die-hard bullets can defeat any number of "mass" ballots, and history records very few cases of a pacific surrender of economic privileges by the possessing order of society.

The New Deal is surfeited with grave difficulties. There have been graft, "politics," lavish borrowing, a superabundance of needless strikes, an ill-advised agrarian policy. These are the premiums that any people pays for liberal and humanitarian experimentation along progressive lines; the premium paid out for insurance against the die-hard spirit of Fascism. But these administrative bungleings also supply potential Fascists with ammunition for their broadsides. Mussolini used "strikes" as an excuse, and it served his purpose exceedingly well. Hitler used "graft" and "politics" as his apologia, and his stand won him ample popular support despite his economic and philosophical aims. The potential power of American Fascism, as wielded by certain Old Guardsmen of both political parties, is very great; and its waters run very deep. The New Deal had best look to its laurels, seek the maximum of efficiency, and keep its powder dry.

There is, of course, an alternative to militant direct-action by the spirit of Fascism in its assault upon the New Deal. The alternative is ordinary political procedure through the commonplace medium of voting urns and ballot boxes. But the only conceivable legal way in which the "outs" can oust the "ins" is by bigger and better New-Dealing; that is, by a platform which offers at least comparable gains to the common man who has come to look for governmental interference in his behalf.

Once a new departure has been taken, it is exceedingly hard to turn back. When the Bourbons regained their throne in 1814, they retained most of the more radical reforms of the French Revolution; and Tsar Cyril, exiled pretender to the Russian sceptre, has de-

clared that if he is reinstated in Muscovy he will retain the Soviet system, and that only the Communists themselves must go. Hence, if the American "outs" regain power, as they may in a perfectly legitimate manner, the New Dealers will have to go—but the New Deal, under one name or another, will remain in its more salient reformatory features. The Bourbons could not bring back feudalism on their return; and the "outs" have come to realize, at least to some degree, that a return to pre-depression *laissez-faire* is equally out of

the question if the free choice of the majority of American voters is permitted.

Will the spirit of Fascism, intolerant of the New Deal and all its works, permit the orderly triumph of a competing liberal programme, similar in general outline to the policies of Roosevelt? Will the spirit of Fascism support a Republican Regeneration, built out of liberal ideas, as against the Democratic New Deal? It is possible, and let us hope that it is probable. But the spirit of Fascism dies hard. Time will tell, and 1936 is not far off.



Evangelist of Music

BY FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

An aluminum fiddle, a summer music camp and the tremendous enthusiasm of Dr. Joseph E. Maddy give thousands of Americans their first true enjoyment of music

TO MAKE America genuinely musical, one man without money has done more in the last ten years than all our musical foundations put together. His name is Joe Maddy, professor of music in the University of Michigan—America's evangelist of music.

Fifteen years ago Maddy was an obscure music supervisor in the public schools in Richmond, Indiana. He had been a viola player in the Minneapolis Symphony, and had spent two years as a jazz player in a Chicago cabaret. At a meeting of music supervisors in Missouri he had his eyes opened. From Parsons, Kansas, a town of 10,000, came a small high school orchestra of thirty-five pieces which played with amazing skill. Inquiry developed the fact that this was no ordinary, haphazard school band, practising after hours in a basement. Its members played every day for an hour and got full credit for it in the school curriculum.

Maddy's imagination was stirred. In his own school he already had the makings of an orchestra; finally he had the first fully staffed symphony school or-

chestra in the country: seventy pieces. Then, to show the possibilities of instrumental music in our public schools, he decided to take all his seventy players to the next national meeting of music supervisors at Nashville, and give a full hour's concert. He had no money, so he approached a local manufacturer of phonograph records and persuaded him to let his orchestra play for the recording instrument. Result: one evening after school seventy boys and girls rang doorbells in Richmond, selling records of the concert for a dollar; and \$2,800 took the orchestra to Nashville.

There, the concert raised a furore. A half dozen honor pupils back home were still the utmost most music supervisors could boast of. But a full seventy-piece orchestra!

"Let's bring our honor students to these conventions," suggested Maddy. "Give me a week and I'll make an orchestra out of them. Maybe that will show educators what can be done."

Four years later, 300 picked students, drawn from 100 public schools in thirty States, were rehearsed by Maddy after his own original ideas, and made an

amazing showing—so amazing that it seemed shameful, after one week, for such an orchestra to disintegrate.

"What we need," said Maddy, "is a summer camp where we can hold these boys and girls together all summer. A camp for supervisors and students."

In 1928, in the Michigan pine woods near the village of Interlochen, he found a natural amphitheatre, between two lakes, which provided an excellent site for a bowl and a summer camp. Makers of musical instruments lent him instruments. Music supervisors whom he knew over the country contributed. Boys who had played in his orchestras signed up for tuition. Fees were placed low and season tickets for the concerts sold at a ridiculous price. Before the summer was over, success was apparent. The first national high school orchestra had a home and Maddy had a non-profit-making camp devoted to making musicians: one toward which all serious students might strive.

By 1932 the camp had sixty buildings, a staff of thirty symphony orchestra players as teachers, together with forty music supervisors from public schools, and 300 boy and girl students. Thousands of people were listening to the concerts. Famous musicians, from Sousa to Gabrilowitsch, were visiting and helping it.

Meanwhile, as a result of steady pounding by Maddy and his associates, orchestra organization and teaching of instrumental music became a recognized part of the high school course in forty states; all-State and national school music contests were in full swing.

Maddy bought 300 acres more. There was a summer hotel on the new tract. He gave music supervisors a chance to work in the hotel in return for board, lodging and musical instruction.

All summer, guests attracted to the camp filled the inn. The hotel profits ran into the thousands—a great help to the camp. For from the start Maddy held down tuition to cost. Like the supervisors, most of the students were poor and Maddy knew it; in fact, rather liked it that way. Usually each one had worked for every cent of his money or had been aided by his school friends back home through baked goods sales, luncheon clubs, rummage sales and in one instance an amateur circus.

Today, despite the depression and the nerve-wracking deficits, the National Music Camp has 500 acres, 107 buildings, a hotel for 100 guests, accommodations for 500 students. Maddy hopes to fill it next year at \$175 each. Over 100 music camps have paid it the compliment of imitation. It has proven the most valuable single thing in Maddy's effort to put a good symphony orchestra in every town of over 5,000 people in America, and to give every high school an excellent band.

Since Maddy started his crusade well over 50,000 recognized school bands and orchestras have come into existence all over the country; 200,000 juvenile musicians played in the 1934 school contests. The next time your boy comes proudly home from school with an unexpected violin or cornet in his hand, don't blame him—blame Dr. Joseph E. Maddy! His influence has reached into your town. No longer do youngsters slink furtively to music lessons, fearful lest the fatal music roll betray them. Musicians play for the honor of the school.

To Maddy it is an immense satisfaction. Every person, he thinks, has musical talent to some degree. The opportunity for a musical education should be the birthright of every child.

His mission in life is to hasten that time.

The story of his unbreakable aluminum violin is an instance of the way he is forever pushing toward his goal. An ordinary wooden violin costs from \$25 to \$10,000. And unless you pay a high price, you get an inferior instrument. Moreover, every violin is extremely fragile. "Why not make them of aluminum?" asked Maddy. "Unbreakable, cheap?" He had a vision of mass production for popular use. He persuaded a manufacturer to put up \$16,000, and had a fine old Stradivarius copied exactly in dies. With these he cast the first metal violin. Today, few musicians can tell the difference between Maddy's violin and a fine wooden fiddle. It is painted to resemble wood, but its tone is heavier and more mellow and its quality as good as the best wooden violins. You can buy it by mail: \$50.

"Did I enjoy doing it?" asks Maddy. "I even forgot to make any money out of it."

The truth is, Maddy can't let music alone. He has founded Interlochen and pushed music forward in what to most teachers is the summer vacation. Winters he works at his regular job: teaching music over the radio in Michigan's University of the Air. Last winter he taught beginning musicians of all ages in 312 small towns, over the air. He has a sample class before him, behind the glass in the broadcasting studio, so that he can observe the difficulties and mis-

understandings. Lessons books are sent to the schools at cost by the University. Teachers on the spot oversee the work. He began in 1931 with 3,000 beginners with band instruments. Last year he had 26,000 in bands, orchestras and singing; despite the fact that music had been one of the first so-called "frills" which the Michigan schools had thought to do without.

Visits to the schools themselves have unearthed extraordinary facts. One county of 8,000 which had no music teacher and no school music now has six full-time music teachers with more than 1,000 regular students: children and adults. One school bought a used piano with fifty chickens. Another town, population 954, now boasts a fifty-three-piece school orchestra. Two-thirds of the total enrolment in one country village with a population of 422 are in orchestra, chorus and glee club.

Maddy believes fervently that music's function is to enrich our lives by musical participation: through self-expression. Training professional musicians for an already overcrowded field and subsidizing professional organizations will never make us truly musical. The only way is to catch us young and teach us to sing and play ourselves. If he had his way he would even found a great musical university where students so inclined could make music the fundamental subject through which their interest in all other subjects was aroused. Some day he may do it, too.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE



Two books of recent publication that deserve the attention of every intelligent American, since they set forth opposing points of view on fundamental matters of governmental policy, are Herbert Hoover's *The Challenge to Liberty* (Scribners, \$1.75) and Henry A.

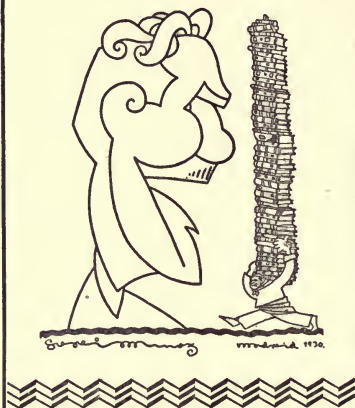
Wallace's *New Frontiers* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2).

It is Mr. Hoover's contention that the New Deal is carrying this country in the wrong direction, that it violates the canon of individual liberty upon which this country was founded, and that unless something is done about it we shall wake up some fine morning to discover that there is nothing left of the "rugged individualism" for which our forefathers fought and bled and died.

It is Mr. Wallace's contention, on the contrary, that we live in a changed world, and that a measure of collective and coöperative effort, in which the government acts as a sort of supervising partner, is absolutely essential if we are to pull out of the present depression and reach any sort of stable economic level. In other words, Mr. Wallace believes in the possibility of economic planning by democratic means, as opposed, for example, to the

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



autocratic methods in vogue in Russia, while Mr. Hoover insists that business should be let alone as much as possible and that it will find its own way out.

Aside from purely personal prejudices, which make the Landscaper lean strongly toward the greater charm of Mr. Wal-

lace, who writes clearly and persuasively, *New Frontiers* is a far more readable book than Mr. Hoover has been able to turn out, since he is not the possessor of any great gifts of self-expression. But the important thing, at bottom, is that we can read both sides of the case, and that Mr. Hoover, under whose administration many of the main projects of the New Deal were begun, a fact not to be forgotten, should be able to express his distaste of current trends without the slightest hindrance.

Mr. Wallace is, of course, primarily interested in the farm problem, which he knows at first hand, and one of the interesting features of his theory that something can be done to lift agricultural prices is that Mr. Hoover's own Farm Board had the same idea, and spent a good many millions of dollars with the same purpose in view.

The Wallace Dream

So if you have ever had doubts about

the destruction of wheat, hogs, cattle and cotton in the midst of a great human need for all these things, Mr. Wallace will explain just why this policy was adopted and what he hopes will be gained by it. He will also give you an excellent outline of the general aims of the New Deal, and he has the advantage of never being dogmatic; he knows we are experimenting, and he doesn't know that we are going to get what we want.

In other words, Mr. Hoover's book represents the standpat point of view and Mr. Wallace's the belief that Something Can Be Done About It, and which one you agree with will depend a good deal upon which side of the fence you are on temperamentally.

Stalin and Roosevelt

Comrade Stalin told H. G. Wells the other day that the New Deal was foredoomed to failure because Roosevelt was without autocratic power to enforce its decrees, and because there was an irresolvable conflict between the interests of the proletariat and the interests of the rich. A good many of us have thought and said that economic planning without the use of autocratic powers of enforcement was bound to be no go, and it was highly interesting to the Landscaper to read in William Henry Chamberlain's *Russia's Iron Age* (Little, Brown, \$4) that economic planning even with autocratic powers of enforcement does not always work either.

There are several reasons why this exceptionally fine book, which Mr. Chamberlain wrote with a free hand, since he has left Russia for a Far Eastern assignment, and does not, therefore, have to worry about whether or not the Soviets are pleased with what he says, is mentioned at this point. It has a direct

bearing on the American situation, for example, in that it shows that up to this point at least the New Deal has actually moved steadily in an opposite direction from Stalin's policies, and that in the preservation of our constitutional rights of free speech and a free press, we may have held on to something much more valuable in the long run than anything the Russians will be able to work out for themselves.

Democracy and Famines

Mr. Chamberlain cites the horrors of the famine of 1932-1933, all news of which was carefully suppressed by the Soviet officials, as an example of the advantages to the common man of a democratic form of government, and asks, pertinently, whether there has ever been a great famine in a democratic country at any time in history. Not only did some hundreds of thousands of people starve to death in the Russian famine, largely brought on by the cast-iron collectivist policies of the Soviets, but the Government used the famine to break down peasant resistance to its plans for state farms and collectives.

This is only one point from a book filled with interest and with valuable information. Mr. Chamberlain lived altogether twelve years in Russia, went there enthusiastic about the Revolution, and is now very doubtful about the blessings of Communism. He points out the ghastly "liquidation" of whole classes of citizenry, intellectuals and technical experts, as well as kulaks, a kulak being any peasant with enterprise enough to collect together a little property, as one of the blackest blots on the history of the Soviets, and pictures Stalin as the most autocratic ruler alive in the world today. He draws an

astounding parallel between Peter the Great and Stalin and their attempts to industrialize Russia, and adds the statement that the two million or more people at forced labor in the country today are as much serfs as were the other millions freed by a Tsar.

Left, Right or Middle?

He also says, and this is a pertinent answer to the reiterated statement that this country will go either Fascist or Communist in the event of a break-down of the Roosevelt programme, that Communist pressure in other bourgeois countries has brought Fascism every time. But it ought to be remembered that strong Communist pressure is necessary to drive a free country into Fascism, and the Landscaper, for one, thinks the prophecy that we must go either extreme Left or extreme Right is nonsense. This is, of course, rank heresy in the eyes of the Marxists who know just what is going to happen, because they once read it all in a book, or somebody who had read the book told them about it.

At any rate, Mr. Chamberlain has written an invaluable book for people whose minds are open on the subject of Russia and Communism, and most of the things he has to say against the system, now seventeen years old and still kept in power by terror, would apply with equal force to Fascism.

Another book that is timely, even if the quality of the thinking in it is hardly to be regarded as of the highest order, is Glenn Frank's *America's Hour of Decision* (Whittlesey House, \$2.50), in which Mr. Frank discusses all phases of the New Deal, and arrives at no very definite or useful conclusions, except that he agrees we are not in danger from either Fascism or Communism.

Our Beginning

There is also more relation to present events than may appear on the surface in Fletcher Pratt's *The Heroic Years: 1801-1815* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50), a brilliant history of this country and of what happened during the War of 1812, particularly at sea. Mr. Pratt can write about naval battles in a way to stir the blood, but his book has other points, especially its main thesis, which is that the nation was not born during the Revolutionary War at all, but that it actually came into being as we know it at the Battle of New Orleans when Andy Jackson's assorted riflemen in coonskin caps and pirates from the lower reaches of the Mississippi wrecked the flower of the British army under Pakenham.

If you care to look deeply enough into the matter, you may discover that Mr. Hoover is on the side of the early aristocrats who fought the mother country and wrote the Constitution, and Mr. Wallace on the side of the common people who took command in the next century and turned a respectable oligarchy into a roaring democracy, which it still is, although it has frequently looked more like a plutocracy than anything else.

But aside from these matters, Mr. Pratt writes history most attractively and entertainingly, and his is one of the most readable books of recent weeks. He is a young man who will most certainly be heard from in the future. His sketches of the leaders in the War of 1812 have a touch reminiscent of Huddleston's *Gentleman Johnny Bourgoyne*, a biography of great charm that was published a few years ago and followed shortly afterward by the death of its admirable author, a mat-

ter of the deepest regret to many of us.

Inside the White House

For those who relish a bit of gossip about the great, and who, having elected a man to an office that will most likely make a fool of him in one way or another, are cruel enough to laugh at the spectacle, Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover's *Forty-two Years in the White House* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) is heartily to be recommended. For the past week or two it has rested safely on the best-seller lists alongside Herbert Hoover's *A Challenge to Liberty*, which must appeal to many as ironical, for the reason that Chief Usher Hoover thought less of President Hoover than he did of any other President he had known during his long tenure of office at the White House.

In fact, out of the Presidents he knew only as a Chief Usher could know them, and they ran from Harrison through Hoover, with a faint suggestion of a second Roosevelt in the distance just before Ike Hoover died, he thought only two, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, were at all above the average; the rest rather below it, if anything. Wilson took Hoover to Paris with him, and is painted in admiring terms, except that Hoover tells too much about the way Wilson acted after he fell in love with Mrs. Gault. He acted, if one may accept the Hoover record as gospel, exactly like a lovesick adolescent, and without any dignity at all.

Mr. Hoover's book has its historical value as well, particularly in connection with Wilson's illness and with Coolidge's famous "I do not choose to run," but it is above everything else the low-down on the great, including the wives

of the great, and is guaranteed as first-rate entertainment.

Another World War

Broadening our scope so as to take in some more of the world than the part of it we occupy, there is available a rather terrifying book called *The Second World War*, by Johannes Steel (Covici-Friede, \$2), in which the flat prediction is made that 1935 will see another general conflict in progress. Mr. Steel is an ex-German official, now a journalist, who has a most remarkable record as a prophet of the turn of events in Europe, and what he has to say about the possibility of another war is based upon a first-hand knowledge of conditions. Where it will start exactly he does not say, although he picks Austria as one of the most likely places, the Saar as another, Hungary as another, Jugoslavia as another, Italy as another, and, of course, the Far East as still another. His theory is that the other war never ended, merely changed its form into a cut-throat economic battle.

He has written a most alarming and at the same time clear and hard-headed volume, which crams a great deal of information into a brief compass, and which gives one and all the opportunity of a look into the gloomy future. Of the chances of averting the conflict, Mr. Steel is extremely pessimistic; he thinks a world economic policy is the only thing that can save civilization from a fine chance of destroying itself, and he does not believe such a policy is likely in the near future.

The Eastern Front

Concerning the chances of a war between Japan and Russia, which would inevitably lead to a much more widespread conflict, Mr. Chamberlain in

Russia's Iron Age is not so despondent as Mr. Steel; he considers that the Soviets have been busy with their efficient propaganda machine and that at least a part of the war scare has been manufactured because the Russians thought it would please the Americans. Mr. Chamberlain's belief that other nations could not afford a victory by either the Russians or the Japanese, and that a defeat for the Russians might very easily bring down the whole Communist structure with a run, makes him more wary of prophecy than Mr. Steel, and of course Mr. Chamberlain has the advantage of more direct contact with the situation, although Mr. Steel also knows Russia and the Far East intimately.

After reading the work of these two competent and intelligent journalists who know what a fact looks like, A. A. Milne's *Peace with Honour* (Dutton), a plan to put an end to war by having everybody in the world, including the leaders of all civilized nations, take an oath not to fight on any account, seems a very mushy and tiresome piece of poppycock. Mr. Milne hates war, regarding it as utterly useless and stupid, which it is, but writing whimsical pacifistic piffle strikes the Landscaper as just a little worse than futile. When the English go soft in the head they usually do a good job of it. . . .

War or Bust?

For a complete study of contemporary Japan, with direct bearing upon the chances of that nation going to war in the next few months, Harry Emerson Wildes's *Japan in Crisis* (Macmillan, \$2) is to be recommended. Mr. Wildes was formerly professor of economics and sociology in Keio University, and writes with both interest

and authority. In the main, he thinks that Japan is in danger of an internal collapse because of economic conditions, which might lead the country into war to divert the attention of the populace, an old trick that usually works.

What would happen in the event of a defeat? Perhaps the arrival of Communism, and what a pleasant prospect that would be for the capitalistic countries, with China turning redder and redder as the months pass!

Mr. Wildes's book also contains good chapters on the Youth Movement in Japan, on vice and the opium traffic, and many other timely topics. It is a book for the general reader and clearly and simply written.

Many other books, some of them a good deal more cheerful than most of the ones we have been discussing, await attention, so a word or two more about serious matters and the subject will be changed. James Truslow Adams's latest is *America's Tragedy* (Scribner's, \$3), a study of slavery and sectionalism in this country, by a historian whose work is unfailingly interesting; and two volumes of what promises to be a work of first importance are available for those who wish to acquire a background for the understanding of our own times.

The title of the project is *The Rise of Modern Europe*, and the two books out already are *A Decade of Revolution: 1789-1799* by Crane Brinton, and *Reaction and Revolution: 1814-1832* by Frederick B. Artz. William B. Langner of Harvard is the general editor (Harpers, \$3.75 a volume), and the pair of volumes at hand are admirably done, very easy to read, in addition to their other good qualities.

Some Good Novels

Of the current fiction, the Landscaper's choice would go something like this:

Mary Ellen Chase's *Mary Peters* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a beautifully done and unforgettable book about Maine folk of a past generation with the sea in their blood; Louis Dodge's *The American* (Messner, \$2.50), a long and stirringly colorful and honest novel about the frontier, with solid merit, and no literary pretensions, which most readers will enjoy thoroughly; Josephine Johnson's *Now in November* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), which the Landscaper may have mentioned last month, but which is such a fine first American novel that it rates all the publicity anybody can give it; and Irving Stone's *Lust for Life* (Longmans, Green, \$2.50), a fictionized version of the life of Vincent Van Gogh which is accurate in its details, and which Mr. Stone has done extremely well.

At the moment, all these books are popular, and deservedly, but not a one of the lot is a thing of the moment, so if you don't get around to them between now and the holidays, they'll keep, and they will be worth waiting for.

Ruth Suckow's much praised novel of Iowa farm life, *The Folks* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), a 732-pager, the Landscaper accepts with reservations. It obviously has length and it also has solidity, but it struck this observer as dull reading matter, accurate, no doubt, but without any profound significance. Miss Suckow knows her people intimately, and regards them with compassionate understanding, which is commendable, but which does not, however, convince one reader that really good

novels can be other than interesting. Nor is the same reader convinced even by Miss Suckow that life has ever been so thoroughly and completely humoresque in this country as she makes it seem in *The Folks*, for all the Americans I have ever known, a good many kinds and colors, have been amusing at times, often bawdily so, but amusing. Maybe the Landscaper just doesn't know Iowa and its folksy folks, and maybe, to be perfectly frank about it, he doesn't care much if he doesn't, provided, that is, Miss Suckow is entirely correct on the subject.

More Moon-Calf

Other American novels of recent publication that are worthy of attention, but not exactly triple-starred, include Floyd Dell's latest, *The Golden Spike* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), which contains a repetition of a Dellian pattern familiar from *Moon-Calf* on, and not a great deal more; Bernard DeVoto's exceedingly readable and rather puzzling *We Accept with Pleasure* (Little, Brown), a novel about Boston Brahmins that seems rather uncertain in its intention—Mr. DeVoto appears to be bent upon taking the Bostonians for a ride, but to admire them underneath at the same time; and Frank Ernest Hill's novel in verse, *The Westward Star* (John Day, \$2.50), another version of the pioneer story. The quality of the narrative poetry is excellent, but the book does not rate very high as a novel, and is not meant to be spine-thrilling poetry, so it doesn't seem of any especial moment, although pleasant enough reading.

There is also, among American novels, Mary Johnston's *Drury Randall* (Little, Brown, \$2.50), a story of the Virginia of the 1850's and the life of a

gentleman there, a gentle book with very much of an other-worldly air that will please some readers and fail to impress others because there does not seem a sufficient quantity of blood in the veins of the characters.

Among the imported fiction there are a new Wodehouse, *Brinkley Manor* (Little, Brown, \$2), which is a Jeeves story and needs, really, no further comment except that it is up to the mark; Ford Madox Ford's *Henry for Hugh* (Lippincott, \$2.50), another proof of the remarkable technical skill of this veteran of the art of writing and a good novel on other counts; Sholem Asch's *Salvation* (Putnam, \$2.50), a charming and poetical story of Eighteenth Century Poland rich in Chasiddic lore; and if it may be regarded as a new book, since it was first published here last spring, James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* (Morrow, \$2.50) now out in the Hawthornden Prize edition, which is one of the best pieces of fiction of this year. It deserves more notice than that, of course, but the Landscaper's advice is that if you have missed it up to this point, repair the omission. It is something rare in the way of a philosophical adventure story.

The Poor Peasants

From farther away comes Ignazio Silone's *Fontamara* (Smith and Haas, \$2.50), a remarkable novel about what happened in a peasant village upon the arrival of Fascism; of course the peasants lost everything. Silone is an exile who runs a labor paper in Zurich, and does not love the present administration in Italy, but his prejudices have not kept him from writing an excellent narrative, cunningly put together and filled with salty peasant humor, as well as the power of the peasant to accept,

that pathetic resignation of the perpetual underdog. Read *Fontamara* and the chapters of Mr. Chamberlain's book on Russia dealing with the treatment of the peasants for a picture of the treatment of farmers under both forms of dictatorships; in this country we even pay our kulaks and peasants not to work at all, and still there are people who are not satisfied with democracy. . . .

Of biographies, one in particular is outstanding, Douglas Southall Freeman's *R. E. Lee*, which will eventually be in four large volumes, and of which the first two sections have been published (Scribner's, \$3.75 a volume). They bring the story down as far as the death of Stonewall Jackson, with its effect upon Lee's Virginia campaign. Mr. Freeman, who is a distinguished journalist, has been at his Lee for a matter of twenty years, and it is the definitive work, alike impressive for the thoroughness of its research and for the skilful selection and handling of the material. Nothing is omitted that would serve to throw any light on the subject, and still the book represents a tremendous task of intelligent winnowing.

The author is a specialist on military campaigns and for this reason his analysis of the battles is of special interest. Naturally, the Lee who emerges from his pages does not differ in any striking way from the conventional ideas of the man, but there are no gaps left in this portrait, and it is not likely to be supplanted.

Tragedy in Mexico

Another excellent biography, which is history as well, is Bertita Harding's *The Phantom Crown: The Story of Maximilian and Carlota of Mexico* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50), an absorbing

narrative of the curious fate that led the handsome young Hapsburg Archduke and his charming bride away from their castle on the Adriatic into the grim old fortress of Chapultepec, and left him dead and her hopelessly mad. Mrs. Harding's family was Austrian and she has lived much of her life in Mexico, so she knows both backgrounds and has been able by careful research to write a book that is both scholarly and readable. It is a story but little known to Americans, largely because this country was busy with its own affairs just after the end of the Civil War and was so little interested in Maximilian that it did nothing to save him from the Juaristas, although it was an undeserved death he met, this well-intentioned if not overly intelligent young aristocrat.

Another good biography is Schima Kaufman's *Mendelssohn: "The Second Elijah"* (Crowell, \$3.50), a complete account of the life of a musician who died at the age of thirty-seven, leaving behind him a considerable body of great work. Mr. Kaufman, who is himself a violinist in the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, discusses Mendelssohn's work critically, and predicts a new popularity for his tuneful compositions. The background of the period is fully and competently done, and the sketches of other important figures carefully and accurately drawn. Written for the general reader, there is nothing too technical in the book, which is attractively illustrated.

Other Biographies

Other important biographies include William Seabrook's *The White Monk of Timbuctoo* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50), a study of that curious man, Pere Yakoub, about whom Mr. Seabrook has already written; Harold Lamb's

imaginative life of *Omar Khayyam* (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50), which is entertaining, but not up to the best of Mr. Lamb's previous books, such as his *Genghis Khan*; and *Diamond Jim: The Life and Times of James Buchanan Brady*, by Parker Morrell (Simon and Schuster, \$3), an informal chronicle of a shrewd capitalist of the 'Nineties who was also highly picturesque. Mr. Morrell comes of a famous family of jewelers and he first became interested in Brady because of Brady's well-known passion for diamonds, but later his investigations led him to do a complete biography. Brady was buried bedecked in the diamonds of his Number 1 set, and there were twenty-four sets altogether.

It is not particularly easy to classify the next book to be mentioned, although it is really a chapter from an autobiography, but whatever it is called Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Lost Paradise: A Boyhood on a Maine Coast Farm* (Macmillan, \$2.50) is a lovely and memorable piece of work. It goes along with Mary Ellen Chase's *Mary Peters* and her own autobiography, *A Goodly Heritage*, both permanent additions to the regional literature of this country, bringing back to life as it does the life of Maine a generation ago.

A Lucky Small Boy

Mr. Coffin's small boy, Peter, who is himself, of course, has the good fortune to live on a farm that is semi-aquatic and not a single one of its charms has eluded the memory of a grown-up poet, who not only draws delightful pictures, but who writes movingly of the tragedy that comes to the young with the realization that the world is capable of changing. There were nine other children in the family and a father and

mother of heroic proportions; you will like them all, and the book will, the Landscaper believes, sing in the memory of the people who read it, especially if their own childhoods were anything like Peter's. The Landscaper's was, although spent a long, long way from Maine, and with no sea near, only a yellow river bearing on its muddy bosom a string of stern-wheel steamboats, the last of their race.

Some Rare Tales

Omitted from the fiction list was a collection of short stories that must be mentioned, at least, and this is Christina Stead's *The Salzburg Tales* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50), tales strung together with the famous festival as the thread, and Decameron-like in their arrangement, but reminiscent of nothing so much as that remarkable book, *Seven Gothic Tales*, by Isak Dinesen. Miss Stead also has the true Gothic touch, seems to know everything and to have

been everywhere, and writes with real magic. There hasn't been a better piece of imaginative fiction around this year than her volume, a three-star recommendation.

Also not to be overlooked in the rush are Henning Haslund's *Tents in Mongolia* (Dutton, \$5), a modest and stirring account of the Danish Krebs expedition into the little-known territory of Outer Mongolia, a grand adventure in pioneering finally wrecked by the U.S.S.R.; Meade Minnegerode's fascinating reconstruction of the mystery of the Lost Dauphin, *The Son of Marie Antoinette* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3); Peter Fleming's *One Company* (Scribner's, \$3), the wanderings of this brash and entertaining young Englishman in China, Russia, Siberia, and Manchukuo; and Charles Harris Whitaker's *From Rameses to Rockefeller: The Story of Architecture* (Random House, \$3.50), a splendid outline, well illustrated.



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